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*Shakespear Illustrated*

SHAKESPEAR ILLUSTRATED

CHARLOTTE (RANSAY) LENNOX

**AMS PRESS**

**NEW YORK**

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V. 1

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*Shakespear Illustrated :*  
OR THE  
NOVELS and HISTORIES,  
On which the  
PLAYS of SHAKESPEAR  
Are Founded,  
COLLECTED and TRANSLATED from the  
ORIGINAL AUTHORS.  
WITH  
CRITICAL REMARKS.  
In TWO VOLUMES.  
BY THE  
Author of the FEMALE QUIXOTE.



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T O T H E

R I G H T H O N O U R A B L E

J O H N,

E A R L O F

O R R E R Y.

*My* LORD,

I Have no other Pretence to the Honour of a Patronage, so illustrious as that of your Lordship, than

A 2

the

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the Merit of attempting what has by some unaccountable Neglect been hitherto omitted, though absolutely necessary to a perfect Knowledge of the Abilities of *Shakeſpear*.

Among the Powers that muſt conduce to conſtitute a Poet, the firſt and moſt valuable is Invention; and of all the Degrees of Invention, the high-eſt ſeems to be that which is able to produce a Series of Events. It is eaſy when the Thread of a Story is once drawn to diversify it with Variety of Colours; and when a Train of Action is preſented to the Mind, a little Acquaintance with Life will ſupply Circumſtances and Reflexions, and a little Knowledge of Books, furniſh Parallels and Illuſtrations. To tell over again a Story that has been told already,  
and

## DEDICATION. v

and to tell it better than the first Author is no rare Qualification ; but to strike out the first Hints of a new Fable ; hence to introduce a Set of Characters so diversified in their several Passions and Interests, that from the clashing of this Variety may result many necessary Incidents ; to make these Incidents surprizing, and yet natural, so as to delight the Imagination without shocking the Judgment of a Reader ; and finally, to wind up the whole in a pleasing Catastrophe produced by those very Means which seem most likely to oppose and prevent it, is the utmost Effort of the human Mind.

To discover how few of those Writers, who profess to recount imaginary Adventures, have been able to

A 3 pro-

vi D E D I C A T I O N.

produce any Thing by their own Imagination would require too much of that Time, which your Lordship employs in nobler Studies. Of all the Novels and Romances that Wit or Idleness, Vanity or Indigence, have pushed into the World, there are very few, of which the End cannot be conjectured from the Beginning; or where the Authors have done more, than to transpose the Incidents of other Tales, or strip the Circumstances from one Event for the Decoration of another.

In the Examination of a Poet's Character it is therefore first to be enquired what Degree of Invention has been exerted by him. With this View I have very diligently read the Works of *Shakespear*, and now presume to lay



D E D I C A T I O N. vii

lay the Result of my Searches before your Lordship, before that Judge whom *Pliny* himself would have wished for his Assessor to hear a literary Cause.

How much the Translation of the following Novels will add to the Reputation of *Shakespear*, or take away from it, You, my Lord, and Men learned and candid like You, if any such can be found, must now determine. Some Danger, as I am informed, there is, lest his Admirers should think him injured by this Attempt, and clamour as at the Diminution of the Honour of that Nation, which boasts herself the Parent of so great a Poet.

That no such Enemies may arise against me (though I am unwilling  
to

## viii D E D I C A T I O N.

to believe it) I am far from being too confident, for who can fix Bounds to Bigotry and Folly? My *Sex*, my *Age*, have not given me many Opportunities of mingling in the World; there may be in it many a Species of Absurdity which I have never seen, and among them such Vanity as pleases itself with false Praise bestowed on another, and such Superstition as worships Idols, without supposing them to be Gods.

But the Truth is, that a very small Part of the Reputation of this mighty Genius depends upon the naked Plot, or Story of his Plays. He lived in an Age when the Books of Chivalry were yet popular, and when therefore the Minds of his Auditors were not accustomed to balance Probabilities, or to examine nicely the Pro-

*D E D I C A T I O N.* ix

Proportion between Causes and Effects. It was sufficient to recommend a Story, that it was far removed from common Life, that its Changes were frequent, and its Close pathetic.

This Disposition of the Age concurred so happily with the Imagination of *Shakespear* that he had no Desire to reform it, and indeed to this he was indebted for the licentious Variety, by which he has made his Plays more entertaining than those of any other Author.

He had looked with great Attention on the Scenes of Nature; but his chief Skill was in Human Actions, Passions, and Habits; he was therefore delighted with such Tales as afforded numerous Incidents, and  
ex-

## x D E D I C A T I O N.

exhibited many Characters, in many Changes of Situation. These Characters are so copiously diversified, and some of them so justly pursued, that his Works may be considered as a Map of Life, a faithful Miniature of human Transactions, and he that has read *Shakespear* with Attention, will perhaps find little new in the crouded World.

Among his other Excellencies it ought to be remarked, because it has hitherto been unnoticed, that his *Heroes are Men*, that the Love and Hatred, the Hopes and Fears of his chief Personages are such as are common to other human Beings, and not like those which later Times have exhibited, peculiar to Phantoms that strut upon the Stage.

It

## DEDICATION. xi

It is not perhaps very necessary to enquire whether the Vehicle of so much Delight and Instruction be a Story probable, or unlikely, native, or foreign. *Shakespear's* Excellence is not the Fiction of a Tale, but the Representation of Life; and his Reputation is therefore safe, till Human Nature shall be changed. Nor can he who has so many just Claims to Praise, suffer by losing that which ignorant Admiration has unreasonably given him. To calumniate the Dead is Baseness, and to flatter them is surely Folly.

From Flattery; my Lord, either of the Dead or the Living, I wish to be clear, and have therefore solicited the Countenance of a Patron, whom, if I knew how to praise  
him,

xii *D E D I C A T I O N.*

him, I could praise with Truth,  
and have the World on my Side ;  
whose Candour and Humanity are  
universally acknowledged, and whose  
Judgment perhaps was then first to  
be doubted, when he condescended  
to admit this Address from,

My Lord,

Your Lordship's

most obliged,

and most obedient,

humble Servant,

*The* A U T H O R.



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*Shakespear*





## Shakespear Illustrated.



*The fifth Novel of the eighth Decad of  
the Hecatomythi of Giraldi Cinthio.*



HE *Roman* Empire was at the  
Heighth of it's Grandeur and  
Power, when *Maximine*, a great  
and virtuous Prince, reigned over  
it; this Emperor, who desired no-  
thing more ardently than the Welfare and Hap-  
pynels of all his Subjects, was extremely nice in  
the Choice of those Persons whom he deputed  
to govern the Provinces dependant on the Em-  
pire, assigning those Employments only to  
Men whose Integrity and Virtue were well  
known to him.

VOL. I.

B

It

It happened, that the Government of *Inspruck*, a rich and populous City, became vacant, which the Emperor resolved to bestow upon one of his Officers, named *Juriste*, a Man whose Fidelity he had often experienced, having been several Years near his Person, and, during that Time, had behaved with so much Wisdom and Prudence, that he had conceived a great Esteem for him.

Having taken this Resolution in Favour of *Juriste*, he ordered his Attendance one Day in his Closet, and spoke to him as follows.

“ *Juriste*, the good Opinion I have conceived of you, from the Manner in which you have behaved yourself, since you have been in my Service, has determined me to bestow the Government of *Inspruck* upon you. I might give you many Directions for your Conduct in this high Employment, but I shall confine them all to this one: Do Justice to all Persons without any Distinction; let this be the Rule and Guide of all your Actions. Other Faults, which either through Negligence or Ignorance, you may happen to commit, I possibly may excuse; but any Act of Injustice I will never pardon. Since it is not given to every Man to be able to practise all the Virtues, if you are conscious of any Defect in your Temper, which may incline you to act with less Impartiality than I require, do not accept of this Government, but continue here in my Court, where your Services are very agreeable to me, and do not lay me under the Necessity of doing what will be very painful

ful to me, which is the punishing you severely for any Act against Justice, and thereby acquitting what I myself owe to it."

*Juriste*, who was greatly pleased with the honourable Employment the Emperor had bestowed upon him, thanked his Majesty for it with much Submission: "Doubt not, my gracious Lord, added he, but that I will most exactly perform what you require, and bend my whole Thoughts towards the Preservation of Justice, and so much the more will I make it my continual Study, as your Words have kindled a glorious Emulation in my Soul, to deserve, if possible, not your Approbation only, but your Praises."

"It is well, said the Emperor, much pleased with this Reply; if your Actions are as good as your Words I shall indeed have great Cause to praise you;" then ordering the Letters Patent to be made out, he invested *Juriste* with full Authority in his Government, and sent him away immediately to take Possession of it.

*Juriste*, as soon as he arrived at *Inspruck*, applied himself with great Diligence to the Administration of Justice, not only in rewarding Virtue and punishing Vice, but in filling all the inferior Posts and Offices with Men of approved Virtue and Wisdom; so that by this Conduct he increased the Emperor's Esteem of him, and acquired the Love of all the Inhabitants of *Inspruck*.

In the height of his Reputation for Wisdom and Justice, it happened that a young Man, named *Lodovico*, a Citizen of *Inspruck*, ra-

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wished a young Maid of the same City; her Relations complaining to *Jurists* of this Injury, he ordered *Lodovico* to be seized, and carried to Prison, who confessing the Fact, was, according to a Law in force there, condemned to lose his Head.

The unfortunate Youth had a Sister, named *Epitia*, a Virgin of most exquisite Beauty, and but just entered into her sixteenth Year; Nature had not only been lavish in the Graces she had bestowed on her Form, but endowed her also with a most excellent Understanding, which had been well improved by the Study of Philosophy, her Father having spared no Expence in the Education of his Children.

This Sentence gave great Affliction to *Epitia*, who loved her Brother with the most tender Affection; reflecting however, that her Sorrow was of no Use to her Brother, she restrained her Tears, and took a Resolution to attempt something to deliver him.

For this Purpose she sent to intreat an Audience of the Governor, which being granted, she appeared before him, and throwing herself at his Feet, thus spoke to him.

“ I come, my Lord, to implore your Compassion for my Brother, my only Brother, who, though he has indeed incurred the Sentence of the Law, yet, through your milder Justice, will, I hope, find it mitigated: Reflect, my Lord, I beseech you, on his early Youth, his Inexperience in Life, and the Force of that unhappy Passion, which caused his Crime; reflect also that his Crime, though great, is not a complicated

plicated one ; the Honour of no Husband has been injured by it ; the violated Virgin is the only Person who has been wronged ; and her Wrong my Brother is willing to repair, by making her his Wife. I know the Law ordains, that the Ravisher, although willing to marry the injured Maid, shall nevertheless die for the Offence he has committed ; yet I cannot think, my Lord, that the Makers of this hard Law designed it to be fulfilled in the very Letter of it ; Justice overstrained is no longer Justice but Cruelty ; the Boundaries of Right and Wrong are so near, that whoever reaches the Extremity of the one, is in Danger of invading the Borders of the other ; if the Excess of Virtue be Vice, the Excess of Justice is Cruelty ; Mercy is as much the Attribute of Heaven as Justice : Here then I beseech you, let them be united ; punish my Brother for his Offence, but let that Punishment fall short of Death, and do not let loose upon him all the Rigour of a Law, that was, perhaps, rather made to inspire Terror, than to be exactly executed ; let your Wisdom correct it's Severity ; you whose delegated Power is our living Law ; and punish not by Death a Crime, which may be better repaired by Life."

The beautiful *Epitia* ended here ; and those Tears which, while she was speaking, she had with Difficulty restrained, now falling fast down her fair Face, Sorrow gave so languishing a Sweetness to her Countenance, that *Juriste* stood like one entranced, his Ears eagerly

taking in the Muſic of her Accents, while his Eyes wandered o'er all the enchanting Beauties of her Form ; and that he might the longer indulge the Pleaſure he felt in hearing and ſeeing her, he obliged her to repeat her former Arguments in her Brother's Favour. *Epitia* drawing a good Omen from this Willingneſs in the Governor to hear her Pleas, added many other Perſuaſions to thoſe ſhe had already uſed to procure her Brother's Pardon, the Hope ſhe began to entertain giving new Grace and Vigour to her Words.

*Juriſte*, wholly ſubdued by the Charms of her Perſon, and the uncommon Strength of her Underſtanding, in a Youth ſo blooming, reſolved, if poſſible, to win her to his Deſires, and commit the ſame Fault with her, for which he had condemned her Brother to die.

After pausing a little, as if reflecting upon what ſhe had ſaid, *Epitia*, ſaid he, your Arguments have ſo far prevailed upon me, that, whereas your Brother, according to the Sentence of the Law, was to loſe his Head tomorrow, I will defer his Execution till I have well conſidered what you have urged on his Behalf ; and if I find your Reaſons convincing, I will pardon him ; and ſo much the more willingly will I do it, as I ſhould have been afflicted to have puniſhed him with that Rigour the Law requires. *Epitia*, full of the pleaſing Hope theſe Words inſpired, thanked him with much Submiſſion, telling him, ſhe hoped to find him no leſs merciful in giving her Brother Pardon, than he had been kind in poſtponing the Execution of the Sentence ; and added,

added, that she was persuaded, if he would consider what she had said, he would find Reasons sufficient to induce him to set her Brother at Liberty. *Juriste* replied, he would fully consider of it, and would not fail to comply with her Solicitations, provided he could do it without offending Justice.

*Epitia*, greatly pleased with her Success, took Leave of the Governor, and went to the Prison to visit her Brother, to whom she related all that had passed between *Juriste* and her, and assured him she did not doubt but she should obtain his Pardon.

The unhappy Youth received this News with Transport, and earnestly begged his Sister to renew her Visit to the Governor, as soon as possible, to know his Resolution, which she promising, they parted, each full of the most pleasing Expectations.

At the End of three Days she returned to *Juriste*, and with a graceful Sweetness, demanded to know what he had resolved concerning her Brother. This second Sight of the charming Maid added Fuel to the unlawful Flames of *Juriste*, who, after gazing on her passionately for some Moments, took her Hand, and thus replied.

Lovely *Epitia*, I have not failed to consider all the Arguments you used in your Brother's Favour, and have also diligently sought for others, to enforce them, that I might be able to comply with your Request, but I find all are insufficient, and your Brother is condemned, not only by a particular, but a universal Law, since he knowingly and wilfully

B 4 committed

committed a Crime, the Punishment of which he knew to be Death ; his Guilt therefore admits of no Extenuation ; and notwithstanding the earnest Desire I have to please you, I must deliver him up to the Rigour of that Law he has offended : There is indeed one Way, and but one Way, by which you may save your Brother ; I love you, charming *Epitia*, give me Possession of your Person, and I will change your Brother's Sentence to a Punishment less than Death ; if you love him you will not scruple to make this small Sacrifice to save his Life, which I am resolved not to spare on any other Terms.

The fair Face of *Epitia*, which, at the Beginning of this Speech, had been overspread with a languid Paleness, glowed with a rosy Blush at the infamous Conclusion ; her Eyes, which had been filled with Tears, now darted forth Rays of mingled Rage and Disdain, and that sweet Voice, that before only uttered the most persuasive Accents, was now changed to a severe and haughty Tone.

“ My Brother's Life, said she, with a noble Fierceness, is indeed very dear to me, but my Honour is far dearer ; my Life I would willingly lose to save his, but I will not preserve him with the Loss of my Honour ; quit then these unworthy Thoughts, and if you can pardon my Brother, make that Benefit such a Gift, as you without Dishonour may bestow, and I without Infamy receive.”

“ I have already told you, replied *Juriste*, the Terms upon which I will consent to release your Brother, nor ought you to think them



them hard or dishonourable, since it is possible I may be so charmed with your generous Compliance, that I may afterwards make you my Wife."

"This improbable Hope, replied *Epitia*, shall not delude me, I will not even bring my Honour into Danger." "Why should you so injuriously doubt the Efficacy of your own Charms? replied *Juriste*; there is nothing more likely than that I shall marry you; go then, and consider of my Proposal, and tomorrow I will expect your Answer."

"There is no Necessity to consider upon what I have already resolved, said *Epitia*; I will never be your's on those base Terms; but if you set the Liberty of my Brother at the Price of taking you for a Husband, I will marry you on Condition that you release him immediately."

"I advise you, replied *Juriste*, to reflect well on my first Proposal; it is in my Power not only to give your Brother Pardon, but to be serviceable also to all your Friends and Relations in this Country; my Will here is the Law; and provided you consent to my Desires, you shall command me in all Things."

Saying this, he left her; and *Epitia* finding there was nothing more to be expected from him, oppressed with inconceivable Anguish, went to the Prison, and related to her Brother all that had past between her and the Governor; then melting into Tears, she conjured him to submit patiently to an Evil, which his own ill Fortune, or a sad Necessity, had brought upon him.

The unhappy Youth burst into a violent Passion of Grief at this cruel and unexpected News, and not able to bear the Terrors of approaching Death, with the most ardent Supplications, he begged his Sister not to leave him in that Extremity.

“ Can you, my *Epitia*, said he, the Tears fast streaming down his pale Cheeks as he spoke, can you endure to have your Brother mangled by the Hands of a base Executioner, dragged to a painful Death at these early Years, divided from you for ever; him who lay in the same Womb with you, whom the same Father begot, bred up in Infancy together, the Partaker of all your childish Sports, and in riper Years the Companion of your Studies? Oh my Sister! are these soft Ties so loosened? Does Nature speak so faintly in you, that you can abandon me to a shameful Death? I have erred I confess; you by your superior Wisdom may correct my Errors; but do not, Oh do not deny me your Assistance in this sad Extremity; has not *Juriste* told you, that he may possibly make you his Wife; and why should you doubt but he will do so? Have you not Charms sufficient to engage his Heart to you for ever? Nature has made your Person consummately beautiful, and blessed you with an Understanding superior to all your Sex; every female Grace is yours, and every masculine Virtue, tempered with a Sweetness which gives you irresistible Attractions. Thus adorned, can you, ought you to fear *Juriste* will not marry you? you, whom the Emperor of the World might be proud to call Wife.—  
Oh,

Oh, my dear Siſter, comply with his Propoſal ; and ſince you have a reaſonable Hope of having your Honour repaired by Marriage, do not, I conjure you, caſt away the Life of your Brother.”

The miſerable Youth, ending with a new Guſh of Tears, caſt his Arms round the Neck of his weeping Siſter, and holding her faſt folded to his ſobbing Boſom, would not part from her, till, vanquiſhed by his Tears and her own Affection, which pleaded too ſtrongly for him, ſhe promiſed to conſent to what *Juriſt* required, on Condition, that he married her afterwards, and gave him a free Pardon.

This being concluded on, ſhe left her Brother, taſting, by Anticipation, the Joy of recovered Life ; and returning the next Day to *Juriſt*, with downcaſt Looks and ſaultering Accents, ſhe told him, that the Deſire of delivering her Brother, and the Hope which he had given her of making her his Wife, had induced her to conſent to his Deſires ; but ſhe required a free Pardon for her Brother ; that he ſhould not only have his Life, but an Exemption from any other Punishment which he had incurred by his Offence.

*Juriſt*, who now thought himſelf the happieſt Man in the World, ſince he had gained the moſt lovely and amiable Woman in it to his Will, replied, “ that he confirmed the Hope he had formerly given her to marry her, and that if ſhe would paſs that Night with him, her Brother ſhould be ſent home to her in the Morning.”

*Epitia*, reluctantly conſenting, as ſoon as the Morning dawned, impatient to ſee her Brother at Liberty, diſengaged herſelf from his Arms, and reminding him of his Promise to marry her, demanded the Liberty of her Brother.

*Juriſte* told her, ſhe had obliged him ſo much by her kind Compliance, and his Gratitude for it was ſo great, that he would re-leave her Brother immediately, and ſent Orders for the Jailer to attend him, whom, in the Preſence of *Epitia*, he commanded to ſend the Brother of that Lady to her Houſe.

The Jailer departing, *Epitia* took Leave of the Governor, eager to embrace her beloved Brother, and congratulate him upon the Freedom ſhe had obtained for him, and returning home, waited for his Arrival with a pleaſing Impatience.

At length the Jailer appeared, followed by two Men, who carried a Bier covered with black Cloth, which the Jailer taking off, diſcovered the Corpſe of the unhappy Youth, who had been executed that Morning.

No Language can expreſs, nor Imagination conceive, the Aſtoniſhment, Grief and Horror which filled the whole Soul of *Epitia* at that cruel Sight; motionleſs like a Statue ſhe ſtood at the Side of the Bier, her Eyes firmly fixed on the ſtill bleeding Trunk, and though her Heart was torn with the moſt agonizing Grief, yet not a Tear or Sigh eſcaped her.

After gazing thus for ſome Moments, ſhe raiſed her Head, and turning to the Jailer with dry Eyes and compoſed Voice, "Friend,  
ſaid

said she, tell thy Lord and mine, that such as he has been pleased to send my Brother, I have received him; and that though he has not gratified my Will, yet I am contented, since he has satisfied his own; thus his Will is mine, and I acquiesce in the Justice of the Deed he has performed: Tell him also that for the future I shall be always ready to devote myself to his Pleasure."

The Jailer returning to *Juriste*, recounted all that *Epitia* had said; adding, that she discovered no Sign of Discontent at the horrid Present he brought her.

*Juriste* rejoiced extremely at this News, supposing *Epitia* would give him the peaceable Possession of her Person without claiming the Performance of his Promise to marry her, since she had not resented the Death of her Brother.

But that unhappy Maid, whose Thoughts were wholly divided between Grief and the Desire of Revenge, no sooner found herself alone, than falling in an Extasy of Sorrow on the dead Body of her beloved Brother, she shed a River of Tears upon it, and closely embracing it in her Arms, a Thousand Times she cursed the Cruelty of *Juriste*, and her own weak Simplicity, that e'er she resigned her Honour, she did not oblige him to pay the Price of it by delivering her Brother.—Now shrieking aloud, and wildly beating her fair Bosom, that heaved with unutterable Anguish, she contemplated the bleeding Coarse again, and roused by that sad Spectacle—"Wilt thou, then *Epitia*, said she, wilt thou suffer this  
Traitor,

Traitor, this Barbarian, to triumph in the Spoils of thy ruined Honour, and the Murder of thy unhappy Brother.—Shall the complicated Villain live to boaſt of the Deceit he has practiſed on thee—Ah no, *Epitia*, ſince thy Simplicity opened the Way to this Deceiver to accompliſh his infamous Deſigns, let his guilty Paſſion afford thee the Means of Revenge. It is true, my deareſt Brother, added ſhe, addreſſing herſelf with a new Flood of Tears to the pale Coarſe, the Death of thy inhuman Murderer will not reſtore thee to Life, but at leaſt it will be ſome Alleviation of my Grief, that I did not leave thy Death unrevenged.

Fixing then upon this Thought, and not doubting but *Juriſte* would ſhortly ſend to her, to paſs another Night with him, ſhe reſolved to comply, and with a Dagger, that ſhe would take ſecretly along with her, murder him when he was aſleep; and if, without Fear of being diſcovered, ſhe could do it, to cut off his Head, and carrying it to the Tomb of her Brother, there offer it to his Ghofl.

This being reſolved upon, ſhe expected a Meſſage from him with much Impatience; but during that Interval, reflecting more maturely upon her Scheme, ſhe thought it better to truſt the Revenge of her Wrongs to the known Juſtice of the Emperor, than ſuffer a ſecond Violation, and hazard likewise the Succeſs of her Enterprize: by undertaking it herſelf.

Being informed that the Emperor was at *Villaco*, ſhe went thither in a mourning Habit,  
and

and having easily procured an Audience of him; she threw herself at his Feet all in Tears. "Most sacred Sir, said she, the base Ingratitude, and unequalled Cruelty the Governor of *Inspruck* has used towards me, has brought me hither to implore your Justice"—Then bending her Eyes to the Ground, her fair Face being dyed with Blushes, she told the Emperor, "that her Brother having been condemned to die; to save his Life, she had consented to the loose Desires of *Juriste*, who had made her Compliance the only Condition of his Pardon; but that after he had robbed her of her Honour, instead of repairing it, as he had promised by Marriage, or freeing her Brother, which he had sworn to do, he sent his dead Body to her the next Morning."

*Epitia* could not recal this mournful Image to her Mind, without relapsing into so violent an Agony of Grief, that the Emperor, and the Lords who were about him, were at once struck with Astonishment, Horror and Compassion.

*Maximine*, though he was greatly moved, having given one Ear to *Epitia*, reserved the other for *Juriste*, and raising the fair Mourner from the Ground; he dismiss'd her to repose, and sent immediate Orders to *Juriste*, to appear before him, charging his Messenger, and all who had heard *Epitia's* Complaint, upon pain of his Displeasure, not to give any intimation of it to *Juriste*.

The cruel Governor, who had not the least Suspicion of what had happened, obeyed the  
Empe-

Emperor's Commands, with great Cheerfulness, and presenting himself before him, with all the Assurance of conscious Innocence; desired to know his sacred Pleasure.

You shall be informed of it immediately, said the Emperor; then turning to some of his Attendants, he ordered them to bring *Epitia* into his Presence.

*Juriste* when he beheld the unhappy Lady, whom he had so cruelly injured, now subdued for the first Time by the Stings of Conscience, his vital Spirits almost forsook him, an althy Paleness overspread his Face, and an universal trembling seized his whole Body.

The Emperor, who beheld these Signs of Guilt, no longer doubted, but that all *Epitia* had said was true, and beholding him with a furious Look; "Listen, said he, to the Complaint this Lady has to make against you;" and then commanded *Epitia* to relate her Story.

She accordingly obeyed, and recounted all the Particulars of *Juriste's* Baseness and Ingratitude to her, and concluding with Tears, demanded Justice of the Emperor.

*Juriste* hearing this Accusation, approached *Epitia*, and thinking to sooth her said, "Could I ever have believed *Epitia*, that you whom I have so much loved, would come hither to accuse me to the Emperor?"

*Maximine*, who would not suffer him to use any of his Arts to soften the injur'd Maid, interrupted him sternly. "This is no Time for you to play the passionate Lover, said he,  
Answer



Answer, to the Crimes she charges you with."

*Juriste* finding that his Blandishments would be of no Use to him, left *Epitia*, and replied, "'Tis true, my Lord, I condemned the Brother of this Lady to lose his Head, for having forcibly violated the Chastity of a Virgin; this being the Punishment the Law had provided for his Crime; and in causing the Sentence to be executed upon him, I only obeyed your Majesty's Commands, who above all Things recommended to me, the strict Administration of Justice, which must have been injured, had I suffer'd him to remain alive."

"Since the Preservation of Justice, was the Motive of your Actions, replied *Epitia*, why did you violate it, by promising to grant my Brother his Pardon, and by means of that Promise, which you did not perform, and the Hope you had given me of taking me for your Wife, which you have neglected to fulfil, rob me of my Honour; if my Brother for a small Crime merited all the Severity of the Law, surely you deserve it, whose Guilt is much greater than his was."

*Juriste* having nothing to say, in excuse of himself, continued silent—"And is it thus then, said the Emperor to *Juriste*, that thou dost administer Justice? but never more shall it be in thy Power to act such Villanies, nor shalt thou escape unpunished, depend upon it."

*Juriste* now began to implore Mercy, while *Epitia* on the other Hand, loudly demanded Justice—The Emperor, who had well considered the Simplicity of *Epitia*, and the  
great

great Wickedness of *Juriste*, cast in his Mind, how he might repair her Honour, and yet do Justice on the Governor, and after some Pause, he declared his Intention of obliging *Juriste* to marry her.

The Lady however refused to consent to it, saying, "she could not think of becoming the Wife of a Man, who had murdered her Brother, and betrayed her;" but the Emperor would be obeyed, and they were immediately married.

*Juriste* now thought he had no more to fear, when the Emperor, permitting *Epitia* to retire to her Lodgings, turned towards *Juriste*, who still remained in his Presence, and said. "Two Crimes hast thou committed, each of which deserves a most rigorous Punishment. First, by a most detestable Artifice violating the Chastity of an unhappy Girl, and Secondly, breaking the Faith, thou hadst given her, by putting her Brother to death. For the first Injury I have provided some Recompence by making thee marry the deceived Lady, and for the Second, I condemn thee to lose thy Head, as thou madest her Brother to lose his."

The Horror of *Juriste* at this unexpected Sentence may be easier imagined, than described; it was in vain for him to sue for Mercy, the Emperor was determined, and he was led away to Prison, in order to be executed the next Morning.

*Juriste*, no longer hoping for Pardon, disposed himself to meet patiently the Death he had so well deserved; when *Epitia*, being informed of the Sentence that had been past upon

on

on him, haftened to Court, and intreating another Audience of the Emperor; as foon as ſhe was admitted to his Prefence, throwing herſelf at his Feet, ſhe ſaid, “ Moſt ſacred Sir, the Cruelty and Injuſtice *Juriſte* uſed towards me, moved me to come to your Maſteſty, and implore Juſtice for the double Wrong I receiv- ed from him, which you have moſt graciously granted; my violated Chaſtity you have repaired by obliging him to marry me, and for my Broth. r’s Death, contrary to his ſolemn Promiſe, you have condemned him to die. As a violated Maid, as an injured Siſter, I then demanded Juſtice on him, but as his Wife I now implore Mercy. Conſider, ſacred Sir, this new Obligation was impoſed on me, by you; his Death was before due to my Wrongs, his Life is now become my Care, through the Engagements you have made me enter into with him. To repair my Honour you gave him to me for a Huſband; if he dies by my Accuſation, your Maſteſty’s moſt generous Intentions will not avail me, ſince the World will brand my Name with Infamy and Cru- elty! Oh! let not the Sword of Juſtice, thus miſerably cut the Knot you have ſo lately tied; grant my Huſband’s Life to my Prayers; let your Clemency equal your Juſtice, and in the Uſe of both be like the Immortals themſelves.”

*Epitia* ended here, and the Emperor, ſeiz’d with Aſtoniſhment and Admiration at the Greatneſs of her Mind, thought he could do no leſs than grant the Demand ſhe ſo gene- rouſly made, and ſending immediately for *Juriſte*,

*Juriste*, he said, "Wickedly as thou hast acted towards this Lady, yet such is her Generosity and unequalled Goodness, that she has solicited no less ardently for thy Pardon than if thou hadst never offended her; I give thee Life then; but know thou owest that Life to her Mediation; and if she is willing, since I have made thee her Husband, to live with thee as such, I consent it should be so; but take care to treat her with the utmost Tendernefs; for if I ever hear that thou dost otherwise, thou shalt feel the severest Effects of my Displeasure."

The Emperor, in finishing these Words, took *Epitia's* Hand and gave it to *Juriste*, who, with his Wife, falling at *Maximine's* Feet, gave him Thanks for the great Goodness he had shewn them; and *Juriste* reflecting on the unmerited Kindness and Generosity of *Epitia*, ever loved her with the most ardent Affection, and lived happily with her to the End of his Days.



*From*



*From the foregoing Story of Juriste and Epitia, Shakespear took the Plot of Measure for Measure. The Incidents in the Novel are fewer, and less complex than in the Play, but the Subject in both is the same.*

*The Fable of MEASURE FOR MEASURE.*

**VINCENTIO**, Duke of *Vienna*, being resolved to have some severe Edicts revived, which had lain dormant during a great Number of Years, declares his Intention of leaving his Dominions for some Time; and makes *Angelo*, a Nobleman of severe Life, and austere Manners, his Deputy in his Absence. — The Duke, instead of leaving *Vienna*, privately repairs to a Convent; and there disclosing his Design of spying into the Actions of the Deputy and People to a Friar, he engages him to procure a Habit of the Order for his Disguise, and instruct him, as he phrases it, *How he may formally in Person bear like a true Friar*.

*Angelo* begins his Administration by causing *Claudio*, a young Gentleman, who had deided a Virgin, to be arrested on an old Act, by which it was provided, that the Man who committed such a Crime should die; and accordingly he signs a Warrant for his Execution.

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*Escalus,*

*Escalus*, an old Lord, very much beloved by the Duke, and who had been deputed by him to bear a subordinate Part in the Administration, endeavours to prevail with *Angelo* to soften the Severity of this Sentence, but in vain.

The Sister of *Claudio*, a beautiful young Virgin, and a Novice in the Convent of *St. Clair*, solicits *Angelo* for her Brother's Pardon; he denies her; but afterwards being enamoured of her Beauty, promises to grant her Request, upon Condition, she gives him Possession of her Person.

*Isabella* with great Disdain, refuses to purchase her Brother's Life upon these shameful Terms; goes to the Prison and acquaints *Claudio* with her ill Success; the Youth, fond of Life, intreats her to save him, and comply with the Deputy's Request: She, after reproaching him severely for his Baseness, quits him in great Rage.

The Duke, who, in the Disguise of a Friar, has come to visit and exhort the Prisoners, having overheard all that had passed between *Isabella* and her Brother, intreats some private Discourse with her; she consents; and he informs her, that *Angelo*, some Years before, had been contracted in Marriage to a young Lady, named *Mariana*, whom he forsook because her Fortune was lost at Sea; and to colour his Perfidy, gave out, that he left her on Account of her Unchastity; he then advises her, in order to save her Brother's Life, to go to the Deputy, and tell him that she will consent to the Conditions he had proposed to her; and

and in the mean Time he would prevail upon *Mariana*, who ſtill loved *Angelo*, ſecretly to ſupply her Place, by which Means her Brother's Pardon would be obtained, without the Loſs of her Honour.

This Contrivance is put in Execution ; but *Angelo*, notwithstanding his Promiſe to the contrary, ſends a new Order to the Provost of the City for the Execution of *Claudio*, and commands him to bring him his Head.

The Duke, wholly taken up with the Affairs of the Priſon, is ſoon informed of this unexpected Event ; he prevails with the Provost to delay the Execution of *Claudio*, and to deceive the Deputy, by cutting off the Head of a Pirate who died in the Priſon, and preſenting it to him for *Claudio's*.

*Iſabella* coming to the Priſon, to know if her Brother's Pardon had been ſent, is told by the diſguiſed Duke, that he was executed early that Morning, purſuant to a new Order from *Angelo*.

*Iſabella* raves and threatens ; the counterfeit Friar adviſes her to complain of *Angelo* to the Duke, who was that Day expected to return to *Vienna*.

The Duke then, ſhifting his Drefs, enters the City, attended by *Angelo* and *Eſcalus*, whom he had commanded to meet him ; *Iſabella* falling on her Knees, demands Juſtice on *Angelo*, for having deluded her of her Honour, under Pretence of ſaving her Brother's Life, and afterwards cauſing him to be executed.

The Friar, who was in the Secret, declares, *Iſabella* ſpoke an Untruth, for that ſhe was abſolutely unviolated by *Angelo*.

*Mariana*

*Mariana* is then introduced, who, in an enigmatical Manner, declares herself to have been the Person who supplied *Isabella's* Place with *Angelo*, and claims him for her Husband. *Angelo* denies all.

The Duke then slipping away, resumes the Habit of a Friar, and, after some Reflexions on the Government, he is ordered by the Deputy to be carried to Prison, and being seized by a wild young Fellow, his Hood falls off, and he is discovered to be the Duke.

*Angelo* hereupon confesses his Crime; the Duke orders him to marry *Mariana* immediately, which being done, he condemns him to Death. At the Intercession of *Mariana* and *Isabella* he is pardoned; and the Duke, charmed with the Virtue and Beauty of *Isabella*, offers himself to her for a Husband.

The rest is all Episode, made up of the extravagant Behaviour of a wild Rake, the Blunders of a drunken Clown, and the Absurdities of an ignorant Constable.

There are a greater Diversity of Characters, and more Intrigues in the Fable of the Play, than the Novel of *Cinthio*; yet I think, wherever *Shakespear* has invented, he is greatly below the Novelist; since the Incidents he has added, are neither necessary nor probable.

The Story of *Juriste* and *Epitia*, of itself, afforded a very affecting Fable for a Play; it is only faulty in the Catastrophe. The Reader, who cannot but be extremely enraged at the Deceit and Cruelty of *Juriste*, and very desirous of his meeting with a Punishment due to his Crime, is greatly disappointed, to find him  
in



in the End, not only pardoned, but made happy in the Possession of the beautiful *Epitia*.

*Shakespear*, though he has altered and added a good deal, yet has not mended the Moral; for he also shews Vice not only pardoned, but left in Tranquility. CP

The cruel, the vicious and hypocritical *Angelo*, marries a fair and virtuous Woman, who tenderly loved him, and is restored to the Favour of his Prince.

I said before, that the Story of *Juriste* and *Epitia* afforded an affecting Subject for a Play; and it is to be wished, since *Shakespear* thought proper to found one upon it, that he had left the Fable simple and entire as it was, without loading it with useles Incidents, unnecessary Characters, and absurd and improbable Intrigue.

Thus it would have stood by keeping close to the Novelist: A young Gentleman, vanquished by the Force of a too violent Passion, ravishes a Virgin, whom he is afterwards willing to marry, but is seiz'd and condemn'd to die for his Crime; his Sister a beautiful Maid, who tenderly loves the unfortunate Youth, solicits the rigid Governor for his Pardon, which he refuses, unless she sacrifices her Honour to him. The Lady rejects his Proposal with Disdain, but subdued by the affecting Tears and Prayers of a Brother, whose Life is dearer to her than her own, she reluctantly consents to the Governor's Proposal, on Condition, that he should give her Brother a free Pardon, and repair her Honour hereafter by Marriage.

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The Governor binds himself by Oath, to perform both these Conditions; which Oath he breaks; after the unfortunate Lady had paid the Price of them, and sends an immediate Order for her Brother's Execution.

The Lady in the violence of her Grief and Rage, resolves to murder him with her own Hands, but reflecting that she could not take this Revenge on him, without subjecting herself to a second Violation, she complains of her Wrongs to her Sovereign, and demands Justice on the impious Perpetrator of them.

The Emperor in order to repair her Honour, obliges the perfidious Governor to marry her, and then commands him to be led to Execution, which she by an exalted Piece of Generosity opposes, and as his Wife kneels and solicits ardently for his Pardon; which the Emperor at last grants.

Here the Novelist should be dropt, and the Catastrophe, according to poetical Justice, might be thus wound up.

The Lady having performed her Duty, in saving the Life of a Man, who, however unworthy, was still her Husband, should devote herself to a Cloister, for the remainder of her Life; and the wretched *Juriste*, deprived of his Dignity, in Disgrace with his Prince, and the Object of Universal Contempt and Hatred, to compleat his Miseries, he should feel all his former Violence of Passion for *Epitia* renewed, and falling into an Excess of Grief, for her Loss, (since the Practice is allowed by Christian Authors) stab himself in De pair.

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The Fable thus manag'd, takes in as great a Variety of Incidents, as with Propriety can be introduced in a Play, and those Incidents naturally rising out of one another, and all dependant on the principal Subject of the Drama, forms that Unity of Action, which the Laws of Criticism require.

This Fable also, would not be destitute of a Moral, which as *Shakespear* has managed it, is wholly wanting. The fatal Consequence of an irregular Passion in *Claudio*; the Danger of endeavouring to procure Good by indirect Means in *Isabella*, and the Punishment of lawless Tyranny in the Governor, convey Instruction equally useful and just.

Since the Fable in *Cinthio* is so much better contrived than that of *Measure for Measure*, on which it is founded, the Poet sure cannot be defended, for having altered it so much for the worse; and it would be but a poor Excuse, for his want of Judgment, to say, that had he followed the Novelist closer, his Play would have been a Tragedy, and to make a Comedy, he was under a Necessity of winding up the Catastrophe as he has done.

The comic Part of *Measure for Measure* is all Episode, and has no Dependance on the principal Subject, which even as *Shakespear* has managed it, has none of the Requisites of Comedy, great and flagrant Crimes, such as those of *Angelo*, in *Measure for Measure*, are properly the Subject of Tragedy, the Design of which is to shew the fatal Consequences of those Crimes, and the Punishment that never fails to attend them. The light Fol-

lies of a *Lucio*, may be exposed, ridiculed and corrected in Comedy.

That *Shakespear* made a wrong Choice of his Subject, since he was resolved to torture it into a Comedy, appears by the low Contrivance, absurd Intrigue, and improbable Incidents, he was obliged to introduce, in order to bring about three or four Weddings, instead of one good Beheading, which was the Consequence naturally expected.

The Duke, who it must be confess'd, has an excellent plotting Brain, gives it out that he is going *incog.* to *Poland*, upon weighty Affairs of State, and substitutes *Angelo* to govern till his Return; to Friar *Thomas* his Confidant, however, he imparts his true Design, which is, in his Absence, to have some severe Laws revived, that had been long disused: Methinks this Conduct is very unworthy of a good Prince; if he thought it fit and necessary to revive those Laws, why does he commit that to another, which it was his Duty to perform?

The Friar's Answer is very pertinent.

It rested in your Grace  
T' unloose this tied-up Justice when you  
pleas'd;  
And it in you more dreadful would have seem'd  
Than in Lord *Angelo*.

The Duke replies,

I do fear, too dreadful.

In

In short, the poor Duke is afraid to exert his own Authority, by enforcing those Laws, notwithstanding he thinks them absolutely necessary, and therefore as he says,

I have on *Angelo* imposed the Office ;  
Who may in the Ambush of my Name strike  
home.

However, in Fact, it is the Duke who strikes in the Ambush of *Angelo's* Name ; for it is he who causes *Angelo* to put those severe Laws in Execution, while he skulks in Concealment to observe how they are received ; if ill, *Angelo* must stand the Consequence ; if well he will enjoy the Merit of it. And in order to discover how Things are carried on in the Commonwealth, he makes the Friar procure him a Habit of the Order, and thus disguised, where does he go ? Why, to the common Jail, among the condemned Malefactors. His Speculations are wholly confined to this Scene.

Here, entirely taken up with the Affairs of the Prisoners, his Highness ambles backwards and forwards, from the Prison to *Mariana's* House, fetching and carrying Messages, contriving how to elude those very Laws he had been so desirous of having executed ; corrupting one of the principal of his Magistrates, and teaching him how to deceive his Delegate in Power.

How comes it to pass, that the Duke is so well acquainted with the Story of *Mariana*,

to whom *Angelo* was betrothed, but abandoned by him on Account of the Loss of her Fortune? She speaks of the Duke as of a Person she had been long acquainted with.

*Mariana.* Here comes a Man of Comfort,  
whose Advice  
Hath often still'd my brawling Discontent.

Yet this could only happen while he assumed the Character of a Friar, which was but for two or three Days at most; he could not possibly have been acquainted with her Story before; if he had, the Character of *Angelo* would have been also known to him; and consequently it was unnecessary to make him his Deputy, in order to try him further, which was one of his Reasons, as he tells Friar *Thomas*, for concealing himself.

If it is granted, that the Duke could not know *Mariana's* Affair before his Disguise; what Opportunities had he of learning it afterwards? For, notwithstanding what *Mariana* says, which intimates a long Acquaintance, it is certain it could have been but a very short one; some extraordinary Accident therefore must have brought her Story to his Knowledge, which we find was known to no one else; for *Angelo's* Reputation for Sanctity was very high, and that could not have been, if his Wrongs to *Mariana* were publicly known.

But why does not the Poet acquaint us with this extraordinary Accident, which happens so conveniently for his Purpose? If he is account-  
able

able to our Eyes for what he makes us see, is he not also accountable to our Judgment for what he would have us believe? But, in short, without all this Jumble of In consistencies, the Comedy would have been a downright Tragedy; for *Claudio's* Head must have been cut off, if *Isabella* had not consented to redeem him; and the Duke would have wanted a Wife, if such a convenient Person as *Mariana* had not been introduced to supply her Place, and save her Honour.

As the Character of the Duke is absurd and ridiculous, that of *Angelo* is inconsistent to the last Degree; his Baseness to *Mariana*, his wicked Attempts on the Chastity of *Isabella*, his villainous Breach of Promise, and Cruelty to *Claudio*, prove him to be a very bad Man, long practised in Wickedness; yet when he finds himself struck with the Beauty of *Isabella*, he starts at the Temptation; reasons on his Frailty; asks Assistance from Heaven to overcome it; resolves against it, and seems carried away by the Violence of his Passion, to commit what his better Judgment abhors.

Are these the Manners of a sanctified Hypocrite, such as *Angelo* is represented to be? Are they not rather those of a good Man, overcome by a powerful Temptation? That *Angelo* was not a good Man, appears by his base Treatment of *Mariana*; for certainly nothing can be viler than to break his Contract with a Woman of Merit, because she had accidentally become poor; and, to excuse his own Conduct, load the unfortunate Innocent with base Aspersions, and add Infamy to her

other Miseries: Yet this is the Man, who, when attacked by a Temptation, kneels, prays, expostulates with himself, and, while he scarce yields in Thought to do wrong, his Mind feels all the Remorse which attends actual Guilt.

It must be confessed indeed, that *Angelo* is a very extraordinary Hypocrite, and thinks in a Manner quite contrary from all others of his Order; for they, as it is natural, are more concerned for the Consequences of their Crimes, than the Crimes themselves, whereas he is only troubled about the Crime, and wholly regardless of the Consequences.

The Character of *Isabella* in the Play seems to be an Improvement upon that of *Epitia* in the Novel; for *Isabella* absolutely refuses, and persists in her Refusal, to give up her Honour to save her Brother's Life; whereas *Epitia*, overcome by her own Tendernefs of Nature, and the affecting Prayers of the unhappy Youth, yields to what her Soul abhors, to redeem him from a shameful Death. It is certain however, that *Isabella* is a mere Vixen in her Virtue; how she rates her wretched Brother, who gently urges her to save him!

*Isabella.* Oh, you Beast!  
 Oh faithless Coward! Oh dishonest Wretch!  
 Wilt thou be made a Man out of my Vice?  
 Is't not a Kind of Incest, to take Life-  
 From thine own Sister's Shame? What shou'd  
 I think?  
 Heav'n grant my Mother play'd my Father  
 fair:

For



For such a warp'd Slip of Wildernefs  
Ne'er ifsued from his Blood. Take my De-  
fiance ;  
Die ; perifh : Might my only bending down  
Reprieve thee from thy Fate, it fhould pro-  
ceed.  
I'll pray a thoufand Prayers for thy Death ;  
No Word to fave thee.

*Claudio.* Nay, hear me, *Ifabella.*

*Ifabella.* Oh fie ! fie ! fie !  
Thy Sin's not accidental, but a Trade ;  
Mercy to thee wou'd prove itfelf a Bawd :  
'Tis beft that thou dy'ft quickly.

Is this the Language of a modeft tender  
Maid ; one who had devoted herfelf to a re-  
ligious Life, and was remarkable for an exalt-  
ed Underftanding, and unaffected Piety in the  
earlieft Bloom of Life ?

From her Character, her Profefion, and  
Degree of Relation to the unhappy Youth,  
one might have expected mild Expoftulations,  
wife Reasonings, and gentle Rebukes ; his De-  
fire of Life, though purchafed by Methods he  
could not approve, was a natural Frailty,  
which a Sister might have pitied and excufed,  
and have made ufe of her fuperior Underftand-  
ing to reason down his Fears, recal nobler  
Ideas to his Mind, teach him what was due to  
her Honour and his own, and reconcile him  
to his approaching Death, by Arguments  
drawn from that Religion and Virtue of which  
fhe made fo high a Profefion ; but that Tor-  
rent

rent of abusive Language, those coarse and unwomanly Reflexions on the Virtue of her Mother, her exulting Cruelty to the dying Youth, are the Manners of an affected Prude, outrageous in her seeming Virtue; not of a pious, innocent and tender Maid.

I cannot see the Use of all that juggling and Ambiguity at the winding up of the Catastrophe; *Isabella* comes and demands Justice of the Duke for the Wrongs she had received from his Deputy, declaring she had sacrificed her Innocence to save her Brother's Life, whom *Angelo* had, notwithstanding his Promise. to the contrary, caused to be executed.

Upon the Duke's telling her, that he believed her Accusation to be false, she goes away in Discontent, without saying a Word more: Is this natural? Is it probable, that *Isabella* would thus publicly bring a false Imputation on her Honour, and, though innocent and unstained, suffer the World to believe her violated?—She knows not that the honest Friar who advised her to this extraordinary Action, is the Duke to whom she is speaking; she knows not how the Matter will be cleared up.

She who rather chose to let her Brother die by the Hands of an Executioner, than sacrifice her Virtue to save his Life, takes undeserved Shame to herself in public, without procuring the Revenge she seeks after.

*Mariana's* evasive Deposition; Friar *Peter's* enigmatical Accusation of *Isabella*; the

the Duke's winding Behaviour ; what does it all serve for ? but to perplex and embroil plain Facts, and make up a Riddle without a Solution.

The Reader can easily discover how the Plot will be unravelled at last ; but the unnecessary Intricacies in unravelling it, still remain to be accounted for.

The Play sets out with the Moral in the Title, *Measure for Measure* ; but how is this made out ? the Duke speaking of *Angelo* to *Isabella*, says,

————— but as a Judge,  
Being doubly Criminal, in Violation  
Of sacred Chastity, and of Promise Breach,  
Thereon dependant for your Brother's Life,  
The very Mercy of the Law cries out  
Most audible, even from his proper Tongue.  
An *Angelo* for *Claudio* ; Death for Death.  
Haste still pays Haste, and Leisure answers  
Leisure ;  
Like doth quit Like, and *Measure* still for  
*Measure*.

Thus it should have been, according to the Duke's own Judgment to have made it *Measure for Measure* ; but when *Angelo* was pardoned, and restored to Favour, how then was it *Measure for Measure* ?

The Case is not altered, because *Claudio* was not put to death, and *Isabella* not violated ; it was not through *Angelo*'s Repentance, that both these Things did not happen ; a Woman

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he was engaged to, supplied the Place of *Isabella*, and the Head of another Man, was presented to him instead of *Claudio's*. *Angelo* therefore was intentionally guilty of perverting Justice, debauching a Virgin, and breaking his Promise, in putting her Brother to death, whose Life she had bought by that Sacrifice. *Isabella* when pleading for him, says,

My Brother had but Justice,  
 In that he did the Thing for which he dy'd ;  
 For *Angelo*, his Act did not o'ertake his bad  
 Intent,  
 And must be buried but as an Intent,  
 That perish'd by the Way ; Thoughts are no  
 Subjects :  
 Intents, but meerly Thoughts.

This is strange Reasoning of *Isabella* ; her Brother deserved Death, she says, because *he did the Thing for which he died* ; he intended to do it, and his doing it was the Consequence of his Intention.

*Angelo* likewise intended to debauch her, and murder her Brother, and he did both in Imagination ; that it was only Imagination, was not his Fault, for so he would have had it, and so he thought it was. It is the Intention which constitutes Guilt, and *Angelo* was guilty in Intention, and for what he knew, in fact, therefore, as far as lay in his Power, he was as guilty as *Claudio*.

This Play therefore being absolutely defective in a due Distribution of Rewards and Punish-

Punishments ; *Measure for Measure* ought not to be the Title, since Justice is not the Virtue it inculcates ; nor can *Shakelpear's* Invention in the Fable be praised ; for what he has altered from *Cinthio*, is altered greatly for the worse.



*The*



*The Ninth Novel of Bandello.  
Volume the Second.*



**W**HEN the *Scaligers* were Lords of *Verona*, a fierce and bloody Enmity subsisted between two noble Families of that City, of greater Dignity and Riches than the rest; the Name of the one was *Montecchio*, the other *Capellet*: This violent Hatred was the Cause of frequent bloody Engagements between the Relations and Dependants of those two Lords; and the Numbers that were killed of both Parties on these Occasions, kept up and augmented the Fury of their several Descendants.

*Bartholomew Scaliger*, then at the Head of this Republic, laboured with the utmost Diligence to suppress these Disorders; but all his Cares could never wholly prevent them, so deeply was their Hatred of each other rooted in their Bosoms.

Finding

Finding it impossible to entirely reconcile them, in order to put an End to the Affronts, which each Party gave and received from the other, and which was always followed by the Deaths of some amongst them, he commanded that the youngest of one Faction should always give Way to the eldest of the other, whenever they happened to meet, by which Means many Disorders were avoided.

About this Time, *Romeo*, the young Heir of the *Montecchio* Family, was violently enamoured of a Lady in *Verona*, who, notwithstanding the extraordinary Beauty and Accomplishments he was possess'd of, treated him with great Disdain.

*Romeo*, during two Years, pursued the inexorable Beauty, employing all the Rhetoric of Sighs, Tears, Presents and Entertainments, to move her Heart; but all in vain; his Friends, who saw him languish out his Days in a hopeless Passion, were greatly alarmed; but neither their Remonstrances or Intreaties were able to effect his Cure.

One of his Companions, who was dearer to him than the rest, greatly afflicted to behold him losing thus the Vigour of Youth in following a Woman without Hopes of obtaining her, often took Occasion to blame his Perseverance.

*Romeo*, said he, one Day to him, I love you as my Brother; and it gives me great Pain to see you thus consume away like Snow melting in the Sun; don't you see you waste your Time and spend your Fortune, without obtaining either Honour or Advantage: Your Endeavours

Endeavours to win this Woman are all ineffectual; the more you solicit her, the more rigid she becomes; certainly it is a great Folly to attempt a Thing which is not only difficult to do, but impossible; you may be convinced she neither cares for you, or any Thing you can do to please her; perhaps she has some other Lover, who is so dear to her, she would not quit him for an Emperor: You are young, my dear *Romeo*, your Person is more lovely than any Youth's in this City; you are, (let me speak it, since it is Truth, to your Face,) you are generous, virtuous and elegant; to these amiable Qualities are added the more solid Advantages of Learning and Wit: You are the only Son of one of the greatest and richest of our Noblemen; does he restrain you in your Expences; does he controul you in your Pleasures? Is he not your Factor only to take Care of your Affairs, while you spend your Time as you please? Awake, I conjure you, and begin to reflect at length upon the Error you have been guilty of; remove from your Eyes the Veil which blinds you, and hinders you from seeing the Path you are pursuing; resolve to place your Affection on some Person more deserving, and chuse a Lady who will better reward your Love; a just Indignation is often more powerful in the Heart than Love itself: Now when Assemblies and Masquerades are held all over this great City, mix with the Company every where, and when you meet the ungrateful Woman you have solicited so long, gaze not on her Face, but reflect on her Injustice, her Cruelty and her Pride; do not doubt but the many Injuries



juries you have ſuffered will excite an Indignation ſo juſt and reaſonable, that your Paſſion will in Time yield to its Force, and you, by Degrees, regain your Liberty.

To theſe Reaſons, the faithful Friend of *Romeo* added many others, to engage him to quit his unſucceſſful Purſuit: *Romeo* liſtened to him with Attention, and took a Reſolution immediately to put his wife Councils in Practice.

The Feaſt being now begun, he had frequent Opportunities of meeting the ſcornful Maid; but he always carefully avoided looking at her, gazing on the other Ladies, and anxiously examining the Beauties of every one, to chuſe her who was moſt agreeable to him.

About this Time, *Antonio Capellet*, the Head of that Family, made a magnificent Feaſt, to which he invited a great many of the chief Nobility and Ladies, moſt of the Youth of Quality being there; *Romeo*, notwithſtanding the long continued Hatred between their Families, came thither alſo at Night, being maſqued like the reſt of the Company; but ſoon after throwing it off, as all the others did, he ſeated himſelf at one Corner of the Hall, which, by the great Number of Torches, being made as light as Day, he could conveniently behold the whole Aſſembly.

*Romeo* ſoon drew the Eyes of the Company upon him, and of the Ladies particularly, who, ſtruck with his Boldneſs in coming to that Houſe, could not conceal their Admiration of it; his Enemies, however, on Account of his Youth, his extraordinary Beauty, the Sweetneſs

nefs of his Manners, and the almoſt univerſal Love he had acquired, forbore to give him any Diſturbance, which, perhaps, had he been elder, and leſs amiable, they might have done.

*Romeo* therefore, having leiſure to conſider the Beauty of the Ladies that were at the Feaſt, began to praiſe them more or leſs, according to his Taſte, and, without dancing himſelf, took a Pleaſure in looking upon thoſe that did: While he was thus employed, he ſaw a young Lady of moſt exquisite Beauty, whoſe Name was unknown to him; his Heart immediately confeſſed this Object to be more charming than any he had ever ſeen; he gazed on her attentively, and the longer he gazed, the more Beauty and Graces he diſcovered in her. Finding an unuſual Pleaſure in contemplating her, he was not able for a Moment to remove his Eyes from her Face, but darting a thouſand paſſionate Looks at the young Beauty, he ſecretly reſolved to exert his utmoſt Endeavours to gain her Affections.

Thus was his former Paſſion vanquiſhed by this new one, and gave Place to a Flame that was never extinguiſhed but by his Death: Not daring in that ſuſpected Houſe to enquire the Name of the young Beauty that had charmed him, he contented himſelf with feeding his Eyes with her Sight, and finding new Graces in every Look and Action drank in large Draughts of the ſweet Poiſon of Love.

*Romeo* being, as was ſaid before, ſeated in a Corner of the Hall, had a full View of all the Company, who, in returning to their  
Places

Places after Dancing, paſſed cloſe by him; *Julieta*, ſo was the young Lady called, who had charmed him, not having obſerved him before, was ſtruck with Admiration of his Perſon, as ſhe went by the Place where he ſat: This fair One was Daughter to *Capellet*, the Maſter of the Houſe, who had given the Feaſt, and ignorant of the Name and Quality of *Romeo*; yet he appearing to her the moſt beautiful Youth ſhe had ever ſeen, ſhe could not reſiſt the Pleaſure ſhe took in gazing on him; but ſecretly ſnatching ſtolen Glances at him every Moment, an unuſual Softneſs took Poſſeſſion of her Heart, and filled it with all the ſweet Inquietudes and tender Perplexities of a begining Paſſion: Not ſatiſfied with gazing on him at a Diſtance, ſhe ardently wiſhed he would mix among the Dancers, that ſhe might have an Opportunity of hearing him ſpeak, not doubting but her Ears would take in as much Pleaſure from the Agreeableneſs of his Diſcourſe, as her Eyes did Sweetneſs from his Sight, but *Romeo* wholly loſt in the Pleaſure he took in looking upon her, ſhewed no Inclination to join the Company; and *Julieta* was equally incapable of any Delight, but looking at him.

Their Eyes being thus frequently directed to each other, their paſſionate Glances often met; the Sighs which accompanied thoſe Glances, betrayed the Emotions of their Hearts, and both were ſenſible that an Opportunity of diſcovering their mutual Flame was equally deſired by each.

While

While they were thus taken up in exchanging tender and passionate Looks, the Ball broke up, and the Company mixing promiscuously together, began the concluding Dance, called *the Dance of the Torch*, otherwise *the Dance of the Hat*.

*Romeo*, in the midst of the agreeable Confusion of this Dance, was snatched up by a Lady, who forcing him into the Croud, he performed his Part, and giving the Torch, as was the Custom, to another Lady, he drew near to *Julietta*, and took her by the Hand, to the inconceivable Transport of them both.

*Julietta* then seating herself between *Romeo* and *Mercutio*; the latter, who was a Courtier, gay, witty, and agreeably satirical, was as remarkable for the extraordinary Coldness of his Hand, as for the uncommon Sprightliness of his Disposition; and he holding one of *Julietta's* Hands, as *Romeo* did the other; she, who ardently desired to hear him speak, turning towards him with an enchanting Smile, said softly and in a trembling Voice, gently pressing his Hand at the same Moment—  
“Blessed be the Time, Sir, that you seated yourself near me.”

*Romeo*, who well knew how to make use of Advantages, straining her Hand passionately in return, with Eyes which seemed to implore her Pity; and an Accent as if his Life hung suspended on her Answer, asked her the Meaning of such a Benediction.

“Gentle Youth, replied *Julietta* with a Smile, I bless the Time of your coming hither, because Signior *Mercutio*, whose Hand

is

is as cold as Ice, froze me all over by his Touch, and you, for which I am much obliged to you, by the kindly Warmth of yours, have restored me again."

"Madam, replied *Romeo* immediately, I should think myself superlatively happy in being able to do you any Service, and blest beyond Measure if you will deign to command me as the meanest of your Servants; permit me however to tell you, that if my Hand has warmed you, the Fire of your bright Eyes has kindled such Flames in me, that unless you afford me some Assistance, I shall soon be consumed to Ashes."

Scarce had he finished these last Words, when the Dance being ended, the Company began to disperse; and *Julietta* transported with the Excess of her new Passion; breathing an ardent Sigh and tenderly straining his Hand, replied in haste as she parted from him, "Alas! what can I say, but that I am more yours than my own!"

*Romeo*, in Hopes of knowing who she was, continued still in the Hall; but he had not waited long, 'till he was informed by a Friend, that she was the Daughter of the Lord *Capellet*, who had given the Feast.

This News threw him into great Affliction, foreseeing the Difficulty and Danger there would be in pursuing his Passion; but the Wound was already given, and his whole Soul was now infected with the sweet Venom of Love.

On the other Side, *Julietta* equally desirous of knowing the Name of him who had conquered

quered her Heart; calling an old Woman, who had nurſed her, to a Window, which looked into a Street, through which the Company was paſſing, by the Light of a great Number of Torches, ſhe began to enquire the Names of ſeveral of the Maſquers as they went along; and at laſt directing her Eyes to *Romeo*, aſked her who that fine Youth was who carried his Maſque in his Hand. The good Woman who knew him very well, told her it was *Romeo*, Son of the Lord *Montecchio*.

*Julietta*, ſtruck with the Sound of that Name, as with a Thunderbolt, began now to deſpair of ever gaining the Object of her Affections for a Husband: Concealing however her Confuſion from the Obſervation of her Nurſe, ſhe retired to Bed; but her Mind was agitated with ſo many different Thoughts, that ſhe could take no Repoſe: Love and Deſpair bred a cruel Conſlict in her Soul, yet Love had taken ſo full and abſolute Poſſeſſion of it, that her Deſire increaſed with the Impoſſibility of gratifying it. “ Ah! cried ſhe to herſelf, how have I ſuffered my Affections to be thus tranſported! how do I know (credulous Fool as I am) whether *Romeo* really loves me? Perhaps the artful Youth means only to delude me, with a diſſembled Paſſion, that by robbing me of my Honour, he may revenge himſelf of my Family, and encreaſe the rooted Hatred between our Fathers; but can it be, that a Soul ſo generous as his, ſhould form a Deſign to ruin one who loves and adores him? Ah! if the Face be the Index of the Mind,  
his

his is all Lovelineſs and Beauty, Cruelty and Deceit can never harbour in ſo ſweet a Dwelling; from a Form ſo enchanting nothing can be expected but Truth, Gentleneſs and Love: But ſuppoſe, added ſhe, that he loves me honourably, have I not Reaſon to believe that my Father will never conſent to our Union; and yet, who knows but our mutual Paſſion may be the Means of procuring a firm and perpetual Peace between our Families; I have often heard that not only the Peace of private Families has been procured by Marriages, but that warring Nations have been made Friends by that Means; ought I not then to hope that our two Houſes may be reconciled by ſuch an Event.” Reſting then upon this ſoothing Thought, whenever *Romeo* went through the Street where ſhe lived, ſhe always ſhewed herſelf at a Balcony, giving him ſuch bewitching Smiles as he paſſed, as filled his whole Soul (which like hers, had been toſt between Hope and Fear) with in-expreſſible Delight.

It was not without great Danger to his his Perſon, that he thus haunted the Street, where ſhe dwelt, both Night and Day; but *Julietta's* Smiles inflaming his Deſires, he could not reſiſt the ſweet Violence that drew him continually thither; the Chamber of this fair Maid had a Window in it, which looked into a narrow Lane. *Romeo* when he had paſſed the great Street, and arrived to the Head of this Lane, often beheld her at this Window, to which ſhe would come very obligingly when ſhe ſaw him; and by her  
Looks

Looks expreſs the Pleaſure ſhe took in ſeeing him. One Night when *Romeo* came, as he was wont, to this Place, *Julietta* ſeeing him, opened the Window; the Moon ſhone ſo bright, that though he retired, upon her looking out into an old ruinous Building which fronted the Window, yet ſhe diſtinguiſhed him plainly, and no Perſon being with her in the Chamber, ſhe ventured to call out to him. “ *Romeo*, ſaid ſhe, what do you do here alone, at ſuch an Hour? ſhould you be diſcovered, I tremble for your Life; are you ignorant of the cruel Enmity there is between our Families, and how many Lives have been loſt by it on both Sides? certainly if you are taken, you will be barbarouſly murdered; why will you thus endanger your own Life and my Honour?”

“ The ardent Paſſion you have inſpired me with, answered he, is the Cauſe of my coming hither; I know if I am diſcovered by your Relations, they will endeavour to kill me, but I ſhall defend myſelf as well as I am able, and though I may be overpowered by ſuperior Force, yet I will not dye alone; to dye near you will take off the Bitterneſs of Death; yet be aſſured, Madam, I never will be the Occaſion of bringing any Stain upon your Honour; but will with Pleaſure ſacrifice my Life, to preſerve it inviolate.”

“ But what is it you re-quire of me, interrupted *Julietta*?”

“ That you would permit me to enter your Chamber, Madam, replied *Romeo*, that I may with leſs Danger make known to you the  
Great-



Greatness of my Passion, and the cruel Torments I suffer for your Sake."

*Julietta*, a little offended at this Demand, replied in some Confusion, " *Romeo*, you know the Extent of your own Passion, and I know that of mine; I know that I love you, as much as it is possible for a Person to love, and perhaps more than is consistent with my Honour; however, I must tell you, that if you hope to possess me by any other Means than Matrimony, you are much deceived; and because I am sensible you expose yourself to great Danger by coming hither so frequently, I am willing to bring this Affair to a speedy Conclusion; therefore, if you desire to be mine, as I wish to be eternally yours, you will make me your Wife, and for that Purpose I will be ready to meet you at any convenient Place, whatever Time you shall appoint me, but, if you have any dishonourable Intentions towards me, go away I conjure you, and suffer me to live in Peace."

*Romeo*, who only wished to possess her with Honour, heard this Proposition with Transport, and told her, " that he would marry her at any Time, and in any Manner she pleased."

" 'Tis well, replied *Julietta*, let our Nuptials then be celebrated, by the Reverend Friar *Lorenzo* of *Reggio*, who is my spiritual Father." To this *Romeo* readily agreed, the good Friar being very intimate in his Family; and it was resolved between them, that *Romeo* should speak to him the next Day upon that Affair.

Friar *Lorenzo*, in whom the Lovers choſe to confide upon this Occaſion, was of the Order of the Minors, a learned Theologian and Philoſopher; had great Knowledge of Herbs, and was well ſkilled in the Magic Art; and that he might maintain himſelf in the good Opinion of the Vulgar, and quietly enjoy thoſe Pleaſures, for which he had a Taſte, he endeavoured to procure the Friendſhip of all Perſons of diſtinguiſhed Rank and Reputation: In this he ſucceeded ſo well, that he had many Friends among the Nobility of *Verona*, particularly the Father of *Romeo*, a Nobleman in great Credit and Eſteem, who had a high Opinion of his Sanctity and Wiſdom.

*Romeo* alſo held him in great Eſteem, and the Friar, who knew him to be a prudent and generous Youth, had a tender Affection for him. The Reverend Father, who confeſſed almoſt all the Perſons of Quality of both Sexes in the City, was alſo very intimate in the Family of the *Capelletti*, and was therefore intruſted with the ſpiritual Direction of *Julietta*.

*Romeo*, the next Day after his Conference with his Miſtreſs, went to the Church of *St. Francis*, and related to Friar *Lorenzo* the whole Story of his Paſſion for *Julietta*, and the happy Conclusion to which he had brought it, entreating at the ſame time his Aſſiſtance to unite them for ever.

The Friar hearing this Account, promiſed to do all he required, as well becauſe he was not able to deny *Romeo* any thing, as he hoped this Marriage would reconcile the two Houſes

Houses of the *Montecchi* and *Capelletti*, and by that Means acquire to himself the Favour of Signor *Bartbolomeu*, who passionately wished to compose the Disorders their Enmity created in his City.

The two Lovers, now only waiting for some Occasion of going to Confession, in order to effect their Design, *Julietta*, for the greater Conveniency, resolved to trust her Nurse, who slept with her, with her Love for *Romeo*; his extreme Affection for her, and their intended Marriage.

The good Woman greatly concerned at such a precipitate Design, endeavoured to dissuade her from it, but to no Purpose; and moved with the affecting Arguments of *Julietta*, was at last prevailed upon to carry a Letter to *Romeo*.

The Lover was transported with Joy at the Contents; which directed him to come, at five o'Clock that Night, to the Window in the Lane; bringing with him a Ladder of Ropes, by which he might ascend to the Top.

*Romeo*, committing the Care of providing the Ladder to a faithful Servant of his, named *Pietro*, they both, at the appointed Hour, went to the Place where *Julietta* expected them.

As soon as she saw *Romeo*, she let down a Cord from the Window, which they fasten to one End of the Ladder, she drew it up, and with the Assistance of her Nurse fixed it securely at the Top, while *Romeo* and his Servant took Care to fasten it well below.

D 2

*Romeo*

*Romeo* then boldly ascending the Ladder, *Pietro* retired into the old ruinous House, till his Master had Occasion for him: The iron Bars before the Window were set so close, that it was with Difficulty the passionate *Romeo* could pass his Hand through to clasp that of his adored *Julietta*.—"Oh! *Romeo*, cried the transported Maid, dearer to me than the Light of my Eyes, I desired to see you here, that I might inform you I have ordered Matters so as that I can go to Confession with my Mother on *Friday* next; we shall come to the Church about the Time that the Sermon begins; take Care to acquaint Father *Lorenzo*, that he may have every Thing in readiness."

*Romeo* assuring her that the Friar was disposed to do whatever they desired, they began to enter into a tender Conversation, which the Necessity of parting for Fear of a Discovery interrupting the Lover descending the Ladder, took Leave of his dear *Julietta*, who, though excessively pleased with the past Interview, thought every Moment an Age till she could call *Romeo* her own; and *Romeo*, who was almost transported out of himself, spent the Time in discoursing with his Confidant on his approaching Happiness.

The destined Day being arrived, Lady *Giovanni*, the Mother of *Julietta*, taking with her her Daughter and some of her Women, went to the Church of *St. Francis*, which was then in the Citadel; the old Lady, as soon as she entered, calling for Friar *Lorenzo*, told him, she had come early with *Julietta* to Confession, because she knew he would be much hurried that Day,

Day, having so many spiritual Children to confess.

The Friar, who had been instructed before by *Romeo*, and had him then concealed in his Confessionary, giving the Ladies the Benediction, went into the Convent, and entering the Confessionary where *Romeo* was, made *Julietta*, who first presented herself, go into the other Cell, which was slightly partitioned off from that which he and *Romeo* were in, having also a Grate between; as soon as she was entered, he gave the Sign that *Romeo* was within, and removing the Grate, after the first Salutation, said to her,—“ Daughter, *Romeo* has informed me, that you are willing to take him for a Husband, and he also is desirous of having you for a Wife, do you both continue to be thus disposed ?”

The Lovers making Answer, that they wished for nothing else; the Friar, after a short Discourse in Praise of holy Matrimony, pronounced the accustomed Form of Words ordained by the Church, and gave them the nuptial Benediction.

*Romeo* then presenting his beloved *Julietta* with a Ring, which she received with unspeakable Pleasure, he consulted with her on the Means he should use to gain Access to her at Night, and tenderly saluting her, went cautiously out of the Church.

The Friar, replacing the Grate, heard the Confession of the happy *Julietta*, and dismissing her, heard also those of her Mother, and the Women who attended them, and they returned again to their House.

D 3

Night

Night being come, *Romeo*, with his Servant, went to the Garden belonging to the Lord *Capellet's* House, and ascending the Wall by the Help of his faithful *Pietro*, he got easily over to the other Side, where he found his Bride; who, together with her Nurse, was expecting him.

*Romeo*, as soon as he saw her, ran to her with open Arms, and *Julietta* eagerly flying to him, threw herself on his Neck, and embraced him with inexpressible Transport; they passed the whole Night in the Garden without Fear of being discovered; and when the Morning approached, *Romeo*, after consulting with his fair Spouse on the Methods they should use to reconcile their Parents, took Leave of her with a tender Embrace, and returned to his House, looking upon himself to be the happiest of all Men in the Possession of so beautiful a Creature; and *Julietta*, who thought the whole World could not produce so lovely and accomplished a Youth as her *Romeo*, had no other Allay to her Happiness but the ardent Desire she felt to have their two Families reconciled, that her Marriage might no longer be concealed.

While the new married Couple were obliged to content themselves with short and stolen Interviews, Friar *Lorenzo* was secretly practising Means to reconcile their two Houses, and had put Matters in such a Train, that he had some Hopes of accomplishing it.

When the Feast of *Easter* was celebrated, it happened that great Numbers of Coaches were assembled at the Gate of the *Borsori*, near the

the Castle *Vecchio*, or *Old Castle*, and many of the *Capelletti* and *Montecchi* meeting in that Place, assaulted each other furiously with their Arms: Among the *Capelletti* was a noble Youth, named *Tibbald*, a first Cousin of *Julietta's*, who being possessed of great personal Courage, animated his People against the *Montecchi*, and urging them to have no Consideration for any Person whatever among their Enemies, the Fray grew very bloody, both Parties being continually increased by other of their Partizans who joined them.

*Romeo*, who was going through the City on some Diversion with several of his Companions, and a few Attendants, happened to pass by while the Combatants were engaged; this Sight gave him great Affliction, as he had Hopes from the Friar's Endeavours, that Peace would have been made between their Families; being desirous therefore of putting an End to the Fight, he turned to his Companions and Servants, and speaking so loud that he was heard by many in the Street; "Brothers, said he, let us thrust ourselves between them, and try, if by any Means we can oblige them to lay down their Arms:" With these Words he pressed in among the Combatants, followed by his Friends and Servants, labouring both with Words and Actions to prevail upon them to cease their Contention; but his Entreaties and Endeavours were all ineffectual; their Fury had risen to such Excess, that they minded nothing but how to be revenged on each other, many of each Party lying dead upon the Ground.

D 4

While

While *Romeo* was thus generously employed in endeavouring to calm their Rage, the furious *Tibbald* drew near him, and gave him a thrust with his Sword in the Side, which, by Reason of a net-work of Steel he wore beneath his Cloaths, did him no Harm.

*Romeo*, notwithstanding this Outrage, turning towards him, said, with a friendly Accent, “*Tibbald*, if you believe I came hither with any Intention to fight with you, or any of your Party, you are much deceived: I passed this Way by Chance, and have no other Design in mixing among you, but to make those who belong to me retire.”

*Tibbald*, either not understanding these Words, or seeming not to understand them, cried out, “Ah Traitor, thou shalt die! and furiously throwing himself upon *Romeo*, struck him with great Violence on the Head, but the Force of the Blow, though weakened by the steel Head-piece he wore, yet so enraged *Romeo*, that, wrapping his Cloak about his Arm by Way of Shield, he turned the point of his Sword towards his Enemy, which piercing his Throat, went quite through his Neck, and came out behind, so that the unhappy *Tibbald* fell dead immediately on the Earth.

The Guards approaching at the Report of this Battle, the Combatants dispersed different Ways; and *Romeo*, full of Grief for having killed *Tibbald*, fled to the Church of *St. Francis*, followed by a great many of his Friends and Servants.

Father *Lorenzo* was much affected at the News of *Tibbald*'s Death, which put it out of his



his Power to accompliſh the Peace he meditated between them ; however, he received *Romeo* with great Kindneſs, and concealed him in his Chamber at the Convent.

The *Capelletti* aſſembling together, went to complain to Signor *Bartholomew* of the Injury they had ſuffered from *Romeo*; and the Father of *Romeo*, together with all the Perſons of Quality among the *Montecchi*, went alſo to prove that *Romeo* had not engaged in the Fight, but fought only to part the Combatants, and being baſely wounded by *Tibbald*, killed him in his own Defence.

Although it was made very clear, that the *Capelletti* aſſaulted the *Montecchi* firſt, and alſo proved by many Witneſſes, that *Romeo* endeavoured to part them, and was wounded by *Tibbald* while he was thus employed, yet Signor *Bartholomew* baniſhed him from *Verona*, and ordered the reſt to forbear ſuch Hoſtilities for the future.

The Death of *Tibbald* cauſed great Affliction in the Family of the *Capelletti* ; but *Julieta* wept not for her Couſin's Death, but for the Baniſhment of *Romeo* ; having however that Excuse for her Sorrow, ſhe gave free Vent to her Tears, and loſing all the Hopes ſhe had formerly entertained of being happy with her beloved *Romeo*, ſhe wholly abandoned herſelf to Grief.

Underſtanding that he was concealed in Father *Lorenzo*'s Convent, ſhe wrote a Letter to him, filled with moving Complaints of their miſerable Fortune, intreating him with the moſt tender Inſtances of Affection, that he

D 5 would

would allow her to accompany him in his Banishment.

*Romeo* received this Letter by the Hands of the old Woman who was the Conſidant of their Marriage; and in his Answer, he conjured his dear *Julietta* not to afflict herſelf; that in a proper Time he would do all ſhe deſired; but at preſent he had not fixed upon the Place of his Exile, though he was reſolved it ſhould be as near her as poſſible; and concluded with earneſtly deſiring her to give him an Opportunity of ſeeing her before he went away.

*Julietta* naming the Garden for the Place of this laſt ſad Interview, *Romeo*, at the appointed Hour, came ſecretly out of the Convent by the Aſſiſtance of Father *Lorenzo*, and, attended by his faithful *Pietro*, came to the Place where he was expected.

*Julietta* received him with a Flood of Tears, and Grief ſo totally poſſeſſed their Souls, that they continued a long Time unable to ſpeak to each other; recovering a little from this ſilent Exceſs of Sorrow, they flew into each others Arms, mingling Tears with their Embraces, and bitter Complaints againſt the Cruelty of their Fortune.

Great Part of the Night being waſted in this Manner, *Julietta*, with the moſt earneſt and affecting Intreaties, urged her beloved *Romeo* to permit her to go with him into Banishment.

“Do not, my Lord, cried ſhe, do not leave me behind you; I will cut off this long Hair, and diſſeſſed in the Habit of a Boy, follow you wherever you go; my tender Cares ſhall ſoften the Rigour of your Exile; can you have

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a more faithful Servant than me? Oh, my deareſt Husband, grant me this Favour, I conjure you; let me ſhare your Fate whatever it be; I cannot be unhappy if I am with you.”

*Romeo*, with the tendereſt Language that Love could dictate, endeavoured to comfort his afflicted Wife; he aſſured her that his Sentence of Banishment would be ſhortly revoked; the Prince had given his Father ſome Reason to expect it; “But happen what will, ſaid he, my lovely *Julietta*, not in the Habit of a Page can I conſent to ſee you; no, when you do come, it muſt be in a Manner ſuitable to the Dignity of your Birth, and the Quality of your Husband: Depend upon it, continued he, my Banishment will not continue more than a Year; in that Time our Parents may be reconciled: the Prince himſelf will labour to make Peace between them; but if theſe Hopes fail me, I will then take another Courſe, for it is impoſſible I ſhould be able to live long without you.”

*Julietta*, yielding to the Force of theſe Reaſons and Perſuaſions, they began to ſettle the Method of correſponding by Letters; and the Morn now breaking, amidſt a thouſand Sighs, Tears, and tender Embraces, they took Leave of each other; *Romeo* returned to the Convent, and *Julietta* to her Chamber.

In two or three Days, every Thing being prepared for his Departure, *Romeo* left the Convent, and, diſguiſed like a foreign Merchant, went privately out of *Verona*: Several of his moſt faithful Friends conducted him ſafely to *Mantua*; where he hired a magnifi-

cent House, and having large Appointments from his Father, lived with a Splendor befitting his Quality.

*Julietta*, in the mean Time, gave herself wholly up to Sorrow; she loathed her Food; Sleep fled from her Eyes; she passed the Days in Sighs and Tears, and the Nights in Complaints and Lamentations. Her Mother observing her continual Grief, reproved her for it many Times; telling her, she had wept enough for the Death of her Cousin, and that it was Time to put an End to her Affliction upon his Account.—*Julietta* replied, that she knew no Cause for Affliction; nevertheless she continued to fly from all Company and Diversion, and gave herself up entirely a Prey to Sadness and Tears; her fixed Melancholy making so great an Alteration in her lovely Face, that she no longer had any Resemblance of the once gay and beautiful *Julietta*.

*Romeo* never failed to make Use of every Opportunity to write to her, always comforting her in his Letters with Hopes of being soon together, and tenderly intreating her to moderate her Affliction, and become easy and chearful as she was wont to be; but all was in vain; the Absence of *Romeo* was the Cause of her Unhappiness, and till that was removed she was incapable of receiving any Comfort.

Her Mother at last, supposing the Sadness of her Daughter proceeded from her Discontent at seeing so many of her young Companions married, while she had no Husband proposed to her, acquainted her Spouse, the Lord *Capellet*, with her Suspicions:—“ Our Daughter,

ter, said she, does nothing but sigh and weep ; I have frequently asked her the Cause of this immoderate Affliction ; she answers me always in the same Tone, that she knows of no Cause ; yet every one in the House perceives her continual Melancholy ; certainly some violent Uneasiness preys upon her Heart ; and if she is suffered to go on thus, she will consume away insensibly like Wax before the Fire : I have imagined a thousand Reasons for this her Sorrow ; but what seems to me to be the most probable is, that having since last Carnival, seen all her Companions become Wives, she is afflicted because a Husband has not yet been proposed to her ; she will be eighteen Years of Age St. *Euphemia's* Day next, and in my Opinion it is now Time we should procure her a good and honourable Husband, for a young Virgin is not Merchandize that will keep long in a House."

"Since it is your Opinion, replied the Lord *Antonio* to his Wife, that this Melancholy of our Daughter is caused by her not having a Husband proposed to her, I will endeavour to procure one suitable to the Dignity of our House ; but let it be your Care to find out whether her Affections are yet engaged, that I may propose such a Match to her as may be agreeable to her Inclinations."

*Giovanni* replied, that she would do all in her Power to satisfy him in this Particular ; and accordingly she again questioned all *Fu-lietta's* Attendants, and every other Person in the House, who she thought was likely to give her any Information ; but could discover nothing. Some

Some Time after this, a Match was propoſed to Lord *Antonio*, between the young *Paris*, Count of *Lodrona*, and his Daughter.

Lord *Antonio* was extremely well pleaſed with the Propoſal, the Count being young, handſome and very rich ; and deſired his Lady to acquaint her Daughter with the advantageous Offer that was made her.

Lady *Giovanni* did as ſhe was directed ; but *Julietta* received this News with ſuch apparent Grief, that her Mother, after long endeavouring in vain to find out the Cauſe, ſaid at laſt, “ By what I can underſtand then, my Daughter, you are not willing to be married.”

“ It is true, Madam, replied *Julietta*, I never intend to marry any one ; and if you love me, and have any Regard for my Peace, you will not think of giving me a Huſband.”

“ Will you be a Nun then, replied the Mother, in great Amazement ; tell me what are your Intentions ?”—“ I will not be a Nun, ſaid *Julietta* ; I know not what I would be ; but I long to be in my Grave.”

Lady *Giovanni*, equally ſurprized and offended at this Answer, was at a Loſs what to ſay or do.— She again enquired of her Daughter’s Attendants if they knew the Cauſe of her extreme Melancholy.— They replied, that ever ſince her Couſin *Tibbald*’s Death, ſhe had wholly abandoned herſelf to Sorrow, was always in Tears, and ſought all Occaſions of being alone.

*Giovanni* relating all this to her Huſband : He ordered *Julietta* to be called, and, after ſome little Diſcourſe with her, “ Daughter, ſaid

said he, you are now old enough to be married; I have found a Husband for you, who is young, handsome, noble and rich; it is the Count of *Lodrona*; dispose yourself therefore to comply with my Will in this Affair, such Matches offer but seldom."

*Julietta*, with more Spirit than became one of her Years, replied boldly, that she would not marry.

Her Father, greatly enraged, was ready to beat her; but checking his Fury a little, he contented himself with threatening her with the most cruel Effects of his Displeasure, if she continued disobedient, and concluded with telling her, that whether she was willing or not she must prepare in a few Days to go with him, her Mother, and other Relations to *Villa Franca*, to meet the young Count, who would be there with a great Retinue on Purpose to see her; adding, that if she made any Reply, or Resistance, he would break her Head, and make her the most miserable Creature that ever was born.

*Julietta* remained like one Thunder-struck, at this cruel Language, and, not daring to reply, she retired to her Chamber, and there wrote an Account of all that had passed to *Romeo*.

In a short Time she received an Answer from her beloved Husband, who earnestly conjured her not to afflict herself, but to depend upon the Promise he made her, to come soon to *Verona*, and take her away privately to *Mantua*.

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While ſhe waited the Effect of this Promiſe, the Day approached on which ſhe was to go to *Villa-Franca*, where her Father had a fine Seat. Notwithſtanding her great Reluctance, ſhe was obliged to go, and the young Count of *Lodrona*, who firſt ſaw her at Church, was ſo ſtruck with her Charms, though now a little impaired by her continual Grief, that he immediately concluded the Marriage Treaty with her Father; who returned with *Julietta* to *Verona*. Here he informed her, that her Marriage with the Count was abſolutely reſolved upon, exhorting her to be chearful, and ſubmit to his Will with a good Grace.

*Julietta* made no Answer, but retired to her Chamber, in order to conceal her Affliction, being informed that her Nuptials with Count *Paris* were to be celebrated in a few Weeks. Not knowing what to do in this terrible Extremity, ſhe at laſt reſolvèd to go to Father *Lorenzo*, and conſult with him upon Means to avoid this deteſted Huſband.

Accordingly the next Saint's Day ſhe went to her Mother's Chamber. " My dear Mother, ſaid ſhe at her Entrance, I cannot imagine how this ſtrange Melancholy has grown upon me, but ever ſince the Death of my Couſin *Tibbald* I have been able to take no Pleaſure in any Thing, and my Dejection encreaſes every Day; I think I will go on this bleſſed Saint's Day to Confeſſion; perhaps I may receive ſome Conſolation by that Means. What ſay you, my ſweet



sweet Mother, are you pleased with this Proposition? Shall I go?"

Lady *Giovanni*, who was a very pious Woman, greatly approved of her Daughter's Intention, and went with her to the Church of *St. Francis*; where, ordering Father *Lorenzo* to be called, she permitted *Julietta* to go into the Confessionary, and being entered; "My Father, said the afflicted *Julietta*, no one knows better than yourself, what has passed between *Romeo* and me, therefore it is needless to repeat it; you have no doubt read the Letter, which I put into your Hand to be sent to him; in which I informed him, that my Father had promised me to *Paris*, Count of *Lodrona*. *Romeo* writes to me, that he will shortly come and take Measures to prevent this ever happening; but alas! Heaven knows when he will perform his Promise; the Day of my Nuptials is now fixed; I see no Way to avoid the hated Count, who appears to me as a Robber and Assassin. You know that I am the Wife of *Romeo*, and that I cannot be another's; no, I will be my dear *Romeo's* eternally, this is my fixed Resolution; to you therefore I come for Advice and Assistance; hear first, however, what I propose. You shall, my dear Father, provide me a Suit of Boys Cloaths, in which I will leave my Father's House very early in the Morning, and thus disguised travel to *Mantua*, and keep myself concealed in the House of my dear *Romeo*."

The Friar, who was not at all pleased with this Proposition, replied—"My dear Daughter,

ter, it is impoſſible to execute, with Safety, the Deſign you have formed, the Dangers are too great; you are very young, your Perſon and Conſtitution extremely delicate; you could not endure the Fatigue of ſuch a Journey; you have never been accuſtomed to walk, and not being acquainted with the Way, would wander here and there, without knowing whither to go: Your Father would no ſooner miſs you, than he would ſend People to the City Gates, and into all the Streets to find you, it would be impoſſible to eſcape the Search. When you are brought back, will not your Father, by Threats, and perhaps Blows, force you to declare the Reaſon of your Flight, diſguiſed like a Boy? and when he ſhall underſtand, that you was going to *Romeo*, will not he effectually prevent your ever ſeeing him more?

*Julietta*, acquieſcing in theſe Reaſons of the good Father, replied, “ Since you do not approve of what I have propoſed, which I am now convinced is not practicable, give me your Advice what to do; teach me how to untye this cruel Knot, by which, miſerable that I am, I find myſelf bound; aſſiſt me if poſſible to get to my dear *Romeo*, for without him I can no longer live; but if you cannot do that, help me at leaſt to the Means of keeping myſelf entirely his; my Husband has told me of your Knowledge of Herbs, and that you can diſtil a Water which in two Hours time will ſteal away Life, from the Perſon who takes it, without giving any Pain.—Give me ſuch a Quantity of this Water,

Water, as will deliver me from this Count, and make me able to keep my Faith with *Romeo*: If he loves me as I love him, he will rather see me in the Arms of Death, than in those of any other Person; by helping me to this quiet Death, you will deliver me and my Family from great Disgrace, for if I am driven to Despair, and find no other Way to avoid the Miseries that wait me, I will cut my Throat in the Night, for I am determined to dye, rather than violate my Faith to *Romeo*."

Father *Lorenzo*, who was one of the greatest Chemists in his Time, and was well acquainted with the Virtues of Herbs and Stones, among other wonderful Secrets he was posselt of, he had found out and composed with many somniferous Simples a certain Paste; which being reduced to Powder, and a small Quantity of it mixed with Water, would put the Person who drank it into a Sleep so like Death, that the most skilful Physician in the World might be deceived by it, holding them in this sweet Trance forty Hours or more, according to the Quantity of the Powder, or the Constitution of the Patient. He understanding, therefore, the fixed Determination of the unhappy *Julietta*, was so moved with Compassion, that it was with Difficulty he restrained his Tears.

"My Daughter, said he, you must not think of giving yourself Death, because you may depend upon it there is no returning to Life, until the Day of universal Judgment, when together, with all the Dead, you shall  
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be raiſed again; be patient, and reſolve to live as long as God pleaſes, he gave you Life, he preſerves it, and in his own good Time he will reſume it. Banish theſe melancholy Thoughts from your Mind; you are young, and ought to be fond of Life, that you may enjoy your *Romeo*; do not doubt, but we ſhall find a Remedy for the Evils you are afraid of—You ſee in what great Credit and Reputation I am in this magnificent City, ſhould it be known that I was privy to your Marriage with *Romeo*, what Diſgrace would it not bring upon me! I will my dear Daughter ſo manage Matters, that, without drawing you into any Danger, you ſhall preſerve your Faith to *Romeo*; but you muſt be courageous and reſolved, and punctually obſerve all my Directions.’

He then related to her the extraordinary Virtues of the Powder before mentioned, aſſuring her that it had been often tried, and always found perfect. “ My Daughter, added he, this precious and valuable Powder, will, as I have ſaid, put you into ſo ſound and quiet a Sleep, that if *Galen, Hippocrates, Meſue, Avicenna*, and all the Colleges of the moſt excellent Phyſicians that are, or ever were, were to ſee you, and feel your Pulse, they would with one Voice declare you dead. When you have drank the Mixture you will in a few Moments fall aſleep; at your uſual Hour of riſing your Attendants will come to awake you, but not be able; and you being cold as Ice, without Pulse, or any Signs of Life, your Parents, Relations, and all who ſee you, will

will believe you to be dead, and you will be carried to the Monument of your Family, there you will quietly repose the Night and Day: I will take care to dispatch a Messenger to *Romeo*, and he and I will come the Night following that which you are interred to the Monument; and when the Dose is fully digested, you will awake from this artificial Death as fresh and lovely as when you rise in a Morning from your Bed, after a quiet Rest; we will then take you from the Monument, and you shall return with *Romeo* secretly to *Mantua*, and there remain concealed till the blessed Peace I am meditating reconciles your two Houses; but I must again repeat to you that Secrecy and Courage is absolutely necessary for our Design, otherwise you will ruin both yourself and me."

*Julietta*, who would have passed through a glowing Furnace to get to *Romeo*, gave absolute Credit to the Friar's Words, and replied, "Father, I will put myself entirely into your Hands, and perform whatever you require with the greatest Secrecy."

The Friar then going to the Chamber, returned in a few Moments with a sufficient Quantity of the Powder; which he directed her to mix in a Glass of Water. *Julietta*, with many Thanks, received it, and put it into a Purse, which she carefully concealed in her Bosom.

The Friar, who could with Difficulty believe so young a Creature had Fortitude enough to suffer herself to be interred living in a Sepulchre with putrefied Carcasses, said to her:

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“But my Daughter, tell me sincerely, do you not tremble at the Thoughts of being intomb'd amongst mouldering Bodies; where also the Corse of your Cousin *Tibbald*, newly slain, is interred?”

“Father, replied the determined *Julietta*, do not trouble yourself about my Fears; if I thought I should find my *Romeo* by passing through the Midst of infernal Flames, I would without trembling dare the everlasting Fires.”

“In the Name of God then, said the Friar, go on with your Enterprize.” Then taking leave of her, he went back to his Chamber, and *Julietta* joined her Mother, who was waiting for her in the Church; and as soon as they were at home, “Certainly, my dear Mother, said *Julietta*, Father *Lorenzo* is a most holy Man; he has comforted me so much by his pious Discourse, that the terrible Melancholy I have so long laboured under, begins already to abate of its Force.”

Lady *Giovanni*, who already perceived an agreeable Change in the Countenance of her Daughter, was extremely pleased, and thanked God and the good Friar for it a thousand Times; telling her Husband they ought, in Gratitude for such a Service from Friar *Lorenzo*, to make a present to his Monastery.

*Julietta's* Cheerfulness persuading both her Father and Mother that there was no Cause for the Suspicion they had entertained of her being secretly in Love, they began to repent they had entered into such strict Engagements with the Count of *Lodrona*, because the extreme Youth of their Daughter made them willing to keep

keep her unmarried two or three Years longer; but the Match having been concluded upon on both Sides, they could not break it off without great Scandal.

The Night before the Day on which the Nuptials were to be celebrated, *Julietta*, who thought every Moment a Year till she drank the Potion, mixed it with some Water in a Phial, and placed it secretly at her Bed's Head; the Nurse who lay with her, falling asleep soon after she was in Bed.

*Julietta*, who could not take any Repose, passed the Night in various and affecting Thoughts; the Dawn approaching, put her in Mind that it was Time to drink the Potion; when the Image of *Tibbald*, dead as she had lately seen him, with the Blood flowing from his Wound, rose to her Imagination, and reflecting that she would soon be inclosed in a dark Monument amidst so many dead Bodies and mouldering Bones, her Blood froze in her Veins, a cold Sweat hung upon all her Limbs, and she began to tremble like a Leaf shaken by the Winds.—“ Alas! said she, softly sighing, what am I going to do? Where shall I suffer myself to be carried? If I should awake before the Friar and *Romeo* come to take me out of the Monument, what will become of me? How shall I be able to endure the Stench of the dead Body of *Tibbald*! I, who cannot suffer any disagreeable Smell to approach me! who knows how many Serpents and horrid Worms there may be in that Sepulchre! Creatures I so much fear and abhor; and if I am terrified only at the Sight of them, how shall I endure to have them

them ſtinging and crawling about me? how often have I heard horrid Stories related of dreadful Things which happen in the Night in Churches and Churchyards !”

Theſe, and many more Thoughts of the like Nature, ſo tormented her Imagination, that ſhe began to deliberate with herſelf whether ſhe ſhould not throw away that terrible Potion.

Continuing thus irrefolute a long Time, her fervent Love for *Romeo* at laſt got the better of her Fears, and the Day now ſhining through her Window, ſhe took the Phial from her Pillow, and courageouſly drank off the Liquor, which, in a few Moments, producing its uſual Effects, ſhe fell in a profound Sleep.

Her Nurſe, who had been ſenſible ſhe had ſlept but little in the Night, thinking ſhe was now reſoſing, roſe ſoftly for Fear of diſturbſng her, and went about her uſual Buſineſs; and when it was Time to awake her, ſhe returned to her Chamber, ſaying as ſhe entered, “Up, up you Slug-a-bed, its Time to riſe;” then opening the Window, and perceiving *Julietta* did not yet move, ſhe approached the Bed, crying “Riſe, riſe you lazy ones;” but the good old Woman was calling to the Deaf;—then raiſing her Voice, ſhe called her aloud, ſhaking her to diſſipate her Sleep; but all her vital Faculties were ſo bound up, that the loudeſt and moſt horrible Thunders would not have been able to awake her.

The poor old Woman believing her now to be certainly dead, burſt into Tears and Complaints,



Complaints, and went to acquaint the unhappy Mother with the News, who, flying with distracted Pace to *Julietta's* Chamber, and beholding her stretched breathless upon the Bed, she filled the Air with dreadful Shrieks, uttering such moving Expressions of Sorrow as might have softened the Rage of Tygers themselves. The Tears and Groans of the Nurse, and piercing Cries of the wretched Mother, brought all the Family to the Chamber, and among the rest the Lord *Antonio*, who approaching the Bed, and finding his Daughter without Sense or Motion, and cold as Ice, Astonishment and Grief made him for some Moments immoveable as a Statue.

The sad News being spread through the City, all the Relations and Friends of the Family hastened to Lord *Antonio's* House, and filled it with Tears and Lamentations; the most famous Physicians were immediately sent for; but all their Art proved ineffectual, and they declared she was absolutely dead.

At this cruel Confirmation of their Fears, their Weepings and Lamentations redoubled; the whole City took Part in the Grief of this Family, and every one bewailed the unexpected Death of the young and beautiful *Julietta*.

But what Words can express the deep Distress, the wild Affliction of the wretched Mother! deaf to all the Consolation that was offered to her, she gave a Loose to Despair: Now in the wild Agony of Grief she tore her Hair, and shrieking, pierced the Skies with her Complaints; now sinking under the Load of unutterable Sorrow, with Eyes streaming

with Tears, and Sighs which seemed to shake her whole Frame, she silently bewailed her Loss; three Times she threw herself upon the Bed, and clasping the cold *Julieta* to her sobbing Bosom, fell breathless on the Body, and was with Difficulty brought back to Life.

Lord *Antonio*, who had tenderly loved his Daughter, was no less afflicted for her Death, than his Wife; but strove with manly Fortitude to conceal his Anguish in his own Breast in order to quiet her's.

In the mean Time, Father *Lorenzo* wrote to *Romeo* all that had passed between him and *Julieta*; he desired him to come the next Night, disguised, to *Verona*, and assist him in taking his Wife from the Tomb, and carry her with him to *Mantua*.

This Letter he gave to a faithful Brother of the Order, strictly charging him to hasten with it to *Mantua*, and give it to *Romeo Montecchio*, and no other Person whatever.

The Friar accordingly departed for *Mantua*; and arriving there in good Time, alighted at the Convent of *St. Francis*, with an Intention to desire the Superior to let one of the Brothers accompany him into the City, where he had some Business to transact.

It happened, that a Friar of that Convent was just then dead; and because it was suspected, from some Marks on his Body, that he died of the Plague, the Deputies of Health, the same Moment that the *Veronese* Friar arrived, came to the Superior, with Orders from the Lord of the City, that he should not suffer any one belonging to his Convent to stir out

out upon any Occasion whatever, for fear of spreading the Contagion.

The *Veronese* Friar, in vain represented to the Deputies, that he was but just arrived from *Verona*, and had not yet spoke with any Person in the Convent; they obliged him to remain shut up with the other Friars, by which Means he could not deliver the Letter to *Romeo* himself, and would not, according to his Orders, send it by any other Person.

While this passed at *Mantua*, in *Verona* they were making great Preparations for the Funeral Obsequies of *Julietta*, which, agreeable to the Custom of the Place, were to be performed the Day on which she died.

*Pietro*, the faithful Confident of *Romeo*, being then at *Verona*, and hearing that *Julietta* was dead, was almost out of his Wits for Grief; at first he was for going directly to *Mantua*, but upon Reflexion he resolved to stay till she was buried, that he might be able to say to his Master, he had really seen her dead. *Julietta* then was carried with great Pomp to the Monument of the *Capelletti*, amidst the Sighs and Tears of all the Inhabitants of *Verona*. *Pietro* at this Sight was so lost in Affliction, reflecting how ardently she was beloved by his Master, that he never thought of going to Father *Lorenzo* to consult with him, as he was accustomed; but, having seen *Julietta* entombed, he mounted his Horse, and rode hard, till he got to *Villa-Franca*, where he stopt to refresh himself, and after a short Sleep, rising two Hours before Day, he remounted his Horse, and reached *Mantua* at Sun-rise.

*Romeo* was still in Bed, when he entered his Chamber; and poor *Pietro* was so much affected with the sad News he brought, that for some Moments he was unable to utter a Word; but his Sighs, and the Tears which ran down in great Abundance from his Eyes, persuaded his Master, that some ill Accident had happened, though he was far from guessing at the real one; yet with some Impatience, he asked him, "If his Father, and all his Friends at *Verona* were well" "Speak," added he, beginning to be more alarmed; finding he still continued silent and weeping, "Keep me no longer in Suspence, but tell me what is the Cause of that Affliction I see you in."

*Pietro* with a faltering Voice, then told him, that *Julietta* was dead, that he had seen her laid in the Monument of the *Capelletti*, and that it was reported in *Verona*, that Grief was the Cause of her Death.

*Romeo*, struck as with a Thunder-bolt at this dreadful News, remained for some Time in a speechless Agony of Grief; then furiously springing out of his Bed, "Ah Traitor! cried he aloud, cruel, perfidious and ingrateful *Romeo*, it was not Sorrow that killed thy Wife, Grief is not so quick a Murderer! Ah! no, it was thy Cruelty that killed her: Did she not tell thee in her Letters, she would dye rather than be the Wife of any other, and earnestly entreat thee to come, and take her from her Father's House, and thou, unworthy lingering Lover, amused her with vain Promises, but had not Resolution enough to perform them, and dost thou now stand

stand idly weeping, and *Julietta* dead!—Oh my *Julietta*! cried he, raising his Voice, art thou dead, and do I live!—Ah Wretch! how often have I told her, that I could not live without her, and yet I live, I breathe, and she is dead!—Where is she, added he, gazing wildly round the Room, is she not here, here hovering about me, expecting me to follow her!—Hark; she calls me; behold, she says, behold me here, deceitful Lover and unfaithful Husband. Oh pardon me! my dearest Wife; I own my Guilt, and since Grief is not powerful enough to deprive me of Life; my own Hand shall perform that Office, and do what Grief is not able to do.”—This said, he suddenly snatched his Sword from the Head of his Bed and turned the Point of it to his Bosom; but *Pietro* springing hastily to him pushed the Sword out of his Hand, endeavouring by all the soft Persuasions he was Master of to prevail upon him to change his dreadful Purpose.

*Romeo*, overwhelmed with unutterable Anguish, stood silent and motionless all the Time he was speaking, resembling more a Marble Statue than a living Man; at last the stubborn Sorrow found a vent, and his Eyes, at once unlocking all their Springs, poured out a River of Tears.

Though the Frenzy of his Sorrow was by this Means somewhat allayed, yet Despair had taken such Possession of his Soul, that he was fixed in his Resolution not to live, but carefully concealing his Design, lest he should be prevented from executing it, he charged

*Pietro*, with a dissembled Calmness in his Looks and Voice, not to mention the Death of his Wife, and the fatal Error he had like to have been guilty of, to any Person whatever, but to mount a fresh Horse, and set out immediately for *Verona*, whither he would follow him--“Let not my Father know, continued he, that I am coming, but provide me some Instruments for opening the Sepulchre, where my *Julietta* is interred, and wait for me at the Out-House behind our Garden; I will meet you there, and we will go together to the Monument of the *Capelletti*, for I must once more have a Sight of my dearest Wife, pale and cold as she now lies in Death, then early in the Morning I will return to *Mantua*, and you may follow a little Time after.”

*Pietro*, not suspecting his Intention, departed immediately to perform his Commission, and *Romeo*, as soon as he was gone, wrote a Letter to his Father, in which he entreated his Pardon for having married without asking his Consent, and related at large his Love for *Julietta*, their Marriage, and the fatal Consequences; he conjured him also, since *Julietta* had been his Daughter to have perpetual Masses said for her Soul, and in order to reward the Fidelity of his Servant *Pietro*, he desired that a handsome Provision might be made for him out of the Estate which had been bequeathed him by an Aunt lately deceased, and since he had yet received no Part of it, he ordered the first Rents to be given to the Poor; having declared this to be his last Will, he earnestly entreated his Father, to fulfil it in every particular; then closing the Letter, he sealed it, and put it

it in his Bosom. This done, he gave Orders to have a Horfe made ready, and, telling his Servants he would return the next Day, he put on the Habit of a *German* Soldier, and, taking with him a Phial full of Mortal Poison, he mounted his Horfe, and took the Road to *Verona*. Having rode pretty fast, he arrived there in the Evening, and went to the House where he had appointed to meet *Pietro*, who having provided every Thing that he had been commanded, they went together at four o'Clock in the Morning to the Churchyard, which was in the Citadel, and got to the Monument of the *Capelletti* without being discovered.

The Vault being opened, without much Difficulty, with the Instruments they had brought with them, they propt up the Top with Poles, and *Romeo* taking a dark Lanthorn, which *Pietro* had also provided, he descended into the Vault: Here he beheld his Wife dead as she appeared, and stretched out upon her Bier.

*Romeo* at this Sight fell fainting upon her Breast, and continued for some Moments in a Death more real than hers; recovering at last to a painful Sense of agonizing Woe, he took his Wife in his Arms, and holding her close prest to his Bosom, bathed her cold Face with his Tears, which flowed in such Abundance, that for a long Time he was not able to utter a Word; but when he recovered the Use of Speech, he broke into such moving Complaints, as might have softened the fiercest and most impenetrable Souls to Compassion. Continuing still fixed in his Resolution to dye, he took the Phial out of his Pocket, and drank off the fatal Draught in a Moment, then ascending

ing a few Steps, he called to *Pietro*, who was ſtanding in a Corner of the Church-yard.—  
“ *Pietro*, ſaid he, when he approached, behold here my Wife, how much I did and do love her, thou partly knoweſt; thou knoweſt alſo, that it is as much impoſſible for me to live without her, as it is for a Body to live without a Soul; I therefore brought with me a Poiſon, which in leſs than half an Hour procures a certain Death; this I have gladly drank this Moment, that dying near her, whom in Life I ſo paſſionately adored, I may remain with her dead, ſince my cruel Deſtiny would not permit us to live together.-- See, there is the Phial, which I have emptied, it was given me thou may’ſt remember by a Mountebank in *Mantua*, who came from *Spoletta*, and brought with him living Aſpicks and other Serpents, the Water it contained was diſtilled from theſe Creatures and other Serpents. God of his infinite Mercy pardon me this Act, ſince I did not deſtroy myſelf to offend him, but becauſe it was not poſſible for me to live without my deareſt Wife. --- Think not, *Pietro*, added he, wiping away the Tears that flowed from his Eyes, while he was ſpeaking, think not becauſe thou ſeeſt me weep, that I lament my Death at theſe early Years. No, my weeping proceeds from the Anguiſh I feel for the untimely Death of her, who was worthy of a much longer, and much more happy Life. Here, ſaid he, pulling out the Letter, give this to my Father, it contains ſome particular Requeſts, which I have deſired him to perform after my Death, as well concerning



cerning my Interment in this Monument, as my Servants in *Mantua*, and you in particular: I am perſuaded my Father will faithfully execute all I have required in this Letter—Farewel—I can no more—I feel already the Approach of Death—The powerful Poiſon wanders through all my Limbs, and will ſhortly enter the laſt Retreat of Life—I ſhall expire in half an Hour—Take away the Props from the Vault, and leave me to breathe my Laſt in the Boſom of my adored Wife.”

*Pietro*, at theſe Words of his Maſter, ſeemed to feel his Heart tore from his Breſt; ſuch was the Exceſs of his Sorrow: Fain he would have done ſomething to aſſiſt him, but it was now in vain; there was no Remedy for that fatal Poiſon.

*Romeo*, deſcending again, took *Julietta* in his Arms, and after calling *Pietro* to cloſe up the Vault, fixed his dying Lips on the Mouth of his Wife, and holding her faſt folded to his Breſt, waited for Death in that Poſture.

*Julietta*, who had now digeſted the ſleeping Powder, began to awake, and, her Senſes, perfectly returning, feeling herſelf faſt embraced, ſhe ſuſpected the Friar was going to carry her to his Cell with ſome impure Deſign. Poſſeſt with this Thought, “Ah! Father *Lorenzo*, ſaid ſhe, is this the Fidelity you owe to *Romeo*? Do you thus abuſe the Truſt he reſoſea in you?” Endeavouring then to free herſelf from thoſe ſuſpected Embraces, and opening her Eyes at the ſame Time, ſhe ſaw and knew

her *Romeo*, though disguised in the Habit of a *German Soldier*.

“ And are you here my Love, said she? Where is Father *Lorenzo*? Why don't you take me out of this Monument? Hasten, let us go, I beseech you.”

*Romeo*, when he saw her open her Eyes, and heard her speak, was sensible immediately that she was really alive, and feeling in the same Moment an Excess of Joy and Sorrow, he strained her eagerly to his Bosom, and weeping, cried, “ Oh Life of my Life, and by far the dearest Part of me, what Man ever felt the extatic Joy I feel this Instant, which brings me the full Confirmation that thou art not dead but alive, and well in my Arms: But Oh! was ever Anguish equal to mine? at the same Time, since this happy, this miserable Moment, I feel myself going to be tore from thee by Death; now when Life would be most welcome to me; a quarter of an Hour is all the Time I can possibly live: Was there ever, Oh cruel Heaven! an Object at one and the same Moment, so exquisitely happy and so transcendently miserable: How can I do otherwise than rejoice, my sweetest, my most lovely Wife, when I behold you living, whose sudden and unexpected Death I have so bitterly wept; but Oh my Sorrow is also extreme, that now, when Life would be dear to me, since, in possessing you, I have all for which I wish to live, now to be torn from you! How severe, how beyond Measure cruel, is my Destiny!”

*Julietta*

*Julieta* hearing *Romeo* fpeak in this Manner, being now quite awakened, replied—  
“ What Words are thefe you fpeak to me, my deareft Lord ; is this all the Comfort you intend to give me ; and did you come from *Mantua* to bring me this fatal News ?

*Romeo* then, in a few Words, telling her what he had done, and the Caufe of it—  
“ Alas ! alas ! cried the miferable *Julieta*, what do I hear!—Oh what is it you tell me!—By what I underftand then, Father *Lorenzo* did not write you an Account of the Meafures he and I had taken, though he promifed me faithfully to do fo.”

Here *Julieta*, weeping, fighing, and bitterly complaining, amidft interrupting burfts of Sorrow, recounted all that the Friar and ſhe had done to avoid being married to the young Nobleman her Father had provided for her.

*Romeo*, hearing this, felt his Grief and Agony redoubled ; and while *Julieta* with Heart-piercing Groans lamented their unhappy Fate, calling the Heavens, the Stars, and all the Elements moft cruel and unmerciful, her dying Husband, obferving the Corpfe of *Tibbald* lying near him, turned towards it—

“ Oh *Tibbald*, faid he, if in thy prefent State thou art capable of knowing any Thing, thou muft know that I fought not to offend thee ; but that my Intention, by mixing in the Combat, was to perfuade thy Party to retire, and mine to lay down their Arms ; but thou, poffeffed by long hereditary Hatred againft me, affaulted me cruelly with moft untameable Malice ; then lofing all Patience, I scorned to

move one Step to avoid thee, and thy ill Destiny made me kill thee: Now then I ask thee Pardon for that Offence; so much the greater, as thou wert then become my Kinsman by my Marriage with thy Cousin: If thou desirest Vengeance on me, behold the fatal Consequences of thy Death; could'st thou wish for a more compleat Revenge than that thy Murderer should here in thy Presence come to give himself a voluntary Death, and dying, seek a Corner of thy Sepulchre to remain interred beside thee; so that, though in Life we were Enemies, yet in Death one Grave may hold us peaceably together."

*Pietro*, at this piteous Discourse of the dying Husband, and the piercing Cries and bitter Complaints of the wretched Wife, stood motionless with Horror and Grief, almost doubting if the melancholy Scene he beheld was real; and not knowing what to say or do, remained fixed like a Statue on the Side of the Monument.

"Oh, *Romeo*, said the exquisitely distressed *Julietta*, since it is not the Will of God that we should live together, I may at least be permitted to remain with you here; for Oh! be assured I will never, never forsake you."

*Romeo* then taking her in his Arms, began with the gentlest and most tender Soothings to calm her Sorrow, and persuade her to live, telling her he could not die in Peace, unless he was assured she would preserve her Life; but while he was speaking, he felt his Strength forsake him by Degrees, his Eyes grew dim, and all the Powers of his Body so weakened, that he

he was no longer able to stand, but letting himself gently sink on the Ground, and looking piteously in the Face of his afflicted Wife, "Alas! said he, my Love,—I am dying."

Friar *Lorenzo*, who, for what Reason is unknown, was not willing to take *Julietta* out of the Monument, and carry her to his Chamber the Night she was interred, the following Night finding *Romeo* did not appear, accompanied by a faithful Brother of the Order, he came to the Monument with Instruments to break open the Vault, and arrived there the same Moment that *Romeo* sunk down upon the Earth, and seeing it already opened, and *Pietro* standing by it, he asked him where *Romeo* was.

*Julietta* hearing the Voice, and knowing it to be the Friar's, raising her Head, and weeping, said, "Heaven pardon you, how well you sent the Letter to *Romeo!*"

"I sent it, replied he, by Friar *Anselmo*, with whom you are acquainted; wherefore then do you speak to me in this Manner?"

"Descend, replied *Julietta*, (redoubling her Tears) and see."

The Friar going down, immediately perceived *Romeo* stretched out, having yet some small Remainder of Life; "Oh, my Son! Oh, *Romeo!* cried he, what does this mean?"

*Romeo*, opening his languishing Eyes, and knowing the Friar, with Tears which ran fast down his dying Cheeks, recommended *Julietta* to his Care, and devoutly asked Pardon of God and him for the Offence he had been guilty of in hastening his own Death.

It

It was with great Difficulty the unhappy Lover pronounced these last Words, which, as soon as he had finished, he expired—*Julietta*, shrieking aloud, and calling many Times on the Name of her loved Husband, oppressed at last with agonizing Grief, fell fainting on his Body, and continued so long in that State of Insensibility, that the two Friars and *Pietro*, who were busied in giving her all the Assistance they were able, thought she was dead: Recovering however to a painful Sense of Woe, she wildly wrung her Hands, tore off her Hair, and bathed the lifeless Body with her Tears; then clasping him to her throbbing Bosom—“ Oh thou loved Center of all my Wishes, said she, my dear, my only Lord, once the sole Bliss of my Life, now, ah! now my only Misery!—How art thou cut off in the Spring of Youth, and early Bloom of Beauty!—Thou, at a Time when all are fondest of Life, hast willingly shortened thy Course; and me, me, the unhappy Cause!—Yes, my dearest Lord, thou didst come to finish thy Days in the Arms of her, who, in Life, thou hadst loved most, and who loved thee above all earthly Things—Hither thou didst come to breathe thy last Sighs, and to be interred near me; not suspecting these bitter Tears would have bewailed thee dead—Where art thou now, my Love?—Art thou not still with me?—I know thou art—Thou can’st not stay in a Place where I am not—Thy dear Spirit still wanders about me—I see—I hear thee—Thou wonderest at my long Stay—Fear not, my dearest Lord, but I will follow thee: The most

most painful Death that could be inflicted on me would not equal the Torments of living without thee—I come then, I come, my only Love—Stay one Moment for me; that my freed Soul may mount with thine, and be with thee for ever.”

The two Friars and *Pietro*, wholly subdued by Grief, wept excessively at this dismal Scene; yet they used their utmost Endeavours to comfort her, but all in vain.

“My Daughter, said Father *Lorenzo*, what is done cannot now be undone: If Tears could recal thy *Romeo* to Life, ours should flow as fast as thine; but there is no Remedy for what is past; comfort thyself then and resolve to live; and if thou art not willing to return to thy Father’s House, I will place thee in a holy Monastery, where thou may’st spend the Remainder of thy Life in serving God, and praying for the Soul of *Romeo*.”

*Julietta*, whose Thoughts were wholly swallowed up in the blackest Despair, heard with gloomy Silence all the Friar had been saying, and, obstinately bent on Death, collecting her whole Force of Grief, and violently restraining all the Powers of Life, she expired, holding her *Romeo* fast locked in her Arms.

While the two Friars and *Pietro* were endeavouring to recover her, some Soldiers passing that way by Chance, alarmed by the Light they saw in the Monument, ran hastily thither; being informed of what had happened to the unfortunate Lovers, they left the Friars under a good Guard, and took *Pietro*

along with them to the Prince, to whom he minutely related their whole History.

The Morn being now come, the whole City was filled with Grief and Consternation at this melancholy Adventure; the People ran in Crouds to the Monument of the *Capelletti*; and the Prince being resolved that one Grave should hold the faithful Lovers, their Funeral Obsequies were performed with great Pomp by the two distressed Families of the *Mortecchi* and *Capelletti*, between whom there was afterwards a transient Peace. The Friar and *Pietro* were pardoned, and the Father of *Romeo*, in every Particular, fulfilled the dying Requests of his beloved Son.



OBSERVA-





OBSERVATIONS on the Use Shakespear has made of the foregoing Novel in his Tragedy of Romeo and Juliet.

ON the Incidents in the foregoing Novel, Shakespear has formed the Fable of his *Romeo and Juliet*, one of the most regular of all his Tragedies. How closely he has followed the Story may be partly seen by this Translation, which is literal from the Original *Italian* of *Bandello*; yet I think it will not be difficult to prove, or at least to make it appear highly probable, that he never saw, and did not understand the Original, but copied from a *French* Translation extant in his Time; or, what is equally probable, from an *English* Translation of that *French* one, both very bad, in some Places rather paraphrased than translated; in others, the Author's Sense absolutely mistaken, many Circumstances injudiciously added, and many more altered for the worse, or wholly omitted. The Story of *Romeo and Juliet* may be found translated in a Book, entituled, *Histoires Tragiques extraites des Oeuvres de Bandel*, printed in *Paris*, in the Year 1571, seven Years after Shakespear was born. A literal Translation of this

this Story, from the *French*, is in the ſecond Tome of the *Palace of Pleaſure*, printed at *London* in the Year 1567, which is a Collection of Novels, tranſlated into *Engliſh* by *William Painter*, from ſeveral *Greek*, *Latin*, *Spaniſh* and *Italian* Authors (as the Title Page ſays) but ſome of them are taken from Tranſlations of thoſe Authors into *French*, of which *Romeo* and *Juliet* is one.

Had *Shakeſpear* ever ſeen the original Novel in *Bandello*, he would have been ſenſible that the Tranſlation of it is extremely bad: That he did not ſee it, muſt be owing to nothing elſe than his not underſtanding *Italian*; for can it be ſuppoſed, that having reſolved to write a Tragedy upon the Subject of an *Italian* Story, he would rather chuſe to copy from a bad Tranſlation of that Story, than follow the Original.

This Suppoſition would be as abſurd as to imagine a Man would ſlake his Thirſt with the muddy Waters of a polluted Stream, when the clear Spring, from whence it iſſues, is within his Reach. That *Shakeſpear* conſulted the Tranſlator, appears from his having followed him in all the Alterations he has made in the Original; ſome few of which I ſhall take notice of, and ſhew that in ſome Places he has not only taken Circumſtances from the Tranſlator, but alſo made Uſe of his Thoughts and Expreſſions.

In *Bandello* the Lovers paſs the Night after their Nuptials in the Garden; the Tranſlator makes *Romeo* aſcend the Chamber of *Julieta*,

*Julietta*, in which he is followed by *Shakefpear*.

The Translation makes them both complain of the Tedioufnefs of the Day, with the Sun to haften his Courfe, or that they were able to add Wings to his Speed; *Bandello* is filent upon the Subject, but *Shakefpear* puts almoft the fame Words in the Mouth of *Juliet*.

The Tranflator makes *Juliet*, upon hearing that her Coufin is flain by *Romeo*, break into Complaints and Reproaches againft her Husband, and after ſhe has for ſome Time given a Loofe to her Reſentment, her returning Tendernefs for *Romeo* forces her to repent of the injurious Words which, in the firft Emotions of her Grief and Rage, ſhe had uttered againft him; ſhe condemns herſelf for her too haſty Censure, and begs Pardon of the abſent *Romeo* for her unkind Reproaches.

There is not the leaſt Foundation for all this in the Original. *Bandello* every where ſhews *Juliet* ſo much engroffed by her extreme Paſſion for *Romeo*, that all other Affections, all Tyes of Conſanguinity, all filial Duty and Obedience is ſwallowed up in the Immenſity of her Love; and therefore when the News of *Tibbald's* Death and *Romeo's* Banifhment is brought to her at the ſame Time, ſhe does not weep for the Death of her Coufin, but for the Banifhment of her Husband. *Shakefpear* has indeed the ſame Thought: *Juliet* being told by her Nurſe, that her Parents were weeping over the dead Body of *Tibbald*, replies,

“ Waſh

“ Wash they his Wound with Tears ; mine shall be spent  
When their's are dry, for *Romeo's* Banishment.”

Her superior Affection for *Romeo* is also painted by *Shakespear* in that Speech wherein she laments his Banishment, and acknowledges it is a greater Misfortune to her than the Death of all her Relations would be ; but both these Circumstances the Translator has in common with *Bandello* : He differs from him in making *Juliet* complain of her Husband's Cruelty in killing her Cousin, and *Shakespear* has exactly followed that Hint.

When the Father of *Juliet* is informed of his Daughter's Sorrow for having offended him in refusing Count *Paris* for her Husband, *Shakespear* makes him praise the good Friar, by whom he supposes all this Alteration was brought about, in almost the same Words of the Translator.

“ Now 'fore God, this reverend holy Friar,  
Our whole City is much bound to him.

This is not the first Benefit we have received from this holy Man, to whom every Citizen in this Commonwealth is dearly bound.”

But in *Bandello* the Mother of *Juliet* only says, “ That in Gratitude for the Friar's successful Admonitions they ought to make a  
Present

Present to his Monastery, which was very poor."

In *Bandello*, the Friar, who is sent with the Letters to *Romeo*, is detained at a Monastery in *Mantua*: The Translator makes him be stopped at his own Convent in *Verona*; which last is followed by *Shakespear*.

There is no Mention made in the Original of the Apothecary, of whom *Romeo* buys the Poison; there we are only told that he had mortal Drugs in his Possession, which was given him by a *Spoletto* Mountebank in *Mantua*, long before.

The Translator makes him walk through the Streets in *Mantua* in order to find a Person that would sell him such a Composition, and accordingly he goes into the Shop of an Apothecary, whose Poverty is observable from the miserable Furniture of it; and he for a Bribe of fifty Ducats furnishes him with a strong Poison.

*Shakespear* has not only copied this Circumstance from the Translator, but also borrowed some Hints from him in his celebrated Description of the miserable Shop.

These few Instances are sufficient to prove that *Shakespear* took the Incidents on which he has founded his Tragedy of *Romeo and Juliet* from the Translation; and consequently that he did not peruse, because he did not understand, the original *Italian*.

His Management of the Tomb Scene, and the Death of the two Lovers, is entirely copied from the Translator, who differs greatly from the Original in those Circumstances.

The

The plain and ſimple Narration of that melancholy Event in *Bandello* is more natural, more pathetic, and fitter to excite the Paſſions of Pity and Terror, than the Cataſtrophe of the Tragedy, as managed by *Shakeſpear*, who has kept cloſe by the Tranſlator.

In *Bandello*, when *Pietro* informs his Maſter of *Juliet's* Death, Aſtoniſhment and Grief for ſome Moments deprive him of Speech; recovering a little, he breaks into Complaints and Self-Reproaches; then, wild with Deſpair, he flies to his Sword, and endeavours to kill himſelf, but being prevented by his Servant, he ſinks into an Exceſs of ſilent Sorrow, and, while he weeps, calmly deliberates on the Means he ſhould uſe to die in the Monument with *Juliet*.

The Tranſlator makes *Romeo*, upon receiving the fatal News, reſolve immediately to poiſon himſelf; and for that Purpoſe *Romeo* diſſembles his Affliction, and tells his Servant he will go and walk about the Streets of *Mantua* to divert himſelf; but his real Deſign is to procure ſome Poiſon, which having purchaſed of a poor Apothecary, he goes immediately to *Verona*.

*Shakeſpear* has here copied the Tranſlator exactly, and makes *Romeo* in the Miſt of his Affliction for the Death of his Wife, and while the horrible Deſign of killing himſelf was forming in his Mind, give a ludicrous Detail of the miſerable Furniture of a poor Apothecary's Shop; a Deſcription, however beautiful in itſelf, is here ſo ill timed, and ſo inconſiſtent with the Condition and Circumſtances

stances of the Speaker, that we cannot help being shocked at the Absurdity, though we admire the Beauty of the Imagination.

There appears so much Contrivance and Method in *Romeo's* Design of buying Poison, and going to *Verona* to drink it in the Monument of his Wife, that he might expire near her, that we can hardly suppose it to be the spontaneous Effect of a sudden and furious Transport of Grief. In the Original therefore we see him not taking this Resolution till the first violent Sallies of his Sorrow are abated; till after, in a sudden Transport of Despair, he had ineffectually endeavoured to fall upon his Sword; but while he forms that fatally regulated Design, he is dissolved in Tears, and plunged in a calm and silent Excess of Sorrow.

The *French* Translator makes *Romeo*, when he breaks open the Monument where *Juliet* lies, command his Servant to be gone and leave him alone, fiercely menacing him with Death if he disobeys.

*Shakespeare* does more than imitate him here; for in the Play *Romeo* injudiciously adds a Reason for that Command; which so far from forcing Obedience, ought rather to have prevented it.

“The Time and my Intents are savage wild;  
More fierce, and more inexorable far  
Than empty Tygers, or the roaring Sea.”

Yet *Romeo*, a few Lines above in the same Speech, condescends to dissemble with his Servant

Servant as to the Cauſe of his going into the Monument.

“ Why I deſcend into this Bed of Death,  
Is partly to behold my Lady’s Face;  
But chiefly to take thence from her dead  
Finger  
A precious Ring, a Ring which I muſt uſe  
In dear Employment.”

To paſs by the Abſurdity of thoſe Contradictions, let us only compare this wild and in-  
conſiſtent Behaviour of *Romeo* in the Tranſlation and the Play, with the calm, ſedate, yet  
fixed Deſpair of *Romeo* in the Original.

As ſoon as he has determined upon the Manner of his Death, he writes an affecting  
Letter to his Father, in which he relates the Hiſtory of his Love and Marriage with *Julietta*;  
entreats his Pardon for diſpoſing of him-  
ſelf without conſulting him; provides hand-  
ſomely for all his Servants, particularly his  
Confident, *Pietro*; and earneſtly entreats that  
he may be interred in the Monument with  
*Juliet*, where he goes to die.

This done, taking the Letter and Poiſon  
with him, he goes to *Verona*, opens the Mo-  
nument by the Help of *Pietro*, and deſiring him  
to watch in the Church-yard left any Perſon  
ſhould ſurprize him, he deſcends into the  
Vault; there, after tenderly gazing on his  
Wife, and giving ſome Moments to the  
Tears and Complaints which that ſad Object  
drew from him, he drinks off the Poiſon; then  
aſcending a few Steps, and leaning on the Side  
of



of the Monument, he calls his Servant; tells him what he had done; gives him the Letter to his Father; aſſures him he will be well provided for, at his dying Requeſt; then taking Leave of him, deſcends again into the Vault, and claſping the Body of his Wife in his Arms, calls out to *Pietro* to cloſe the Monument upon him, and leave him to expire.

There is ſomething extremely affecting in this determined, yet calm, and (if the Expreſſion may be permitted) gentle Deſpair of *Romeo*, in the Original: His deſiring to have the Monument cloſed upon him, while he is yet alive, that he may expire in the Arms of his beloved *Juliet*, is alſo beautifully pathetic, and conſiſtent with that violent Paſſion he had for her when living.

*Romeo*, in the *French* and *English* Tranſlations, dies before *Juliet* awakes, and the Friar and *Peter* enters the Monument the ſame Moment that he expires; then *Juliet* awaking, they preſs her to leave the Monument, but ſhe reſuſing, and they both being alarmed at the Approach of ſome Soldiers, cowardly run away, and *Juliet*, left alone, ſtabs herſelf with a Dagger.

*Shakeſpear* has copied all theſe Circumſtances from the Tranſlator. *Romeo* dies in the Play before *Juliet* awakes; the Friar fearing to be diſcovered by the Watch, as he calls it, but there is no ſuch Eſtabliſhment in any of the Cities of *Italy*, preſſes her to leave the Monument; ſhe reſuſes; he runs away; and ſhe ſtabs herſelf with *Romeo's* Dagger.

In *Bandello*, while the dying Husband is holding her lifeleſs Body, as he ſuppoſes, in his

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F

ARMS,

Arms, and shedding his last Tears for her Death, she awakes ; she opens her Eyes, gazes on him, and entreats him to carry her out of the Monument.

*Romeo* is for some Moments lost in a Transport of Surprise and Joy to see her alive, but reflecting that he is poisoned, that he must shortly die and leave her, his Agonies return with double Force: How pathetically does he complain of his miserable Destiny! With what tender Extasy does he congratulate her Return to Life! With what affecting Sorrow lament his approaching Death, which must tear him from her! nor is the Astonishment, the Grief, and wild Despair of the wretched *Juliet* less beautifully imagined.

The Speech of *Romeo* to the dead Body of *Tibbald* is very moving, and expressive of the Gentleness and Candour of his Disposition: His sinking from the Arms of his Wife when the Poison begins to exert all its Force; his falling extended at her Feet; gazing on her with a Look that seemed at once to give and ask Compassion; and gasping out "Alas! my Love, I die," is pathetic to the last Degree.

The Friar the same Moment arrives at the Monument; *Juliet* hearing his Voice, passionately upbraids him with not sending to *Romeo*; he justifies himself; descends into the Vault, and beholding *Romeo* extended almost lifeless on the Earth, breaks into an Exclamation of Surprise and Grief. *Romeo* then opening his Eyes for the last Time, recommends *Juliet* to his

his Care, and asking Pardon of Heaven for his Offence, expires.

The tender Expostulations of the Friar with *Juliet* after *Romeo* dies; her gloomy Silence; her fixed Despair; and lastly, her Death, occasioned by the Violence of her stifled Grief, are Circumstances truly tragical, and wrought up with all the Force of a poetic Imagination.

Had *Shakespear* ever seen the *Italian* Author, these striking Beauties would not have escaped him; and, if by copying the Translation only, he has given us a very affecting Tragedy, what might we not have expected, had he drawn his Hints from the beautiful Original.

How little *Shakespear* owed to his own Invention in his Tragedy of *Romeo* and *Juliet*, may be seen by comparing that Play with the foregoing Novel: What Variations he has made, he was led into by copying from the *French* Translation, or perhaps from the *English* one, in the *Palace of Pleasure*, which is literal from the *French*; and since it is pretty clear he did not understand the *Italian*, it is probable he took many more of his Plots from that Book, in which a great Number of the *Italian* Novels are translated; some from *French* Translations; as *Romeo* and *Juliet*, and others from the original Authors.

There is not one Incident of *Shakespear's* Invention in his Play of *Romeo* and *Juliet*, except the Death of *Paris* by *Romeo*: This Character might have been very well spared in the Drama; his Appearance is of little Use, and his Death of still less, except to divert

our Compassion from the two principal Persons in the Play, whose Deaths make up the Catastrophe of the Tragedy.

*Paris* seems only introduced to fall by the Hands of *Romeo*; and why must our Compassion of the unfortunate *Romeo* be suspended by the undeserved Fate of *Paris*? What Necessity is there for making *Romeo*, who is all along represented as an amiable and virtuous Character, imbrue his Hands in the Blood of an innocent Youth, (whose Death is of no Consequence) just before he expires?

This Incident, however, is the only one of the Poet's Invention throughout the Play: The Fable and all the Characters, except *Mercutio* were formed to his Hands.

Mr. *Pope*, in his Preface to his Edition of *Shakespear's* Plays, tells us, that "*Shakespear's* Characters are Nature herself; and that it is a Sort of Injury to call them by so distant a Name as Copies of her."

It is certain, that all the Characters in *Romeo*, excepting, as I said before, *Mercutio's*, are exact Copies of those in the Novelist; and since he copied them from the Translator, and not the Original, in this Instance Mr. *Pope's* Observation of other Authors, may be applied to *Shakespear*, that "His Picture, like a mock Rainbow, is but a Reflexion of a Reflexion."

*The*



*The seventh Novel of the third Decad of the Hecatomythi of Giraldi Cinthio.*



**I**N Venice there was a Moor, who for his extraordinary Valour, and the many Proofs he had given of his consummate Prudence and superior Genius for War, was extremely dear to that Republic, which, more than any other, delighted in rewarding great and virtuous Actions.

A Venetian Lady of wonderful Beauty, named *Disdemona*, not subdued by the irregular Sallies of a female Appetite, but struck with the great Qualities and noble Virtues of the Moor, became violently enamoured of him; and he, no less charmed with the Greatness of her Mind, than with the extreme Beauty of her Person, burnt in the most ardent Flames for her.

Fortune so far favoured their mutual Passion, that, notwithstanding the united Endeavours,

vours of all the Lady's Kindred to prevent it, they found Means to get their Marriage ſolemnized; and during their Abode in *Venice* they lived together in the greateſt Harmony and Tranquility imaginable.

It happened, that the Senate of *Venice* recalled their Forces which were at *Cyprus*, and gave the Command of thoſe which were to be ſent thither in their ſtead to the *Moor*.

This Dignity was never conferred upon any but Perſons of unqueſtionable Courage and Fidelity.

The *Moor* therefore, conſidering this Command as a Reward for that Valour he had ſhewn in the Service of the Republic, received it with great Joy; but when he reflected on the Length and Danger of the Voyage, the Neceſſity there ſeemed of leaving *Diſdemona* behind him filled him with inconceivable Concern.

*Diſdemona*, whoſe Felicity wholly centered in the *Moor*, was tranſported to find the Senate, by the public Dignity they beſtowed on him, had given a Sanction to her Choice; and having reſolved to accompany her Husband in ſo honourable an Expedition, waited for the Time of their Departure with the utmoſt Impatience.

The ſecret Grief which prey'd on the Heart of the *Moor*, beginning, as the Time of parting approached nearer, to ſpread a Gloom on his Countenance, and give an Air of Reſtraint to his Behaviour; *Diſdemona*, extremely alarmed, entreated him to tell her the Cauſe of that Change ſhe obſerved in him:  
 “ What

“ What is the Reaſon, ſaid ſhe, that I ſee you melancholy and dejected at a Time when the Honours you have received from the Senate give you moſt Reaſon to rejoice ?”

“ The Exceſs of my Love for you, replied the *Moor*, ſighing, prevents me from enjoying thoſe Honours as I ought ; ſince they force me to the ſad Neceſſity of ſuffering one or other of two Things, both equally inſupportable ; for either I muſt expoſe you to the Dangers of the Sea, by taking you with me to *Cyprus*, or elſe leave you behind me at *Venice* : The firſt cannot but be a moſt heavy Miſfortune to me, ſince every Fatigue you will ſuffer, every Danger you are expoſed to, will bring me the extremeſt Affliction ; and as for the ſecond, parting with you is more terrible than parting with my Life.”

“ Ah ! my deareſt Huſband, ſaid *Diſdemona*, what Thoughts are theſe which you have ſuffered to afflict you ? Did you imagine I would conſent to a Separation from you ? How could you wrong my Love ſo much ? That Love, which, to be with you, would impel me to paſs even through Flames ; well may I then reſolve to accompany you to Sea, in a ſecure and well mann'd Ship : If there are Dangers and Fatigues to be endured, you ſhall not endure them alone : I will ſhare your Fortune whatever it be, and nothing but Death ſhall divide me from you.”

The *Moor*, in a Transport of grateful Tenderneſs, throwing his Arms round her Neck, and preſſing her to his Boſom, cried out, “ Heaven long preſerve you, my moſt dear,

my lovely Wife, in theſe affectionate Sentiments for me.”

Some little Time after, the neceſſary Preparations for their Voyage being ready, the *Moor*, with *Diſdemona* and their Attendants, entered a Galley, and ſet ſail for *Cyprus*; whither, after a pleaſant and eaſy Voyage, they arrived, together with all the Forces under the *Moor*'s Command.

Among the Officers in theſe Troops was a Lieutenant, very dear to the *Moor*: Nature had given him a moſt beautiful and graceful Perſon, but a Mind replete with all Manner of Wickedneſs; however, he knew ſo well how to conceal his vicious Inclinations under an apparent generous and noble Behaviour, that his Hypocriſy, aſſiſted by the Speciouſneſs of his Form, procured him the Eſteem and Friend- of all his Companions.

The *Moor*, who had conceived a particular Friendſhip for him, took great Pleaſure in his Converſation, and invited him frequently to his Houſe, and *Diſdemona*, fond of every Occaſion of gratifying the Humour of her Huſband, treated him with equal Civility.

The Lieutenant had married a young Woman at *Venice*, whom he brought with him to *Cyprus*; *Diſdemona*, fond of this Woman, becauſe ſhe was an *Italian*, and alſo an agreeable Companion, went often to her Houſe, and paſſed great Part of the Day with her.

The villainous Lieutenant having, by theſe Means, frequent Opportunities of ſeeing *Diſdemona*, became violently enamoured of her; and neither reſtrained by the Fidelity he owed his  
his



his Wife, or the Respect and Gratitude due to his Friend and Commander, resolved to use his utmost Endeavours to gratify his infamous Passion.

Well knowing that Death would be the Consequence of his presumptuous Attempt if it came to the Knowledge of the *Moor*, he durst not discover his Flame to *Disdemona* any other Way than by Sighs and passionate Glances, hoping in Time to inspire her with Desires like his own.

But the Lady, whose Thoughts were wholly engrossed by the *Moor*, took so little Notice of those silent Addresses, that her Indifference persuading him some other Lover possessed her Heart, Rage, Jealousy and Despair produced the Effects of the most violent Hatred, and he resolved to be revenged both on her and the Lover she favoured.

A young Gentleman, who was Captain of a Troop at *Cyprus*, and greatly beloved by the *Moor*, was suspected by the Lieutenant to be the happy Rival who enjoyed the Affections of *Disdemona*; his Death therefore he determined to procure; and by accusing the Lady to the *Moor* of Adultery, prevent any other from possessing her, since he could not.

His Design thus laid, he waited only for some favourable Opportunity to put it in Execution; the *Moor's* passionate Affection for his Wife, and the great Affection which subsisted between him and the young Captain, making the Villain apprehend his Enterprize would be very hazardous and doubtful.

F 5.

Fortune:

Fortune however aſſiſted his wicked Intentions, and when he leaſt expected it afforded him the Means of effecting them.

The Captain happening indifcreetly to draw his Sword upon a Soldier and wounding him, the *Moor* was ſo much offended that he deprived him of his Command.

*Deſdemona*, who only regarded this young Gentleman becauſe he was beloved of her Husband, was greatly concerned that he had fallen under his Diſpleaſure, and often ſolicited for his Pardon.

“ I am ſo preſſed, ſaid the *Moor* one Day to the Lieutenant, with my Wife’s Entreaties in Favour of the Captain, that I believe I muſt comply with her Deſire, and pardon him.”

“ She has Reaſon, ſaid the Villain, ſeizing this Occaſion to execute his Scheme, that ſhe may ſee him as uſual.”

“ What is it you ſay ?” replied the *Moor* haſtily.

“ Do not inſiſt upon my ſpeaking plainer, reſum'd the Lieutenant: Far be it from me to ſow the Seeds of Diſcord between Man and Wife; yet methinks if you would open your Eyes, ſome Things would not eſcape your Obſervation.”

The *Moor*, rouz'd to Attention by theſe Words, and greatly diſturbed at the latent Meaning of them, earneſtly entreated the Lieutenant to explain himſelf more clearly; but the artful Villain abſolutely reſuſed; and though the *Moor* uſed his utmoſt Endeavours to perſuade him to give him the Satisfaction he deſired, yet he perſiſted in an obſtinate Denial;

nial : Nevertheless, the Hints he had thrown out fixed a thousand Stings in the Breast of the wretched Husband ; he ruminated Night and Day on the Purport of thoſe fatal Words, and the more he reflected on them, the more his Diſquiet encreaſed.

*Diſdemona*, ignorant of the Cauſe of his Melancholy, did not neglect to ſolicit ſtill for the Captain ;—“ Why, ſaid ſhe to him one Day, will you ſuffer a ſmall Fault to cancel the Friendſhip which has ſubſiſted ſo many Years between the Captain and you ? Muſt all his Services and long-experienced Fidelity be wholly forgot for the Sake of one inconfiderate Action ? The Soldier he wounded is no longer at Enmity with him ; they are reconciled ; and why ſhould you continue inexorable ? ”

The *Moor*, no longer able to ſuppreſs the Emotions with which his Heart had been long agitated, replied in a Rage.

“ It is ſtrange, *Diſdemona*, it is very ſtrange, that you ſhould be ſo extremely concerned about this Man ; if he was your Brother, or ſome other Relation, his Interests could not be dearer to you.”

The Lady answered in a ſoft and humble Accent : “ Heaven forbid, my Lord, that I ſhould incur your Diſpleaſure by ſoliciting for the Captain’s Pardon, to which nothing has induced me but the Concern I am under to ſee you deprived of ſo good a Friend ; a Friend whoſe Fidelity you have ſo often praiſed to me ; the Fault he has committed is not great enough to merit your Hatred ; but you *Moors* are by

Nature so furious, that every little Thing moves you to Anger, and a Desire of Revenge."

"And that, answered the *Moor* (excessively enraged at her Words) some Persons, who little think of it, shall prove; yes, they shall see me take a severe Vengeance for the Injuries I have suffered; and then, and not till then, shall I be satisfied."

*Disdemona*, full of Fear and Wonder at these ungentle Words, and unaccustomed Rage of her Husband, trembling and pale, replied, "Although my only Inducement to plead for the Captain was the Consideration of your Ease and Satisfaction, yet since my Solicitations are displeasing to you, I will never more speak to you on this Subject."

To this humble and submissive Answer the *Moor* made no Reply; but comparing his Wife's earnest Entreaties for the Captain with the Lieutenant's Insinuations, a thousand black Suspicions rose in his Mind, tortured with Doubts of her Fidelity, and wishing, yet dreading, to be freed from his distracting Suspence.

He quitted her with a gloomy Silence, and sending for the Lieutenant, renewed his Entreaties, that he would speak more openly concerning his Wife and the Captain.

The Villain, who had resolved to effect the Ruin of these two Innocents, after long resisting the *Moor's* Solicitations, as if unwilling to give him Pain, feigning at last to be overcome by his repeated Prayers, said, "I cannot deny, my Lord, but that my extreme Reluctance to give you Uneasiness has prevented me thus long.

long from telling you what must afflict you more than any other; but since you command me to speak plain, the Regard I have for your Honour as my Friend, and the Duty I owe you as my General, will not permit me to disobey you: Know then, that your black Colour is become distasteful to your Wife; she is passionately in love with the Captain, and her Impatience at finding herself deprived of the Pleasure she took in his Company, is the Cause of her continual Solicitations for his Pardon, that she may converse with him as usual."

These Words gave mortal Agonies to the Soul of the wretched *Moor*; and though he was but too well convinced of the Truth of them, yet, dissembling his Conviction in order to try him further, "I know not, said he, with a furious Countenance, why thou hast dared to load my Wife with these infamous Aspersions?"

"This Rage, replied the Lieutenant, is the Reward I expected for my friendly Information; but since my Duty, and the Desire of preserving your Honour, has carried me this Length, I will not now go back: What I have told you is but too certain; and if your Wife, with a counterfeited Tenderness, has so blinded your Eyes, that you will not see your Dishonour, there is no Reason why I should not declare the Truth to you: The Captain himself has owned to me the Favours he has received from her; not satisfied with possessing her in Secret, he must have a Confident in his Happiness; but had I not been  
I afraid

afraid of your Repentment, I would that Moment have rewarded his presumptuous Confession with the Death he merited."

The *Moor*, racked with unutterable Pangs, cried out, "Give me the Means of seeing with my own Eyes the Truth of what you have said, or else be sure I will make thee wish thou hadst been dumb."

"It would have been easy to do this, replied the Villain, while the Captain and you continued in Friendship, and he had free Access to *Disdemona*; but now that you have punished him for a slight Fault, instead of taking Vengeance for an irreparable Injury, it will be difficult to satisfy you; but though I am persuaded that he enjoys *Disdemona*, whenever you give him an Opportunity, yet, it is certain, since he is in Disgrace with you, he is obliged to act more cautiously than before, when, through your Friendship for him, he came to your House every Day; however, added he, taking Leave of him, I do not despair of being able soon to give you an Opportunity of seeing what you will not believe without it."

The unhappy *Moor* then returned to his House, carrying a poisoned Arrow in his Breast, and impatiently waited for the Day in which the Lieutenant was to prove the Truth of what he had told him, and confirm him in eternal Misery.

Nor was the Villain himself wholly at ease, when reflecting on the known Chastity of *Disdemona*, he was sensible he could not give the

the *Moor* ſuch a convincing Proof of her Difloyalty as he demanded.

After long deliberating with himſelf on the Methods by which he might beſt execute the horrid Scheme he had begun, he at laſt thought upon a Stratagem which ſeemed to promiſe Succeſs.

*Deſdemona*, as has been already ſaid, went often to viſit the Lieutenant's Wife; the Villain, when ſhe was one Day at his Houſe, obſerved a Handkerchief at her Girdle, finely wrought in *Moresco* Work, which, becauſe it was preſented her by the *Moor* when he married her, ſhe had a particular Value for it; it being alſo highly prized by the *Moor* himſelf: This Handkerchief the Lieutenant determined to ſteal, and with it accompliſh her abſolute Ruin.

*Deſdemona* being extremely fond of a little Child of his, about three Years of Age, he took her in his Arms and carried her to the Lady, who receiving her from him, kiſſed her ſeveral Times, and preſſed her cloſe to her Breſt.

The Villain, in the mean while, drew her Handkerchief gently from her Girdle, and concealing it in his Pocket, went away tranſported with Joy at his good Succeſs.

*Deſdemona*, wholly ignorant of her Loſs, returned to her Houſe, and did not miſs her Handkerchief till ſome Time after, when happening to have Occaſion for it, and not being able, after diligent Search, to find it, ſhe concluded it loſt; and remained extremely terrified

fied left the *Moor* ſhould aſk for it, as he often did.

The Lieutenant, who had all this while been watching for an Opportunity to diſpoſe of it where it might produce the Miſchief he had projected, found Means at laſt to leave it on the Captain's Bed, whom he viſited one Morning before he was up for that Purpoſe.

The Captain riſing ſoon after he went away, the Handkerchief fell upon the Floor, and he finding ſomething under his Feet, ſtooped to take it up, and ſeeing the Handkerchief, knew it to be *Diſdemona's*, but was not able to imagine how it came there; reſolving however to return it to her, he put it in his Pocket, and going out, was informed that the *Moor* was not at home; taking this Opportunity therefore to deliver it, he went to a back Door, and knocked ſoftly; Fortune, as it ſhould ſeem, conſpiring with the cruel Lieutenant to ruin the innocent *Diſdemona*, brought the *Moor* back juſt in that Moment, who, hearing ſomebody knock in that cautious Manner, full of tormenting Diſtruſt, he ran to a Window, and opening it, enquired in a ſurly Accent, who was there?

The Captain, hearing the *Moor's* Voice, and fearing that he intended to do him a Miſchief, ran away without ſpeaking a Word.

The *Moor* ran eagerly down Stairs, and ruſhed into the Street to ſeek him, but he was already out of Sight; then returning full of Rage and Grief, he went to his Wife's Apartment, and aſked her if ſhe knew who it was that had knocked below?

The



The Lady replied, “ that ſhe could not tell who it was ;” which indeed was true.

“ I think, ſaid the *Moor*, it ſeemed to be the Captain.”

“ I know not, replied *Diſdemona*, whether it was him or any other.”

The *Moor* ſuppoſing ſhe did not answer him truly, with Difficulty reſtrained his Rage from breaking into Reproaches and Menaces ; but reſolving to act nothing againſt her till he had conſulted his wicked Confidant ; and to prevent her diſcovering his Diſorder, left her ſuddenly, and went to the Lieutenant, to whom he related what had happened, entreating him to go to the Captain and endeavour to make ſome more Discoveries.

The Villain, ſecretly exulting at this Accident, promiſed him to do as he required ; and placing the *Moor*, where unſeen himſelf, he might ſee them together, though not hear their Diſcourſe, he artfully contrived to bring the Captain near the Place, and began to talk with him on indifferent Things, uſing at the ſame Time ſuch Geſtures with his Head and Hands, as perſuaded the *Moor* they were talking about *Diſdemona*, and making a Jeſt of his Diſhonour and her Incontinence.

When they parted, the *Moor* eagerly quitted his Concealment, and came to the Lieutenant to know what they had been ſaying.

The ſubtle Villain, ſuffering himſelf to be long entreated before he would diſcover what he had heard, at length confeſſed, that the Captain told him, “ he had often enjoyed *Diſdemona*, when, by his being abroad, they had an

an Opportunity to meet ; and added, that the Captain had told him also, that the last Time he was with *Disdemona*, she gave him that Handkerchief which he had presented her the Day of their Marriage."

The *Moor* thanked the Lieutenant for this Intelligence, and told him, "that he would ask *Disdemona* for that Handkerchief, and if she could not produce it, he should be convinced all that he had told him concerning her Infidelity was true."

Accordingly, one Day after Dinner, discoursing freely with *Disdemona* on indifferent Things, he took Occasion to speak of the Handkerchief, and asked to see it.

The Lady, who had long dreaded this Demand, blushed excessively, and thinking to conceal her Confusion, which was well observed by the *Moor*, rose and pretended to seek for it ; and after she had employed herself in this Manner some time, "I cannot find it, said she (returning to her Husband) perhaps you have it yourself."

"Is it probable, replied he, that I would desire you to give it me if I had it in my Possession ; however, look for it no more at present ; you will find it perhaps some other Time."

Then leaving the Room, he began to consider in what Manner he should murder his Wife and the Captain without bringing on himself the Suspicion of being the Author of their Deaths.

These gloomy Thoughts employing him Night and Day, *Disdemona*, who perceived his

his Behaviour to her much altered, often endeavoured to diſcover the Cauſe.

“What ails you, my Lord, ſaid ſhe to him many Times? Why do I behold you always diſturbed and uneaſy? You who uſed to be the gayeſt Man in the World, are now become the moſt peeviſh and melancholy.”

The *Moor*, continuing to diſſemble his Reſentment, returned her evaſive Answers, with which ſhe was but ill ſatiſfied; conſcious ſhe had given him no Cauſe for treating her unkindly, ſhe concluded Poſſeſſion had abated his Flame, and Diſguſt had ſucceeded to his once violent Paſſion for her; full of theſe melancholy Apprehenſions, ſhe went to the Lieutenant’s Houſe, in order to unburthen her Heart to his Wife, with whom ſhe lived in great Familiarity.

“Alas! ſaid ſhe, weeping, as ſoon as ſhe ſaw her, I know not what to think of my Lord; he, who was once all Love and Tenderneſs towards me, is become ſo altered within theſe few Days, that I am perſuaded he no longer loves me; and I fear I ſhall prove a ſad Example to all young Ladies who preſume to marry againſt the Conſents of their Parents; and a Warning to the *Italian* Women never to join themſelves to Men, between whom and them Nature and Heaven have placed ſuch wide Diſtinctions.—I know, added ſhe, ſighing, that my Lord is fond of your Husband; and communicates to him all his Affairs; if through him then you are acquainted with the Cauſe of the *Moor*’s unaccuſtomed Coldneſs

neſs to me, I entreat you to let me know it, and do not reſuſe me your Aſſiſtance in this Diſtreſs ?”

The Lieutenant’s Wife was indeed well acquainted with the whole Affair ; her Huſband having often preſſed her to join with him in his cruel Schemes againſt the innocent *Diſdemona* ; but though ſhe never would conſent to the being acceſſary to her Ruin, yet, dreading her Huſband’s Reſentment if ſhe betrayed his Secret, ſhe only replied, “ I adviſe you, Madam, to beware of giving the General any Suſpicions of your Fidelity, and let it be your continual Study to perſuade him of your Truth and Affection.”

“ All this I do, replied the weeping *Diſdemona*, but all is in vain.”

In the mean time the *Moor*, reſtleſs, unreſolved, and ſeeking Occaſion to be convinced of what he wiſhed not to know, entreated the Lieutenant to contrive it ſo, that he might ſee *Diſdemona*’s Handkerchief in the Captain’s Hands.

This, although the Villain thought very difficult, yet he promiſed to perform, and watched all Opportunities of keeping his Word.

The Captain had a Woman in the Houſe who was very ſkilful in Works of Embroidery ; ſhe having ſeen *Diſdemona*’s Handkerchief, and underſtanding that it was to be returned to her, reſolved to work one like it.

The Lieutenant being informed of this, and one Day knowing that Woman was ſeated at a Window working, with the fatal Handkerchief before her for a Pattern, he carried the

*Moor*

*Moor* through the Street, who perceiving his Wife's Handkerchief in that Woman's Poſſeſſion, had no longer any Doubt of her Infidelity, and took a firm Reſolution to murder her and the no leſs injured Captain.

Conferring therefore with the Lieutenant upon the Means of executing his horrid Purpoſe, he earneſtly entreated him to undertake to murder the Captain, aſſuring him that he would never forget the Obligation.

The Lieutenant excuſing himſelf from complying, as well for the Wickedneſs of the Deed, as for the great Danger in attempting it, the Captain being a very brave and courageous Man; the *Moor* added to his Entreaties the Preſent of a large Sum of Money, which at laſt fixed him in a Reſolution to obey him.

The Lieutenant had not waited long for an Opportunity of executing his impious Deſign, before Fortune preſented him with a very favourable one.

The Captain coming late one Night out of the Houſe of a Courtezan, whom he kept, the Lieutenant, who was watching for him, ruſhed ſuddenly, and with one Stroke of a Scymetar cut off his Leg.

The unhappy Captain fell to the Ground, and the Lieutenant upon him, who ſought to finiſh the Murder; wounded as he was, however, he drew his Sword, and endeavoured to defend himſelf, crying out aloud for Help.

Some Soldiers who were quartered near the Place, came running to his Aſſiſtance; ſo that the Lieutenant, fearing to be diſcovered, left him and ran away; yet he did not go far, but taking

taking a little Compaſs, joined ſome other Perſons, who, drawn by the Captain's Cries, were haſtning to him, and mixing among the Crowd who were about him, he ſaw that his Leg was cut off, and did not doubt but he would die of the Wound; nevertheleſs, concealing his inward Joy at his Succeſs, under an Appearance of great Concern for the Captain's Miſfortune, he lamented it as if it had happened to his Brother.

In the Morning the News of this Accident was ſpread all over the City, and coming to the Knowledge of *Diſdemona*, ſhe, who was naturally tender and compaſſionate, expreſſed great Sorrow for it.

The *Moor*, diſtracted with Rage at this Confirmation (as he thought it) of her Affection for the Captain, went haſtily to his wicked Confidant:—"Doſt thou know, ſaid he, trembling with Fury, that my Wife is in ſuch Grief for the Captain's Miſfortune, that ſhe is almoſt diſtracted?"

"How can it be otherwiſe, replied the Lieutenant, when he is her Soul."

"Her Soul, repeated the furious *Moor*, Ah I will tear her Soul from her Body!—I ſhould be unworthy the Name of a Man if I ſuffered ſuch a Wretch to live."

Then conſulting together how they ſhould diſpatch her, whether by Poiſon, or a Dagger, the Lieutenant paufing, ſaid, "I have thought of a Method by which you may kill her, without giving Suſpicion to any one that you had any Hand in her Death, and this it is: The Houſe in which you live is very old, and

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and the Cieling of your Chamber has many Cracks in it; 'tis my Advice that we should beat *Disdemona* with a Bag of Sand till she dies, that no Mark of Violence may appear on her Body; when she is dead we will throw down Part of a rotten Beam from the Cieling, and having broke her Scull, pretend she was killed by the Fall of the Beam as she lay in Bed.

This cruel Contrivance pleased the *Moor* extremely, and having agreed to execute it the following Night, he found Means secretly to convey the Lieutenant into a Closet within the Bed-Chamber.

The unhappy *Disdemona* retired at her usual Hour to Bed, and the *Moor* with her; they had not lain long before the Lieutenant making some little rustling in the Closet, the *Moor* asked his Wife if she heard any Noise?

She answering in the affirmative, rise then, said the *Moor*, and see what it is?

The Lady got up immediately, and the Lieutenant that Moment rushing out of the Closet, gave her a furious Blow with a Bag of Sand on her Back; the wretched *Disdemona* fell on the Floor almost breathless, yet faintly calling her Husband to help her, he throwing himself out of the Bed, replied, infamous Woman, thou now receivest the Reward of thy Unchastity, thus ought all Adulteresses to be treated, who deluding their Husbands with a feigned Affection, load them with Shame and Grief.

The wretched Lady hearing these Words, and feeling herself near her End, by another Blow which the cruel Lieutenant had given her,

her, ſighed out with a broken and interrupted Voice—Since Juſtice has been denied me in this World, Oh, let the Divine Juſtice bear Witneſs to my Innocence, and receive my Soul to Mercy.

The remorseleſs Villain, unmoved with this pathetic Exclamation, ſtriking her a third Time with all his Force, ſhe expired immediately.

When they were convinced ſhe was dead, the Lieutenant took her off the Floor, and caſting her Scull laid her in the Bed, then with the *Moor's* Aſſiſtance, broke down Part of a Beam, and placed it ſo as to give it an Appearance of having fallen upon her Head.

The Lieutenant then went cautiously out of the Houſe; and the *Moor* with loud Cries, began to call for Help, ſaying the Houſe was tumbling down; the Servants and Neighbours ran in to his Aſſiſtance, and ſome of them approaching the Bed, found *Diſdemona* within it dead, and, as they ſuppoſed, murdered by the Fall of the Beam.

This piteous Spectacle drew Tears and Complaints from all who beheld it, and the next Day the Corpſe of the injured Lady was buried, amidſt the univerſal Grief of all the Inhabitants of *Cyprus*, to whom her Virtues had rendered her extremely dear.

The Manner of her Death not being ſuſpected by any one, the villainous Perpetrators of it thought themſelves abſolutely ſecure, but the Almighty Juſtice would not long permit ſuch a Crime to remain unpuniſhed,

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The *Moor*, who had loved the unhappy Lady with the utmost Excess of Passion, finding himself deprived of her for ever, and not able to endure the Loss, his whole Soul was filled with the most torturing Anguish, and in the Frenzy of his Grief, he would search for her in every Apartment of the House, and call incessantly on her Name; then reflecting, that by the Lieutenant's Accusations he had lost this beloved Wife for ever, and with her all the Comfort and Happiness of his Life, he conceived so violent a Hatred of him, that he could not endure to have him in his Sight, and had he not feared the inviolable Justice of the *Venetian* Senate, he would have put him to Death; but not being able to do this, without hazarding his own Life, that he might in some Measure gratify his Revenge, he deprived him of his Post.

The Lieutenant enraged as this Treatment, resolved to effect his Ruin; and for that Purpose went to the Captain, who was now recovered, but with the Loss of his Leg, having been obliged to have a wooden one in its stead "The Time is now come, said the diabolical Villain, in which you may take Vengeance on the Man who was the Occasion of the Loss of your Leg; if you will go with me to *Venice*, I will there discover him to you and the Senate, and prove the Truth of what I now say; but here, for many Reasons, I dare not speak plainer."

The Captain, who wished for nothing so much as to be revenged on this secret Enemy, thanked the Lieutenant for his Information,

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and a few Days after they both embarked for *Venice*.

When they arrived, the Lieutenant told him that it was the *Moor* who had cut off his Leg, through an Opinion that he had diſhonoured his Wife, and that for the ſame Cauſe he had alſo murdered her, and made it be reported that ſhe was killed by the Fall of a Beam.

The Captain hereupon accused the *Moor* to the *Venetian* Senate, of having deprived him of his Leg, and murdering his Lady, producing the Lieutenant for a Witneſs to both theſe Facts.

The Lieutenant then related the Manner in which it had been executed, adding, that the *Moor* had communicated this whole Scheme to him, and offered him great Rewards to aſſiſt him in it, which becauſe of the Wickedneſs of the Deeds, he had abſolutely reſuſed.

The Senate, enraged at the Cruelty which had been practiſed by a Barbarian upon two of their Citizens, ſent Orders to have the *Moor* arreſted at *Cyprus*, and brought with a ſtrong Guard to *Venice*.

Soon after his Arrival he was publicly tried, but perſiſting in a Denial of the Crimes with which he was accused, he was put to the Torture, but ſuch was his extream Obſtinacy and Contempt of Pain, that all the different Torments which were inflicted on him, were not able to force a Confeſſion from his Lips.

He was therefore ſent back to Priſon, and ſome Time after baniſhed from *Venice* for ever, but though he had eſcaped Death by the Law,

Law, yet the Relations of *Disdemona* procured him to be murdered in the Place to which he had retired.

The Lieutenant returned to his own Country, and continuing still in his wicked Practices, he accused one of his Companions of having offered him a Reward to kill his Enemy; the Gentleman was seized and racked, but he denied the Fact so resolutely, and spoke so much against his wicked Accuser, that he also was put to the same Torture, so that being miserably mangled, he died as they were taking him down from the Rack, to carry him to his own House.

The Lieutenant's Wife, after her Husband's Death, returning to *Venice*, related all the foregoing Particulars to the Senate. And thus by the especial Providence of God was the Death of the innocent *Disdemona* revenged.







OBSERVATIONS on the Use *Shakespeare* has made of the foregoing *Novel* in his *Tragedy* of *Othello*, or the *Moor* of *Venice*.

**O**THELLO, or the *Moor* of *Venice*, the Plot of which is drawn from the foregoing *Novel* of *Giraldi Cinthio*, has always been esteemed one of the best of *Shakespeare's* *Tragedies*.

'Tis confessed the *Fable* is more regular, the *Incidents* less numerous and closer connected, and the *Subject* more of a *Piece* than any other of his *Plays*, except *Romeo* and *Juliet*.

The *Fable* *Shakespeare* found already formed to his *Hands*, some few *Alterations* he has made in it, and generally for the better.

Thus it stands in the *Poet*.

*Othello*, a *Moor* descended of *Royal Blood*, eminent for his great *Valour*, and the *Services* he had done the *Venetians* in their *Wars*, is preferred by the *Senate* to the *Government* of the *Island* of *Cyprus*, which was threatened with an *Invasion* by the *Turks*.

*Othello*, being commanded to go immediately to his *Government*, takes with him, at her earnest *Request*, his *Bride* *Desdemona*, a young *Lady* of great *Beauty*, *Daughter* to a *Senator*

G 3, of

of *Venice*, who had married him unknown to her Father.

*Iago*, Ancient to *Othello*, being jealous that the Moor had had an Intrigue with his Wife, and deſirous of procuring the Poſt of Lieutenant for himſelf, which was poſſeſſed by *Caffio*, a young Officer very dear to the Moor, to gratify his Revenge and Ambition at once, he entertains a Deſign of making *Othello* jealous of *Deſdemona* and *Caffio*, ſo to bring about her Death, and the Removal of *Caffio*.

To effect this, by various Arts he raiſes Suſpicions in the Mind of *Othello*, and to confirm them prevail's on his Wife, who attended *Deſdemona*, to ſteal a Handkerchief which the Moor had given her.

This Handkerchief he drops in *Caffio*'s Apartment, and *Othello* accidentally ſeeing it in his Hand, is convinced of his Wife's Infidelity, orders *Iago* to kill his Rival, promiſing to make him his Lieutenant in his ſtead, and himſelf ſmother *Deſdemona* in her Bed.

*Caffio* eſcapes only with a ſlight Wound.

*Emilia*, the Wife of *Iago*, finding her Miſtreſs murdered, and hearing *Othello* declare he had killed her through her Huſband's Informations that ſhe had wronged him with *Caffio*, in whole Poſſeſſion he had ſeen the Handkerchief he had given her; ſhe confeſſes ſhe had ſtolen the Handkerchief at her Huſband's Requeſt.

*Iago*, finding himſelf diſcovered, ſtabs his Wife, and in Part confeſſes his Villany.

*Othello*, in Deſpair, falls upon his Sword and dies, and the Punishment of *Iago* is left to *Caffio*,

*Caffio*, who before *Othello's* Death was ordered by the Senate to take upon him the Government of *Cyprus*.

In *Cimbio* the Moor is mentioned without any Mark of Diſtinction; *Shakeſpear* makes him deſcended from a Race of Kings, his Perſon is therefore made more conſiderable in the Play than in the Novel, and the Dignity which the *Venetian* Senate beſtows upon him is leſs to be wondered at.

In the Play, *Caffio*, the Perſon of whom *Othello* is jealous, is repreſented to be a young amiable Officer, remarkable for the Agreeableneſs of his Perſon, and the Sweetneſs of his Manners, and therefore likely enough to inſpire *Deſdemona* with a Paſſion for him.

In the Novel, theſe Qualities are all aſcribed to the Villain who betrays the Moor to the Murder of his Wife; and the ſuſpected Rival is no more than an ordinary Perſon.

*Cimbio* might perhaps think it neceſſary to give his Villain a pleaſing Perſon and inſinuating Addreſs, in order to make his Artifices leſs ſuſpected; but to give Probability to the Jealouſy of the Moor, was it not alſo as neceſſary to make the ſuſpected Rival poſſeſs ſome of thoſe Qualities with which the Minds of young Ladies are ſooneſt captivated.

*Shakeſpear* therefore paints *Caffio* young, handſome, and brave; and *Othello*, who feeds his Jealouſy, by reflecting that he himſelf is neither young nor handſome, by the ſame Train of Thought falls naturally into a Suſpicion, that what he loſes, for want of thoſe

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Qualities,

Qualities, will be gained by another who professes them.

But on the other Hand *Shakespeare* has made a very ill Use of the Lieutenant's Wife.

*Cinthio* shews this Woman privy, much against her Will, to the Design on *Desdemona*; and though she dares not discover it to her, for fear of her Husband's Repentment, yet she endeavours to put her upon her Guard, and gives her such Advice, as she thinks will render all his Schemes ineffectual.

*Shakespeare* calls this Woman *Emilia*, and makes her the Attendant and Friend of *Desdemona*, yet shews her stealing a Handkerchief from her, which she gives to her Husband, telling him at the same Time that the Lady will run mad when she misses it; therefore, if it is not for some Purpose of Importance that he wants it, desires him to return it to her again.

If her Husband wants it for any Purpose of Importance, that Purpose cannot be very good; this Suspicion however never enters her Mind, but she gives it him only upon that very Condition, which ought to have made her refuse it.

Yet this Woman is the first who perceives *Othello* to be jealous, and repeats this Observation to her Mistress, upon hearing him so often demand the Handkerchief she had stolen, and fly into a Rage when he finds his Wife cannot produce it.

*Emilia* pronounces him jealous, perceives the Loss of that fatal Handkerchief, confirms some Suspicions he had entertained, and though  
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she loves her Mistress to Excess, chuses rather to let her suffer all the bad Consequences of his Jealousy, than confess she had taken the Handkerchief, which might have set all right again; and yet this same Woman, who could act so base and cruel a Part against her Mistress, has no greater Care in dying, than to be laid by her Side.

Mr. Rymer, in his Criticisms on this Play, severely censures the Characters as well as the Fable, and Conduct of the Incidents.

That of *Emilia* though more inconsistent than any, he has taken no Notice of; and most of the Charges he brings against the others have little or no Foundation.

The Character of *Iago*, says this Critic, is against common Sense and Nature. "Shakespeare would pass upon us a close, dissembling, false, insinuating Rascal, instead of an open-hearted, frank plain dealing Soldier; a Character constantly worn by them for some Thousands of Years in the World."

The Soldiers are indeed greatly obliged to Mr. Rymer for this Assertion, but though it may in general be true, yet surely it is not absurd to suppose that some few Individuals amongst them may be close dissembling Villains.

*Iago* was a Soldier, it is true, but he was also an *Italian*; he was born in a Country remarkable for the deep Art, Cruelty, and revengeful Temper of its Inhabitants. To have painted an *Italian* injured, or under a Suspicion of being injured, and not to have shewn him re-

G. 5.                          vengeful,

vengeful, would have been mistaking his Character.

It is with Justice indeed that Mr. *Rymer* condemns *Shakespeare* for that unnecessary and diabolical Cruelty he makes *Iago* guilty of in urging *Othello* to the Murder of the innocent Lady who had never offended him; his Point was gained by making *Othello* jealous, and procuring his Consent to the Death of *Cassio*, who stood in his Way to Preferment: But the Murder of *Desdemona* was such an Excess of wanton Cruelty, that one can hardly conceive it possible a Man could be so transcendently wicked.

*Cinthio* indeed makes *Iago* not only urge *Othello* to the Murder of his Wife, but is himself the Perpetrator of it; this seems still more absurd; but he tells us, that he had been violently in love with *Desdemona*, and the Indifference she had discovered towards him converted his Love into a settled Hatred.

*Shakespeare* injudiciously copies *Cinthio* in making *Iago* confess a Passion for *Desdemona*, as it rendered his urging on her Murder less probable; since in the Play *Iago* had no Opportunity of declaring that Love to her, and consequently could not be stimulated by her Contempt of him to act so cruel a Part against her.

But he has greatly improved on the Novelist by making him jealous of the Moor with his own Wife; this Circumstance being sufficient, in an *Italian* especially, to account for the Revenge he takes on *Othello*, though his Barbarity to *Desdemona* is still unnatural.

Upon

Upon the whole, there is very little Difference between the Character of the Lieutenant as it is drawn in the Novel, and *Iago* as managed in the Play; his ambiguous Queſtions, dark Hints, and villainous Arts to raiſe Suſpicions in the Mind of *Othello* are the ſame in the Novel as in the Play; and the Scene where *Othello* is made to obſerve the Geſtures of *Caffio* while he is talking to *Iago*, is exactly copied from *Cinthio*; as is likewise a preceding one, where *Othello*, tormented with Doubts about his Wife, threatens *Iago* with Deſtruction, unleſs he gives him ocular Proof of her Diſhoneſty.

This Demand, with *Iago*'s Expoſtulations, Arguments, and ſatisfactory Replies, are alſo the ſame with thoſe in the Novel.

The Character of *Deſdemona* fares no better in Mr. *Rymer*'s Hands, than that of *Iago*; her Love for the Moor, he ſays, is out of Nature.

Such Affections are not very common indeed; but a very few Inſtances of them prove that they are not impoſſible; and even in *England* we ſee ſome very handſome Women married to Blacks, where their Colour is leſs familiar than at *Venice*; beſides the *Italian Ladies* are remarkable for ſuch Sallies of irregular Paſſions.

*Cinthio*, it is true, ſays, that *Deſdemona* was not overcome by a womanish Appetite, but repreſents her, as *Shakeſpear* does likewise, ſubdued by the great Qualities of the Moor.

Courage in Men has always had an invincible Charm for the Ladies; *Deſdemona* ad-

mired the Moor for his Valour, and the Tranſition from extreme Admiration to Love is very eaſy in a female Mind.

Mr. *Rymer* alledges, that *Shakeſpear* makes *Deſdemona* a Senator's Daughter inſtead of a ſimple Citizen; and this he imputes to him as a Fault, which is perhaps a great Inſtance of his Judgment.

There is leſs Improbability in ſuppoſing a noble Lady, educated in Sentiments ſuperior to the Vulgar, ſhould fall in love with a Man merely for the Qualities of his Mind, than that a mean Citizen ſhould be poſſeſſed of ſuch exalted Ideas, as to overlook the Diſparity of Years and Complexion, and be enamoured of Virtue in the Perſon of a Moor.

However, it is not true, that *Shakeſpear* has changed a ſimple Citizen into a Lady of Quality, ſince *Deſdemona* in the Novel is mentioned as a Woman of high Birth.

*Cinthio* calls her *Cittadina*, which Mr. *Rymer* translates a ſimple Citizen; but the *Italians* by that Phraſe mean a Woman of Quality.

If they were, for Example, to ſpeak of a Woman of the middle Rank in *Rome*, they would ſay, *Una Romana*; if of a noble Lady, *Una Cittadina Romana*: So in *Venice* they call a ſimple Citizen *Una Venitiana*; but a Woman of Quality, *Una Cittadina Venitiana*.

That Simplicity in the Manners of *Deſdemona*, which Mr. *Rymer* calls Folly and Meanneſs of Spirit, is the Characteriſtic of Virtue and Innocence.

*Deſdemona*

*Desdemona* was conscious of no Guilt, and therefore suspected no Blame : She had so lately given the Moor an incontestable Proof of her Affection, that it was not unnatural for her to impute his sudden Starts of Passion to some other Cause than Jealousy.

The whole Stress of the Proof against *Desdemona* is laid upon the Handkerchief, as well in the Novel as the Play ; though I think in the Novel it is more artfully managed ; there the Moor insists upon seeing it in the Captain's Possession e'er he will resolve any Thing against his Wife, and the Lieutenant contrives to give him this Satisfaction.

*Othello*, in the Play, has not the least Appearance of Proof against his Wife, but seeing the Handkerchief in the Lieutenant's Possession ; yet this is brought about by mere Accident.

*Bianca*, to whom *Cassio* had given it to have the Work copied, (which, by the way, was an odd Whim for a Soldier) comes to him while he is engaged in a private Discourse with *Iago* ; and *Othello* observing them concealed, and in a Fit of Jealousy, throws the Handkerchief at his Head.

This happens well for *Iago's* Plot ; but as he did not, and indeed could not foresee, this lucky Accident, methinks it would have been more natural, since every Thing depended upon that, to have made it the Effect of some Contrivance of his.

The Outlines of *Iago*, *Desdemona*, and *Cassio's* Characters are taken from the Novel ; but that of *Othello* is entirely the Poet's own.

In

In *Cinthio* we have a Moor, valiant indeed, as we are told, but suspicious, fullen, cunning, obstinate and cruel.

Such a Character married to the fair *Desdemona* must have given Disgust on the Stage; the Audience would have been his Enemies, and *Desdemona* herself would have sunk into Contempt for chusing him.

With what Judgment then has *Shakespear* changed the horrid *Moor* of *Cinthio* into the amiable *Othello*, and made the same Actions which we detest in one, excite our Compassion in the other!

The Virtues of *Shakespear's Moor* are no less characteristic than the Vices of *Cinthio's*; they are the wild Growth of an uncultivated Mind, barbarous and rude as the Clime he is born in; thus, his Love is almost Phrensy; his Friendship Simplicity; his Justice cruel; and his Remorse Self-Murder.



*The*



*The ninth Novel of the second Day of  
the Decamerone of Boccaccio.*



**S**OME *Italian* Merchants meeting at *Paris*, whither their different Affairs had brought them, they went, as was their Custom, to sup together at a Tavern; and, towards the Close of the Entertainment, their Spirits being raised by the Wine, of which they drank pretty freely, they began, after having discussed several other Subjects, to speak of their Wives, whom they had left behind them in their Houses; and one of them, laughing, said:

“ I know not how my Wife employs herself in my Absence, but this I am certain of; that when I am at a Distance from her, I freely indulge myself in the Pursuit of any young Girl that pleases me, and never fail to make myself Master of her Person, if I possibly can.”

Another replied, “ that he did the same; because, added he, whether I believe my Wife unfaithful, or not, she will be so if she pleases.”

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A Third assured his Companions "that he was of the same Opinion;" and, in fine, they all agreed in declaring, "that they believed their Wives would not lose Time in their Absence;" except a *Genoese* Merchant, named *Bernabo Lomillin*.

This young Man, who was passionately fond of his Wife, affirmed, "that by the especial Providence of God he had married a Woman so accomplished in all Virtues, that *Italy* could scarce produce her Equal."

"Her Person, said he, is perfectly beautiful; she is in the Prime of her Youth; and is not only skilled in all domestic Employments fit for a Person of her Rank, but she reads, writes, and discourses upon Business, as well as if she was a Merchant; she is also wise, prudent and amiable; and so absolutely chaste, that I am persuaded, if I was to be absent from her ten Years, she would preserve her Fidelity to me inviolable."

This last Praise extremely diverted a young Merchant of *Piacenza*, named *Ambrogio*, who, laughing, asked *Bernabo* "if he possessed this Privilege above other Men by a Patent from the Emperor.

"This Happiness, replied *Bernabo*, a little offended, is not granted by the Emperor, but by God, whom I look upon to be little more powerful than the Emperor."

"I do not in the least doubt, replied *Ambrogio*, but that you believe what you say; but you have too little considered the Nature of Things,



Things, otherwise you would not be, so grossly deceived, but would speak less assuredly upon this Matter; do you imagine that we, who have delivered our Sentiments thus freely of our Wives, believe we have married Women, whose Dispositions are different from yours? no, we hold all Women to be alike; and the Judgment we have formed of them arises from our having well reflected on their Natures; let us then examine this Matter a little."

I have always understood Man to be the noblest Animal of God's Creation; and that the Woman holds the next Place; if Man therefore, as he is generally believed, and proves by his Faculties, is the nearest to Perfection, he must certainly be endowed with more Firmness and Constancy than the Woman, who is universally allowed to be a fickle and variable Creature; yet since Man, with all his Firmness and Constancy cannot resist those Desires which make him seek the Possession of any one that pleases him, how canst thou hope that a Woman, changeable and unfixed by Nature, should be able to resist the Force of Intreaties, Praises, Gifts, and a Thousand other Temptations, with which Men who know the Sex, endeavour to ensnare them?"

"Can you then, reflecting upon this Truth, believe your Wife faithful?"

"I confess, though you should tell me you do, I could not believe you."

"Is not your Wife a Woman, has she not Flesh and Blood as other Women have?  
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are not the same Desires given to her as to others, and the same Ability to resist them? 'tis therefore possible, although she be very virtuous, that she may do as others do; and you ought not so positively to affirm the contrary."

To this long Speech *Barnabo* replied :

"I am a Merchant, and not a Philosopher, therefore will not pretend to reason with you; but this I must say, that those Women who are unchaste, are so, because they have no Sense of Shame, and are indifferent about the World's Opinion; but Women who are wise and virtuous, are so solicitous to preserve their Honour, that they become stronger than Men, who take no Care to restrain their irregular Appetites; and my Wife is of the Number of those Women who are watchful over their Appetites, and solicitous to preserve their Honour."

"Truly, replied *Ambrogio*, if every Time a Woman was unfaithful to her Husband, a Horn should grow out of her Forehead, and bear Witness to the Fact, I believe few Women would be guilty of Infidelity; but the Horn neither grows, nor in Women who manage their Intrigues wisely, does there remain the least Trace of their Crime; for their Shame does not consist in their Infidelity, but in that Infidelity being discovered; therefore when they can be unchaste securely, they are so, and when they are not unchaste, 'tis because they are stupid; and be assured therefore,

fore, that she only is chaste who was never solicited, or being solicited never yielded."

"And although I am convinced of this Truth, by considering in general the Frailty of Human Nature, yet I would not speak so positively as I do, if I had not many Times, and with many different Women, proved it beyond Contradiction; and I am also persuaded, that if I was near thy supremely virtuous Wife, I should in a very short Space of Time bring her to that, to which I have brought many others."

"It signifies nothing disputing, replied *Barnabo*, (greatly disturbed) Words prove nothing at all; but since you say that no Woman is able to resist Solicitations, and are so confident of your own Power with the Sex, that you are absolutely certain you can corrupt that Wife, I am willing to lose my Head if you succeed in your Attempts upon her Chastity, and if you do not, you shall lose a Thousand Florins of Gold to me."

"I know not, returned *Ambrogiuolo*, already fired at his Proposition, what I should do with your Head if you lost it to me, but if you are willing to have a Proof of what I have maintained, do you lay five Thousand Florins of Gold (which ought to be less dear to you than your Head) against a Thousand of mine, and I will oblige myself to go to *Genoa*, and in three Months from the Day I depart from hence, will prevail upon thy Wife to yield to my Desires, and, in Token of my Success,

Success, will bring with me some of her most precious Things, and give you such certain Marks, that you yourself shall confess I have accomplished my Design."

"But you must promise me faithfully that you will not come to *Genoa* during my Stay there, nor write any Account of this Matter to your Wife."

*Bernabo* was extremely pleased with this Proposal, but the other Merchants, who were present, fearing some bad Consequence would arise from such a strange Scheme, were very much troubled, and endeavoured to prevent its being put into Execution.

However, the two Persons concerned were so resolutely bent on their Purpose, that all Dissuasions were ineffectual; and an Obligation in Writing being drawn up, they both signed and sealed it in the Presence of their Companions; and a few Days after *Ambrogiuolo* went to *Genoa*; *Bernabo*, according to his Promise, staying at *Paris* to expect his Return.

As soon as *Ambrogiuolo* arrived at *Genoa*, he began secretly to enquire after the Behaviour and Manner of Life of *Bernabo's* Wife, and comparing the Reports of others, with what *Bernabo* had told him concerning her, he found the Merchant had not been too lavish in her Praises; and his Enterprize now appearing even to himself rash and impracticable, he was beginning to lose all Hopes of being able to accomplish it, when Chance threw

threw in his Way a poor Woman, who was often employed in the House of *Madonna Zineura*, so was the Wife of *Bernabo* called.

*Ambrogiuolo* corrupting this Woman with a Sum of Money, engaged her to assist him in his Design on the Lady.

Giving Orders therefore for a Chest to be made after a particular Manner, he laid himself into it, and the old Woman pretending she had some Business to transact a few Miles out of the Town, which would oblige her to stay a Day or two away, intreated *Madonna Zineura*, who had a great Kindness for her; to let this Chest stand in her Bed-Chamber till she returned, the Lady consented, and the Chest, with *Ambrogiuolo* within it, was placed where she desired.

*Zineura* retiring to Rest at her usual Hour, *Ambrogiuolo*, when he was assured that she was asleep, came softly out of the Chest into the Chamber, and, by the Light of a Taper which was burning, took particular Notice of the Pictures and Furniture of the Room.

Then advancing to the Bed, where the Lady and a little Girl that was with her slept very soundly, he gently uncovered her, and saw that she was no less beautiful naked than drest, and as he was thus contemplating her, and wishing to discover some particular Mark about her Person, which might help him to deceive her Husband, he at last spied a large Mole under her left Breast, with several Hairs round it of the Colour of Gold.

**Satisfied**

Satisfied with this Discovery, he replaced the Cloaths, but her Beauty inflaming his Deſires, he was ſome Moments in Suſpence whether he ſhould not wake her, and declare the Cauſe of his coming thither, to be his Love of her.

Reflecting however upon the Severity of her Virtue; he reſolved not to hazard his Life by diſcovering himſelf, but paſſed the reſt of the Night at his Eaſe in the Chamber.

Day approaching he retired into the Cheſt, taking with him a Purſe, a Ring, and ſome other Trifles.

In this Confinement he paſſed another Night, and the Day following the Woman coming for her Cheſt, he was releaſed; and having thus traiterouſly accompliſhed his Intentions, he left *Genoa*, and arrived at *Paris* before the Time prefixed for his Return.

*Bernabo*, and the Merchants who were preſent at the Wager, were ſummoned by *Ambrogio*, and when they were all met, he declared he had won the Wager, for that the Wife of *Bernabo* had yielded to his Deſires, producing as a Proof of what he ſaid, the Things which he had taken away, ſaying they were given him by the Lady; the Furniture of whoſe Bed-Chamber he alſo deſcribed.

*Bernabo* confeſſed that his Deſcription of the Bed-Chamber was right, and alſo that the Things he produced were certainly his Wife's, but added, that neither of theſe Circumſtances were any Proof of his Wife's Infidelity, ſince  
he

he might by some Stratagem have procured the Knowledge of the one, and the Possession of the other, and therefore if he had no other Proofs, these were insufficient to make him give up the Wager.

“These Proofs, replied *Ambrogiuolo*, ought to be sufficient, but since you will oblige me to produce more, I will.”

“*Madonna Zinevra*, your Wife, has a large Mole under her left Breast, round which there are two or three Hairs of the Colour of Gold.”

*Bernabo* struck to the Heart by these Words, made known by the Change of his Colour, and the Rage and Grief which took Possession of his Features, that what *Ambrogiuolo* had said was true, but a few Minutes after, confirming it by his Words,

“Gentlemen, said he, *Ambrogiuolo* has vanquished, I confess it, and am ready to pay him the Money he has won, whenever he comes to demand it.”

Accordingly the next Day *Ambrogiuolo* went to the Lodgings of *Bernabo*, who paid him the five Thousand Florins; and departing from *Paris*, went to *Genoa*, with a fell Soul against the betrayed *Zinevra*.

As soon as he arrived, he retired to one of his Country Houses, at a small Distance from the Town, and there calling a faithful Servant, he ordered him to get two Horses ready,  
and

and carry a Letter from him to his Wife, importing his Desires, that she should return with the Bearer to him; and then gave a strict Command to the Servant to murder her as soon as they came into a convenient Place.

The Servant assured him of his Obedience, and rode immediately to Town with the Letter; which *Zinevra* receiving with great Joy, prepared herself for her Journey the next Morning; and accompanied only by the Person who came to fetch her, she took the Road to her Husband's Villa, discoursing as they went upon indifferent Things: when coming into a large and solitary Valley, surrounded with high Trees, the Servant, thinking this a fit Place to execute his Master's Orders, suddenly stopt, and drawing out a large Knife seized the Lady by the Arm.

“Madam, said he, recommend your Soul to God, for you must die in a few Moments.”

The Lady hearing these dreadful Words, and beholding the fatal Knife, all trembling with Fear and Surprize, cried out,

“Oh! Mercy gracious Heaven! why will you murder me? Tell me in what I have offended you, that you resolve to kill me?”

“Madam, replied the Servant, you have not offended me in any Thing, how you have offended your Husband I know not, but he has commanded me to murder you without Mercy



Mercy in this Place, and if I do not obey him, threatens to hang me.

“You know by what Tyes I am bound to him, and that I have it not in my Power to refuse Compliance with any of his Orders; God knows I pity you; but I must execute his Will.”

“Oh grant me Mercy, for the Sake of Heaven! replied the Lady, all dissolved in Tears; do not become a Murderer of one who never injured you to please another.

“God, from whom nothing is concealed, knows I never was guilty of any Action for which I merit this Usage from my Husband; but of that no more.

“Suffer me only to represent to you how you may at once avoid offending God, please your Master, and serve me, and that in this Manner:

“You may give me your upper Coat and Hat, and take my Cloaths, and returning with them to your Master, tell him you have murdered me; and I swear to you by that Preservation for which I shall be obliged to you, that I will keep myself concealed, and wander into some distant Place, and neither you or he shall ever hear of me again in this Country.”

The Servant, who was very unwilling to murder her, easily yielded to his Compassion and her Entreaties, and gave her his Coat and Hat, together with what Money he found about her; and after earnestly desiring her to quit *Genoa* as soon as possible, took her Cloaths, and leaving her alone and on foot in the Valley,

ley, returned to his Maſter, to whom he declared, “ that he had murdered her, and that her dead Body was devoured by the Wolves.”

The unhappy Lady being alone and diſconſolate in the dreary Valley which had been deſtined for the Scene of her Murder, knew not whither to direct her Steps; but Night drawing on, and her Apprehenſions of that dreadful Place encreaſing with the approaching Darkneſs, ſhe ſtruck into a foot Path, which led at laſt to a little Village; and there going into the Cottage of an old Woman, procured ſome Neceſſaries fit for her Appearance as a Sailor, and thus clad, took her Way towards the Shore.

There happening to meet with a *Catalonian* Gentleman, whoſe Ship lying near the Place, had landed to reſreſh himſelf at a Fountain; he entering into Diſcourſe with the poor Wanderer, ſuppoſing her to be a Man, at her Requeſt, received her as a Servant to wait upon his own Perſon.

*Madonna Zinevra*, who had taken the Name of *Sicuranno*, followed Signor *Enearach*, her new Maſter, to his Veſſel; and, having better Cloaths given her, began to ſerve him ſo diligently, and with ſuch Fidelity, that he ſoon conceived a great Eſteem for her.

Some time after, the *Catalonian* ſailing with a Cargo to *Alexandria*, he took with him ſome very fine Falcons, which he preſented to the Sultan,

Sultan, who being pleased with the Gift, frequently invited the Merchant to his Table.

*Sicuranno* always attending his Master upon these Occasions, the Sultan was so well pleased with his Carriage and Behaviour, that he asked him of the *Catalonian*; who, though very unwilling to part with him, could not refuse the Sultan's Request, and therefore left him behind at *Alexandria*.

*Sicuranno* had not been long in the Sultan's Palace, before he acquired as great a Share of that Monarch's Confidence and Esteem, as of the *Catalonian's*, his former Master.

It being a Custom, at a certain Time of the Year, to hold a Fair at *Aeri*, a City in the Dominions of the Sultan, to which a great many Christians and *Saracen* Merchants resorted, the Sultan, in whose Favour *Sicuranno* increased daily, appointed him to command the Soldiers that were sent there, to guard the Merchants and their Goods while the Fair continued.

*Sicuranno* being now Captain of the Guard at *Aeri*, acquitted himself of this Charge with his accustomed Diligence and Exactness.

Among the foreign Merchants which resorted to this Fair, there were several *Venetian*, *Placentian*, *Genoese*, and other *Italians*, with whom *Sicuranno*, who still had a great Fondness for his Country, frequently conversed.

It happened one Day, when he was at the Warehouse of the *Venetian* Merchants, that, among other Trinkets, he saw a Purse and a Girdle, which he knew to have once belonged to himself; he was greatly surprized at the Sight of those Things, but concealing it from Observation, enquired whose they were? and if they were to be sold?

*Ambrogiuolo*, who had come to *Alexandria* with some other Merchants in a *Venetian* Vessel, being told that the Captain of the Guard was enquiring about these Things, came forward, and said, with a Smile “Sir, the Things are mine, and not to be sold; but if you have any Inclination for them, I will present you with them freely.”

*Sicuranno* seeing him smile, suspected, that by some Means or other, he had discovered who he was; nevertheless, keeping a firm Countenance, he replied;

“You smile, I suppose, because you see me, who am a military Man, enquiring about these female Trifles.”

“No, Sir, said *Ambrogiuolo*, I do not smile at that, but at reflecting on the Manner in which I gained those Things.”

“Ah! I beseech you, said *Sicuranno*, hastily, let us know how you gained them then?”

“Sir, replied *Ambrogiuolo*, these Things were given me by a Lady of *Genoa*, called *Maddonna Zinevra*, the Wife of *Bernabo Lomillin*, with whom I had the Honour to pass a Night,  
in

in her Husband's Abſence; and ſhe entreated me to keep them faithfully for her Sake: I ſmile, therefore, at reflecting on the ſtupid Folly of her Husband, who was filly enough to lay five thouſand Florins of Gold againſt a thouſand of mine, that it was not in my Power to prevail over the Chaſtity of his Wife; this, however, I accompliſhed; he loſt the Wager; and he who ought rather to have puniſhed himſelf for his Stupidity, than his Wife for doing that which all Women will do, went to *Genoa*, and, as I have ſince heard, cauſed her to be murdered."

*Sicuranno* hearing this, knew this Man immediately to be the Cauſe of all his Miſery, and reſolved within himſelf to be ſeverely revenged on him; and in order to accompliſh his Deſign, he feigned himſelf to be extremely well pleaſed with this Story, and began to enter into a ſtrict Intimacy with *Ambrogiuolo*, whom he managed ſo artfully, that at laſt he confeſſed the whole Truth to him concerning the Stratagem by which he had deceived *Bernabo*, and gained the Wager.

When the Fair was ended, *Sicuranno*, by large Promiſes, engaged *Ambrogiuolo* to go with him into *Alexandria*, where he procured him a Warehouse, and lodged Money in his Hands; ſo that *Ambrogiuolo* thinking he might be able to encrease his Fortune there, willingly ſtayed at *Alexandria*.

*Sicuranno*, who ardently deſired to have his Innocence made known to *Bernabo*, practiſed

so well with some *Genoese* Merchants who were in that Country, that they prevailed upon *Bernabo*, who was now reduced to very low Circumstances, to come to *Alexandria*; and *Sicuranno* caused him to be privately received there by some of his Friends.

*Sicuranno*, who had already made *Ambrogiuolo* recount to the Sultan the Story he had first told him, and which had pleased him greatly, finding it now a proper Time to execute his Intention, since *Bernabo* was arrived, took an Opportunity to entreat the Sultan to give Orders, that *Ambrogiuolo* and *Bernabo* should be brought before him; and to make *Ambrogiuolo*, by Menaces (if he would not by gentle Methods) declare, if what he had boasted concerning the Wife of *Bernabo* was true.

The Sultan consented; and the two Merchants being brought before him, he commanded *Ambrogiuolo*, with a threatening Countenance, to confess truly, how he had won the five thousand Florins of *Bernabo*.

*Ambrogiuolo* seeing his Friend *Sicuranno* (who was present) look upon him with rageful Eyes, and threatening him with the most horrid Torments if he did not reveal the Truth; pressed on every Side, and supposing the worst Consequence of his Confession would be the Restitution of the Money and the Things, he related the whole Affair just as it happened; and having finished his Narration, *Sicuranno*, as invested with Authority by the Sultan, turned to *Bernabo*, and asked him "what Punishment

*The letters to  
Bernabo are  
very interesting*

Punishment he had inflicted upon his Wife on Account of that Lye ?”

“ Sir, replied *Bernabe*, being inflamed with Rage for the Loss of my Money, and the Disgrace my Wife’s Infamy had brought upon me, I ordered a Servant to murder her, and, according to his Report, he did so, and her Body was soon after devoured by Wolves.”

These Facts thus laid open before the Sultan, and all that were present, who could not imagine what was to be the End of such an Examination, *Sicuranno*, addressing himself to the Sultan, said :

“ My Lord, you may plainly perceive by their Confessions, what Reason this good Woman had to glory in a Lover and a Husband.

“ The Lover by an infamous Falshood robs her of her Honour, destroys her Fame, and deprives her of her Husband ; and the Husband giving more Credit to the Falshoods of others than to the often experienced Truth of his Wife, commands her to be murdered, and her dead Body to be devoured by Wolves ; and so great is the Affection which this Lover and Husband bore her, that they both continued with her a long Time, and neither of them discovered her.

“ That you may be able therefore to know this clearly, and give to each the Reward they have merited, grant me the Favour I am going to implore of you, which is to pardon the Deceived and punish the Deceiver, and I will then make the injured Lady herself come into your Presence ?”

The Sultan, always disposed to comply with any Request of *Sicuranno's*, granted this immediately, and desired him to make the Lady come.

*Bernabo*, who firmly believed his Wife to be dead, was greatly astonished at this Proposition; and *Ambrogiuolo* began now to apprehend he should suffer something worse than paying back the Money.

*Sicuranno* being thus assured of having her Request granted by the Sultan, cast herself at the Feet of that Monarch; the Tears fast streaming down her Cheeks, and losing with her assumed masculine Voice, the Desire of appearing masculine, spoke in this Manner.

*injured*

“ My Lord, in me behold the injured, the unhappy *Zinevra*, who, through the wicked Falshoods of that Traitor *Ambrogiuolo*, have been obliged to wander miserably through the World in the Form of a Man, and by this cruel Husband doomed to be murdered and devoured by Wolves.

Then opening her Waistcoat, she discovered her Bosom, by which the Sultan, and all who were present, knowing her to be a Woman, were filled with Astonishment and Compassion.

*Zinevra* then turning to *Ambrogiuolo*, fiercely demanded of him. “ when it was he had seduced her Virtue, as he had once openly boasted ?”

*Ambrogiuolo*, who now knew her, and was struck dumb with Shame and Fear, answered nothing.

The



The Sultan, who always believed her to be a Man, was so astonished at what he now saw and heard, that, for some Moments, he knew not whether all was not a Dream; but his Wonder ceasing, he began to praise, with the highest Expressions of Esteem, the Virtue, Constancy, and unblameable Manners of *Zinevra*, and gave Orders to have her magnificently dressed in a female Habit, appointed Women to attend her, and, as he had promised, pardoned the deceived Husband *Bernabo*, who falling at the Feet of his Wife, entreated her also with Tears to forgive him.

*Zinevra* raised him up, and kindly assuring him that she would forget all that was past, threw herself into his Arms, and as her Husband embraced her tenderly.

The Sultan then commanded *Ambrogiuolo* to be carried immediately to one of the highest Places in the City, and fastened to a Stake, his Body to be anointed with Honey, and exposed naked to the Sun, and there left to die; which was accordingly executed; after which he ordered all his Effects to be given to *Zinevra*, which amounted to ten thousand Pistoles; and making a magnificent Feast, he publicly bestowed the highest Honours and Applauses on *Zinevra* for her Courage and Virtue, and presented her Husband and her with ten thousand Pistoles more, giving them Leave to depart, and a Ship to carry them back to *Genoa*; where they soon after arrived, extremely rich, and were received with great Honours by their Citizens;

H 5 especially

eſpecially *Madonna Linceus*, who had been thought dead by every one, and who, from that Time till her Death, lived in the higheſt Reputation for Courage, Conſtancy and Virtue.



**OBSERVA-**



OBSERVATIONS on the Use *Shakespeare* has made of the foregoing Novel in his Tragedy of *Cymbeline*.

THE Plot of the foregoing Novel forms one of the Actions of *Shakespeare's* Tragedy, called *Cymbeline*; I say one of the Actions, because this Play, with his usual Irregularity, is composed of three or four different ones.

He has copied all those Circumstances from *Boccaccio*, that were necessary to serve his Design; but he has entirely changed the Scene, the Characters, and the Manners; and that he has done so greatly for the worse, is I think easy to prove.

*Boccaccio* introduces some young Merchants in a Tavern, where two of them, being heated by Wine, lay a fantastical Wager; one that his Wife was absolutely chaste, and not to be corrupted by any Methods whatever.

The other, that she was frail like the rest of the Sex; and that to prove it, he would prevail upon her in a very short Time to violate her Faith to her Husband.

*Shakespeare*

*Shakespear* makes the Lady in Question, not the Wife of a Merchant, but the Heiress of a great Kingdom.

The Husband, who lays so indiscreet a Wager, not a simple Trader intoxicated with Liquor, but a young, noble, though unfortunate Hero, whom, for the extraordinary Qualities of his Mind and Person, the Princess had secretly married.

And the Scenes, instead of a Tavern in *Paris*, and the House of a private Family in the Court of *Britain*, and the Chamber of the Princess.

To this injudicious Change of the Characters is owing all the Absurdities of this Part of *Shakespear's* Plot; he has given the Manners of a Tradesman's Wife, and two Merchants intoxicated with Liquor, to a great Princess, an *English* Hero, and a noble Roman.

The King, enraged at *Posthumus* for daring to marry his Daughter, contents himself with only sending him into Banishment, and presses the Princess to take for another Husband a Man whom she detests, while her first is only divided from her by a very considerable Distance, and while there is a Probability of meeting him again.

Since he was so resolutely bent upon making her marry the stupid Son of his second Wife, surely it would have more facilitated his Design, to have either taken away the Life of *Posthumus*, or kept him in a strict and secret Confinement, and by that Means have

have deprived the Princess of all Hope of ever seeing him; but *Posthumus* must only be banished to make Way for the scandalous Wager.

This adoring and obliged Husband of a beautiful and virtuous Princess, no sooner arrives at *Rome*, but he engages in a ridiculous Dispute concerning the Beauty, Wit, and Chastity of his Lady; and tamely suffers one of his *Roman* Friends, to maintain that she was as liable to be corrupted as any other of her Sex.

The Dispute growing warm, the *Roman* engages to take a Journey to *Britain*, and corrupt the Chastity of the Princess, which, if he accomplishes, *Posthumus* is to reward him with the Ring that she had given him at parting; and to facilitate his Design, writes a Letter to the Princess, recommending *Jachimo* to her as one of his most valued Friends.

*Jachimo* accordingly arrives in *Britain*, delivers his Letter to the Princess, and is very kindly received.

It must be observed that the Princess is strictly guarded by the King's Orders, and this is very natural, since he intended to force her to marry her stupid Step-brother.

But how comes it that this confined Princess, guarded by her Father's Guards, and watched by her Mother-in-law's Spies, should be able to give an Audience to a foreign Stranger, who comes from the very Place where her banished Husband resides?

We

We see no Stratagem made use of to elude the Vigilance of her Guards; no Bribes given to buy the Secresy of Spies.

The Friend of her banished Husband is introduced by his Confident, who though known to be so, both by the King, Queen, and Rival of *Posthumus*, is still permitted to attend her.

This is not indeed very probable, but it is absolutely necessary for the Plot, because this faithful Confident is to carry the Princess afterwards into a dark Wood, in order to kill her, by his Master's Orders.

So the Story goes in *Boccaccio*, so also goes the Plot in the Tragedy.

There is only this small Difference, that in *Boccaccio* it is a private Gentlewoman, who, attended with one Servant, rides a small Journey to meet her Husband at his Country House.

But in *Shakespear*, it is the Heiress of a great Kingdom, who notwithstanding her Guards, the Dignity of her Station, and Weakness of her Sex, rides Post with one Man Servant to a Sea-port Town, for a short View of her Husband. But of this hereafter.

Let us see how *Jachimo* begins his Courtship to this great Princess: After having insinuated into her Bosom some jealous Suspicions of her Husband's Constancy, he goes on to praise her Beauty familiarly enough, considering he had but a few Minutes Acquaintance with her Highness.

Then

See highness  
not so

Then begs Leave to "dedicate himself to her sweet Pleasure," and supposing the Bargain concluded; offers to kiss her.

The Princess calls *Pisano*, her Husband's Confident; he happens not to be within hearing; and this is very convenient, for there is a Necessity for a long Conversation to make all right again, for the second Part of *Jachimo's* Stratagem.

Her Highness then turns to her impudent Gallant, tells him, "if he had been honourable he would not have sought such a base End of her," and that she "disdains him and the Devil alike."

The Gallant upon this Lucretia-like Denial, changes his Note, praises the Virtue and Constancy of her Husband, and assures her, he only made this Attempt on her Chastity, in order to try if she was really as pure as she was believed to be.

Her Highness is pacified, professes herself his faithful Friend, and offers him all her Interest in the Court.

*Jachimo* waves this princely Offer; but desires her to allow him to put a Chest of Goods under her Care for one Night, to which the Princess consenting, assures him his Chest shall be placed in her own Bed-Chamber.

Upon this Expedient the whole Plot turns.

*Jachimo*, concealed in the Chest, furnishes himself like *Ambrogio*, with Proofs of his having dishonoured the Lady, and, returning to *Posthumus*, declares he has won the Wager.

*Posthumus,*

*Poſthumus*, ſatisfied with his Proof, though the Honour of a Princeſs, and of a Princeſs who loved him to Diſtraſtion, was in Queſtion, diſpatches Orders to his Servant to kill her; and to give him an Opportunity to execute his Commands, writes to the Princeſs that he is at *Milford-Haven*, ſuppoſing that this Intelligence will bring her immediately to meet him.

To paſs by the Abſurdity of ſuppoſing a great Princeſs, guarded by an incenſed Father, and the jealous Vigilance of a deſigning Step-Mother, ſhould be able to leave the Court, and ride like a Market-Woman with a ſingle Attendant to meet him; what Reason had he to expect ſuch a dangerous Proof of Affection from a Woman, who had ſo eaſily been prevailed upon to violate the Faith ſhe had lately given him?

The Wife of *Bernabo* the Merchant might indeed find it neceſſary to keep herſelf unſuſpected by her Husband, ſince her Happineſs depended upon his believing her virtuous.

But the Princeſs's Conſtancy to *Poſthumus* was the Cauſe of her Diſgrace; by marrying *Cloten* ſhe might regain her Liberty, and conſequently have better Opportunities of following her private Intrigues.

But what Inducement could ſhe have for incurring the Reſentment of the King her Father, only to ſeem conſtant to a baniſhed Man, whom ſhe was diſhonouring in private?

Her



Her Constancy to *Posthumus* in Defiance of her Father's Anger, could only be the Effect of a violent Passion for him; but her abandoning herself to a loose Intrigue with his Friend, was absolutely inconsistent with her Love for him.

If *Posthumus* then believed her unchaste, he could not possibly expect she would endeavour to preserve the least Appearance of Fidelity, since it was her Interest to abandon him publicly, much less endanger her Person by so extraordinary an Effect of Love and Obedience as that he required of her.

The injured Princess however is impatient to be on Horseback, she whips out of the Palace in a Minute, and passes invisibly, we cannot help supposing, though there is no Incantment in the Case, through the midst of her Attendants and Guards, and gallops away to meet her Husband.

When she arrives in the destined Wood, *Pisanio* acquaints her with the Orders he had received to kill her, and his fixed Resolution not to obey them.

The Princess indeed puts a very pertinent Question to him.

*Imo.* Wherefore then  
Didst undertake it? why hast thou abused  
So many Miles, with a Pretence? this Place?  
Mine Action? and thine own? our Horses  
labour.

The Time inviting thee? the perturb'd Court,  
For my being absent? wherewinto I never  
Purpose

Purpose return. Why haſt thou gone ſo far  
To be unbent when thou haſt ta'en thy Stand,  
Th' elected Deer before thee?

*Shakeſpear* no doubt foreſaw his Readers would aſk this Queſtion if the Princeſs did not, but though he found it an eaſy Matter to make *Piſanio* ſatiſfy her as to that Particular, the Reader is not ſo eaſily answered.

For why indeed did he bring her into ſo ſhocking a Situation, if he reſolved not to murder her? Why did he not acquaint her with the cruel Orders of her Husband while ſhe was in her Father's Palace?

If it was a bold and hazardous Action to quit the Court in ſuch a ſtrange Equipage, to have a ſhort Conference with a faithful Husband, why muſt ſhe expoſe herſelf to ſo eminent a Danger, only to be told of the Cruelty and Injuſtice of that Husband?

But the Truth is, ſhe has a great many ſtrange Adventures to come yet, and theſe muſt be brought about at the Expence of Probability.

But what Reſolution does the Heireſs of *Britain* take after being told that her Husband, believing her to be an Adultereſs, had ordered her to be killed.

One would imagine, that full of a juſt Diſdain for ſo vile and ſcandalous a Suſpicion, the Pride of injured Virtue, affronted Dignity, and Rage of ill requited Love, would have carried her back to the Court, there by diſclaiming all future Faith and Tenderneſs for the

the unworthy *Posthumus*, restore herself to the Affection of her Father, and all the Rights of her royal Birth.

No, she only weeps, complains, reproaches a little, and then resolves to dress herself in the Habit of a Boy, and wander a-foot to procure a Service.

Here *Shakespeare* drops *Boccaccio*, after having fervently copied from him all the Incidents which compose this Part of the Plot of *Cymbeline*; but by changing the Scene and Characters has made these Incidents absurd, unnatural, and improbable.

The rest of the Play is equally inconsistent, and if *Shakespeare* invented here for himself, his Imagination is in this one Instance full as bad as his Judgment.

His Princess forgetting that she had put on Boy's Cloaths to be a Spy upon the Actions of her Husband, commences Cook to two young Forresters and their Father, who live in a Cave; and we are told how nicely she sauced the Broths.

*Guid.* "But his neat Cookery!

*Arv.* He cut our Roots in Characters,  
And sauc'd our Broth, as *Juno* had been sick,  
And he her Dieter.

Certainly this Princess had a most oeconomic Education; however she is to change her Situation, seem dead, be buried, and come to Life again, and hire herself to a new Master."

to

To bring all this about, *Shakespeare* makes her drink a Potion, resembling that of *Juliet's* in its Effects; this Potion is tempered by the Queen's Physician, whom she had desired to prepare her a Poison.

*Pisanio* being in the Queen's Apartment when the Drug was brought in, looked earnestly at it, which the Queen observing, desired him to accept of it, telling him it was a fine Cordial.

The Physician, who is by, whispers *Pisanio*, that the Queen having desired him to prepare her some mortal Poison, he had given her a Drug, which would only make the Person that drank of it fall into a Sleep, resembling Death.

One would think *Pisanio* was sufficiently warned, yet we find him giving this Drug to the Princess when he left her in the Wood, assuring her it was a rich Cordial given him by the Queen, and intreating her to drink some of it when she was sick.

This Blunder however produces a great many other Events; *Imogen* thought to be dead, is buried by the young Foresters (who are her Brothers, though unknown) in the Wood.

*Cloten* follows the Princess with an Intention, as he declares, "to ravish her, and then kick her back to Court," and is disguised in the Cloaths of *Posthumus*, though there is no other Reason for his being thus disguised, but only that the Princess may afterwards suppose him *Posthumus* when she finds him dead. Being afterwards killed by the Brothers of *Imogen*, one of them cuts off his Head, and buries him beside the supposed Youth. It

It may seem a little shocking for a generous young Man, a Prince, though he did not know a himself, to cut off the Head of his Enemy, it ter having killed him; but his Head must be cut off, or else how could *Imogen* mistake him for her Lord?

The Princess awaking from her Trance, supposes she is travelling to *Milford-Haven*, and cries, "Ods pittikens, is it six Miles yet?" recovering her Senses perfectly, and seeing a headless Man lying near, dressed in the Cloaths of *Posthumus*, she laments over him, believing him to be her Husband.

This is indeed a very pathetic Distress; but what does the unhappy Heiress of *Britain* do, now she thinks her Husband is killed? Why she accepts the Post of Page to the Enemy of her Father and Country; who, with a hostile Army, is wasting the Kingdom, over which, by Right of Birth, she is to reign.

But why does the Princess disgrace her Sex and Dignity by accepting so scandalous an Employment? Is it the Fear of Death from the *Romans*? No, certainly there is no such Thing threatened.

Beides, a Lady, fond to Distraction of a Husband whom she finds lying murdered by her, can hardly be supposed so attentive to her own Danger in those distressful Moments as to provide so cunningly for her Safety.

However, the Princess, full of Despair as she is, dresses up a clever Tale in a Trice; invents a Name for her murdered Husband; calls herself his Page; says he was slain by Moun-

9

*Princess*

Mountaineers; and expresses her Fears that she should never get so good a Master.

Hereupon *Lucius* takes her to be his Page; and her Highness goes off very well contented with her Situation.

It would be an endless Task to take Notice of all the Absurdities in the Plot, and unnatural Manners in the Characters of this Play.

Such as the ridiculous Story of the King's two Sons being stolen in their Infancy from the Court, and bred up in the Mountains of Wales till they were twenty Years of Age.

Then, at their first Essay in Arms, these Striplings stop the King's Army, which is flying from the victorious *Romans*, oblige them to face their Enemies, and gain a compleat Victory.

With Inconsistencies like these it every where abounds; the whole Conduct of the Play is absurd and ridiculous to the last Degree, and with all the Liberties *Shakespear* has taken with Time, Place and Action, the Story, as he has managed it, is more improbable than a Fairy Tale.

As Mr. *Pope* observes, little more than the Names in this Play is historical.

*Hollingshead* says in his Chronicle, "that *Cymbeline* was in such Favour with *Augustus Cæsar*, whom he had served in the Wars, that he left him at Liberty either to pay or not to pay his Tribute, as he pleased;" which Circumstance is thus used by *Shakespear*.

*Augustus*

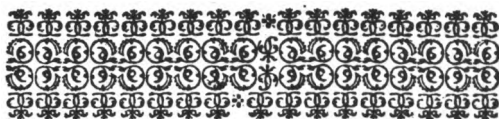
*Augustus* ſends to demand the Payment of the Tribute which had been, by the wicked Counſels of the King's ſecond Wife, neglected: *Cymbeline*, according to the Queen's Directions, refuſes to pay it: Hereupon War is declared; an Army of *Romans* comes into *Britain*; the King's Forces are put to Flight; but being rallied, and led on again by two Boys in a narrow Lane, they give the *Romans* a total Deſeat, and take their General Priſoner; and after this Victory the King pays the Tribute which he had before ſo peremptorily refuſed.



*The*







*The ninth Novel of the third Day of  
the Decamerone of Boccaccio.*



Nobleman of the Kingdom of *France*, named *Esnard*, Count of *Roussillon*, being of a weak and sickly Constitution, always kept a Physician, named *Gerard de Narbonne*, in his House.

This Count had one only Son, called *Bertrand*; he was extremely handsome and of a sweet and gentle Disposition; the Count caused several young Boys of his Age to be educated with him; among whom there was also a little Girl, named *Giletta*, Daughter to the Physician.

This Girl loved *Bertrand* with a Tenderness and Ardor very uncommon to one of her Age.

The Count dying, left his Son under the Guardianship of the King; and his Majesty sending Orders for him to come to *Paris*, *Giletta*, whose Affection encreased with her

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Years,

Years, remained in the utmoſt Affliction at *Rouſſillon*.

The Phyſician dying ſoon after the young Count's Departure, *Gilletta* would have ſet out for *Paris* to ſee her beloved *Bertrand*; but being a great Fortune, her Conduct was carefully watched; and not being able to find a reaſonable Excufe for ſuch a Journey, ſhe was obliged for the preſent to quit her Deſign.

Growing now of Years fit to be married, her Relations propoſed ſeveral Matches to her, which ſhe, without explaining the true Cauſe, reſuſed, the ſecret Paſſion ſhe had long felt for *Bertrand* gaining Strength by the Reports ſhe had continually heard of his extraordinary Beauty and Accompliſhments, ſhe reſolved never to give her Hand to any other Man.

But while ſhe was languiſhing with a hopeleſs Deſire of ſeeing the Count, News came that the King of *France* was extremely ill; a Swelling in his Stomach having been badly treated, had turned to a Fiſtu'la; and the Anguiſh he felt from his Diſtemper was encreaſed by his Deſpair of ever getting it cured; no Phyſician being found that was able to remove it, notwithstanding great Numbers had been tried, who had all left it worſe than before.

The King, therefore, in the utmoſt Deſpair at their bad Succeſs, would no longer admit of Advice or Aſſiſtance.

*Gilletta*, overjoyed at this News, thought ſhe had now not only a good Excufe for going to *Paris*, but if the King's Diſtemper was  
what

what ſhe believed it to be, there was alſo a Poſſibility of gaining *Bertrand* for a Huſband.

Her Father having diſcovered to her many valuable Secrets of his Art, ſhe made a Powder of a certain Herb, which ſhe had been taught by him was a Remedy for the Diſeaſe ſhe imagined the King was afflicted with; and privately getting a Horſe prepared for her, went immediately to *Paris*.

Her firſt Care after her Arrival was to gain a Sight of her dear *Bertrand*; and then procuring an Audience of the King, ſhe earneſtly entreated him to let her look at the Swelling.

The King ſeeing her ſo young and handſome, could not reſuſe her Requeſt; as ſoon as ſhe ſaw it, ſhe immediately entertained Hopes of curing him, and ſaid, “Sire, if you are willing, I truſt in God I ſhall be able, without giving you much Pain or Fatigue, to cure you of this Diſtemper in eight Days.”

The King laughing at theſe ſolemn Aſſurances, replied, “Since the greateſt Phyſicians in the World have not been able to cure me, how is it poſſible a young Woman ſhould perform what was too difficult for them; I give you thanks for your good Will, but I am determined never more to follow any Preſcription whatever.”

“Sire, replied *Giletta*, you deſpiſe my Art becauſe I am young, and a Woman; I am not indeed a Phyſician; nor is it by my own Knowledge that I pretend to cure you; but by the Help of God, and the Knowledge of *Gerard*

*de Narbonne*, who was my Father, and when he was alive, a celebrated Phyſician."

The King, being moved with theſe Words, began to reaſon with himſelf in this Manner :

" This Woman, perhaps, is ſent by Providence for my Relief ; ought I not, at leaſt, to try what ſhe can do ? eſpecially ſince ſhe ſays ſhe will cure me in a little Time, and that too without much Pain : " Then having taken his Reſolution, he ſaid, " But, Damſel, if after having made me break through my Reſolves, you do not cure me, what Punishment are you willing to ſubmit to ? "

" Sire, answered *Giletta*, make me be carefully guarded, and, if after the Expiration of eight Days, I do not cure you, ſentence me to be burnt ; but if I do cure you, what ſhall be my Recompence ? "

" You ſeem to me, ſaid the King to be ſtill unmarried ; if you perform what you have promiſed, I will give you a rich and honourable Huſband. "

" Truly, Sire, ſaid *Giletta*, I am very well pleaſed with your Deſign of marrying me ; but I muſt be at Liberty to name my Huſband, and no Perſon whatever, except thoſe of the Royal Blood, muſt be reſuſed me. "

The King agreed to her Requeſt immediately, and promiſed her it ſhould be punctually complied with.

*Giletta*, thereupon, began to adminiſter her Medicine, which ſhe purſued ſo happily, that before the Time prefixed, ſhe reſtored him to Health.

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The King feeling himſelf perfectly cured, ſaid to her, “ Damſel, you have well gained your Huſband.” “ Then, Sire, ſhe replied, I have gained *Bertrand*, Count of *Rouſſillon*, whom I began to love in my Infancy, and have ever ſince loved with the moſt ardent Affection.

The King thought her Demand very high, but as he had given his Promiſe he was reſolved not to break it, and ordered *Bertrand* to be called; to whom he ſaid; “ Count, you are now grown a Man, and perfected in all the Accompliſhments of a Nobleman; it is my Will, therefore, that you ſhould take upon you the Government of your Country, and carry with you the Damſel I have given you for a Wife.” “ And who is that Damſel, Sire, replied the Count?” “ That is ſhe, ſaid the King, who with her Medicines has reſtored me to Health.”

*Bertrand*, as ſoon as he looked upon her, immediately remembered her; and though her Perſon appeared to him extremely handſome, yet, ſenſible of the Diſproportion of her Birth to his, he answered, with great Diſdain, “ What! Sire, would you give me a female Quack for a Wife?” God forbid I ſhould ever be the Huſband of ſuch a Woman.”

“ Will you then, replied the King, make me break my Word with this young Maid, who demanded you for a Huſband in Reward for reſtoring me to Health?”

“ Sire, replied *Bertrand*, you may take away all I poſſeſs; and, by the Power you have over me, give me to whom you pleaſe;

but, it is certain, I never ſhall be contented with ſuch a Marriage.”

“You will be happy, no doubt, replied the King; the Damsel is fair and wiſe; ſhe loves you ardently; and I hope you will enjoy a more agreeable Life with her, than with a Lady of noble Birth.”

*Bertrand* being ſilent, the King gave Orders to make great Preparations for the Nuptials; and when the determined Day came, *Bertrand*, though unwillingly, married *Gilletta* in the Preſence of the King.

The Ceremony over, the Count, having taken his Reſolution, deſired the King's Permiſſion to return to his Country, there to conſummate the Marriage: The King granting his Requeſt, he mounted his Horſe, but inſtead of going to *Rouſſillon* went into *Tuſcany*, and knowing that the *Florentines* were at War with the Republic of *Sienna*, he offered his Service to the firſt, who received him gladly, paid him great Honours, and gave him the Command of a Regiment, with large Appointments, which prevailed upon him to continue in their Service.

In the mean time, the new-married Lady, little pleaſed with ſuch a Diſappointment, flattered herſelf, that by her prudent Behaviour, ſhe ſhould be able to recall him; and being received at *Rouſſillon* with all the Honours due to the Wife of Count *Bertrand*, ſhe applied herſelf in the Abſence of her Lord to the Management of his Affairs, which ſhe performed with ſo much Solitude and Diſcretion, that all

all the People at *Roussillon* were extremely pleased with her wise Government, held her in the utmost Esteem and Affection, and greatly blamed their Lord for his unkind Behaviour to her.

Having put every Thing at *Roussillon* into exact Order, she sent two Gentlemen to her Lord, whom she ordered to acquaint him, that if her Presence was the Cause of his Absence from his Country, to make him easy, and to engage him to return, she would quit *Roussillon* for ever. To this Message the Count replied with great Harshness ;

“ Tell her she may do what she pleases, and assure her that I am determined never to live with her as my Wife, till she gets this Ring which I wear on my Finger into her Possession, and has a Son begot by me in her Arms; both which cannot possibly happen, as I never intend to see her more.”

The two Gentlemen thought these hard Conditions, and after long soliciting him in vain to change his Purpose, returned to the Lady, and related to her his Answer.

The unhappy *Giletta*, greatly afflicted at this Account, deliberated with herself a long Time on the Means she should use to accomplish those two Things, and retrieve her Husband.

After much Thought, she at last assembled all the best and wisest of the Count's Subjects, and in very moving Language related all she had done through her Affection for the Count, his Disdain of her, his Unkindness and obstinate Resolution never to live

I 4 with

with her, and laſtly, declared that ſhe was determined not to keep her Lord in perpetual Banishment by her Stay at *Rouſſillon*, but to retire and paſs the remainder of her Life in Pilgrimage and devout Works for the Salvation of her Soul; intreating them to take great Care of the Affairs of the Country, and to ſignify to their Lord that ſhe had quitted *Rouſſillon*, with a fixed Reſolution never to return thither any more.

While ſhe was ſpeaking many Tears were ſhed by the good People to whom ſhe addreſſed herſelf, who all humbly intreated her to change her Reſolution, and continue among them; but ſhe was immoveable, and recommending them to God, took Leave of them.

Then furniſhing herſelf with Money and rich Jewels, ſhe ſet out in the Habit of a Pilgrim, attended by a Chambermaid and one of her Couſins, and took the Road to *Florence*, never ſtopping till ſhe reached that City.

Arriving there, ſhe hired a Lodging in an Inn which was kept by a good Widow, and paſſing for a poor Pilgrim, remained there in Hopes of hearing ſomething about her Lord.

She had not been long in the Inn when *Bertrand* happened to paſs by the Door on Horſeback, with a great Retinue.

*Gilletta* knew him immediately, but endeavouring to ſuppreſs the Emotions his unexpected Sight gave her; ſhe took Occaſion as he paſſed, to enquire of her Landlady his Name and Condition.

Who



Who replied that he was a Foreigner, called Count *Bertrand*, remarkable for his Politeness and Affability, and added, that he was very much in love with a Neighbour of hers, a young Woman well born, and very virtuous, but so poor that no one was willing to marry her; and that her Mother being a discreet, sensible Woman, perceiving the Count's Passion for her Daughter, took great Care to preserve her from his dishonourable Attempts.

The Countess after enquiring and getting all the Information she was able from her Landlady, concerning this Woman and her Daughter, retired to reflect upon what she had heard, and weighing well every Particular Circumstance in her Mind, she conceived a Design of turning the Count's Infidelity to her own Advantage.

But concealing her Intentions from her two Attendants, she went privately one Day in her Pilgrim's Habit to the House of her Rival, and easily getting Admittance, found her Landlady had not misrepresented the Condition of these good People, whose extreme Poverty was very discernible from every Thing about them.

The Countess on her Entrance saluted the Mother with great Civility, and desired the Favour of some private Discourse with her.

The Gentlewoman rising, told her she was ready to hear her, and led her into another  
I 5 Chamber,

Chamber, where as soon as they were seated, the Countess began in this Manner.

“ My good Lady, I perceive that Fortune is as much your Enemy as mine, but if you are willing, 'tis in your Power to give yourself as well as me Consolation.”

The good Woman replied, “ that she desired nothing so much as to procure herself Relief, provided she could do it honestly.”

“ 'Tis necessary then, said the Countess, that I should rely on your Fidelity, but if you deceive me, you will ruin my Design and hurt your own Interest.”

“ You may tell me whatever you please with great Secresy, replied the Gentlewoman, you shall never find me deceitful.”

“ The Countess then beginning her Story with her Love of Count *Bertrand* while she was yet a Child ; pursued it through all its Circumstances till she brought it down to the present Time ; relating every Thing in so affecting and artless a Manner, that the good Woman could not doubt the Truth of what she said, and began to have great Compassion for her.

“ 'Tis only by your Means, added the Countess, that I can accomplish those two Conditions, upon which my Happiness depends, if what I hear be true, that my Husband loves your Daughter.”

“ I know not, Madam, replied the Gentlewoman, whether the Count really loves my Daughter, but I know that he makes great

Professions of it ; but what is it you would desire of me ? how is it in my Power to serve you ?”

“ I will tell you, replied the Countess, but first you must let me know how I shall return the Obligation you are able to confer upon me ?”

“ I see your Daughter is handsome, and old enough to be married, and by what I have heard, and now observe, you keep her at Home for want of a Portion to marry her, I intend therefore to reward the Service you may do me, by giving her immediately as much Money as you shall think necessary to marry her honourably.”

The good Woman, who was in great Necessity, was pleased with the Offer, but being cautious and discreet, replied,

“ Madam, tell me what it is you require of me, and if I can do it honestly I will, and you shall afterwards make what Acknowledgments you please.”

“ You must then, said the Countess, send some Person in whom you can confide to Count *Bertrand*, to let him know that your Daughter will consent to his Desires, but that in order to be convinced of the Truth of that Passion he pretends for her, he must send by her Messenger that Ring which he wears on his Finger, and that done, she will be ready to grant all he requires.

“ This Message will certainly bring him to your House, I will be concealed in your Daughter’s Chamber, and supply her Place ;

perhaps I may be so fortunate as to prove with Child by him, and thus by your Assistance, having the Ring on my Finger, and a Child in my Arms begat by him, I may at last acquire his Affection, and prevail with him to live with me for the future as his Wife."

The good Woman was at first startled at this Request of the Countess's, fearing her Daughter's Reputation might suffer if she complied with it.

But reflecting that it would be a good Action to procure the Love of a Husband to a Wife that deserved it; she not only promised the Countess to perform all she desired, but in a few Days sent a Messenger with great Secrecy to the Count, who hearing the Message, notwithstanding he thought it hard to give away his Ring, complied with his Mistress's Command, and came to her Appointment.

*Gilletta* being dextrously conveyed into the Chamber instead of the young Woman, the Count passed the Night with her, retiring very early the next Morning for fear of giving any Occasion for Slander; but he renewed his Visits every Night, always believing it was his beloved Mistress who received him.

The Countess finding herself with Child, would no longer admit the nightly Visits of her Husband, and calling for her Benefactress, said,

"Madam, I have (Thanks to God and your Assistance) accomplished what I desired, and

and it is now Time to know what I can do for you in Return."

The good Woman told her ſhe might do what ſhe pleaſed, but that for her Part ſhe deſired no Reward for the Service ſhe had done her, having only in her Opinion done what ſhe ought.

The Counteſs expreſſed herſelf pleaſed with her modeſt Reply, but inſiſted upon her naming a Portion for her Daughter.

The Gentlewoman thus conſtrained with great Heſitation and much Shame, aſked a hundred Pounds.

The Counteſs ſeeing her Confuſion, and admiring the Moderation of her Demand, gave her five Hundred Pounds in Money, and Jewels to the Value of five Hundred more, and taking Leave of the Mother and Daughter returned to her Inn.

The good Woman, who was enriched greatly beyond her Expectations, ſent Word to the Count to forbear his Viſits, and retired with her Daughter into the Country to ſome of her Relations.

*Bertrand* being informed that his Wife had left *Rouſſillon*, yielded to the Deſires of his People, and went thither, which the Counteſs hearing, was extremely pleaſed, and reſolved to ſtay at *Florance* till ſhe was brought to Bed.

When the Time was expired ſhe was delivered of two Sons, both very like their Father, and as ſoon as ſhe was able to bear the Fatigue of Travelling ſhe left *Florence*, and  
came

came without being known by any one to *Montpellier* ; there she rested two or three Days, and then with her Children took the Road to *Rouffillon*.

On her Arrival she enquired after the Health of her Lord, and hearing that he was well, and was that Day giving a great Feast to some Noblemen and Ladies in his Palace, she presented herself in the Hall where they were all assembled, wearing the Habit of a Pilgrim, in which she had left *Rouffillon*, and holding her two Sons in her Arms: Then throwing herself at the Feet of her Husband with Tears streaming from her Eyes, she said.

“ My Lord, I am your unhappy Wife, who, abandoned by you, did notwithstanding apply myself diligently to the Management of your Affairs ; I have long wandered miserably about the World, and now come to demand you in the Name of God, since I have been able to accomplish those two Conditions you proposed by the Gentleman I sent to you ; look on me, my Lord, and behold in my Arms not only one Son by you but two, behold likewise your Ring, and according to your Promise receive and acknowledge me for your Wife.

The Count, who had listened attentively to her, was struck motionless with Astonishment. He knew the Ring, and observed the Children to be very like him, and wholly lost in the Perplexity into which those Accidents had thrown him, he asked her how it could be ?

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The Countess then, to the great Amazement of her Lord and all who were present, related every Circumstance that had happened to her since her Departure from *Roussillon*.

*Bertrand* being convinced of the Truth of what she said, was struck with her Perseverance and Wisdom, and gazing on the Children, which he knew by their Resemblance to him to be his own, mindful of the Promise he had made her, and moved with the Remonstrances of the Ladies and Gentlemen that were with him, and the Intreaties of his People, who all conjured him to receive and acknowledge her, his Obstinacy at last gave Way.

He raised the Countess from her Knees, embraced her tenderly, acknowledged her to be his lawful Wife, and the Children she brought with her his Sons. And then giving Orders for her being dressed according to her Rank and Fortune, passed the rest of that Day and many others following, in Feasting and rejoicing, to the great Satisfaction of all the People in *Roussillon*.

From this Time he always lived with her as his Wife, esteemed and honoured her for her Virtues, and loved her with the greatest Degree of Tenderness.



OBSERVA-







OBSERVATIONS on the Use Shakespear has made of the foregoing Novel in his Comedy of All's Well that ends Well.

*The Fable of All's Well that ends Well.*

**BERTRAM**, the young Count of *Roussillon*, having lost his Father, is left under the Guardianship of the King of *France*, who sends Orders for him to come to Court.

*Helena*, the Daughter of a famous Physician, lately deceased, being violently in Love with the Count, resolves to follow him to *Paris*.

The old Countess of *Roussillon*, Mother to *Bertram*, who is very fond of *Helena*, being informed that she was in Love with her Son, questions her about it, which after some evasive Answers, she at last confesses, and also acknowledges her Intention to go to *Paris*, to offer her Service to cure the King, who was sick of a Fistula, which by his Physicians was pronounced incurable.

The Countess permits her to go, and the King, after many Intreaties, submits to make Use of her Medicine; which effects his Cure.

*Helena* before the Trial obliges the King to promise, that if he was restored to Health by her

her Applications, he would give her her Choice of a Husband among those Persons he had a Right to dispose of.

Accordingly when the Cure is completed, she demands Count *Bertram*.

The King orders him to marry her ; he refuses on account of the meanness of her Birth ; the King insisting upon his Obedience, *Bertram* at last complies, and seemingly with great Willingness, but when the Ceremony is performed, declares to a Confidant that he hates his new Wife, and is determined never to live with her, but will go to the Wars in *Tuscany* to avoid it.

He then sends a flattering Message to *Helena*, and desires that she will take Leave of the King immediately, and give him to understand that this sudden Parting proceeds from her own earnest Inclinations to be gone.

*Helena* complies with this Injunction, and meeting her Lord, he excuses his Absence for two Days to her, gives her a Letter to carry to his Mother, and bids her hasten to *Roussillon*.

She departs, and he having thus got rid of her, steals immediately to *Florence*.

The old Countess of *Roussillon* is extremely enraged at the Contents of her Son's Letter, which informs her that he is determined never to live with his new Wife, and a Billet is delivered to *Helena* also, upon her Arrival at *Roussillon*, containing these Words. " When thou canst get the Ring upon my Finger, which never shall come off, and shew

shew me a Child begotten of thy Body that I am Father to, then call me Husband, but in such a then I write never."

*Helena* in Despair at this cruel Epistle, and desirous that her Presence might not banish her Lord from *Roussillon*, steals away at Night, leaving a Letter for her Mother-in-law, in which she informs her that she is gone a bare-foot Pilgrimage to St. *Jaques*, entreats her to recall her Son from the Wars, and declares, "that she is going to embrace Death to give him Freedom;" however, she stops at *Florence*, meets with a Widow, whose Daughter, *Diana*, the Count was in Love with, and prevailing upon these two Women, by large Sums of Money, to assist her in her Design upon her Husband, she supplies *Diana's* Place in the Assignment she had made by her Advice with the Count, and gets the Ring which he had presented her in her own Possession, giving him in Return another which she had received from the King.

A feigned Account of her Death, confirmed by the Rector of the Place where she died, being carried to *Roussillon*, the old Countess sends the News to her Son, entreating him to return, which he does immediately; and the King, being then at *Roussillon*, pardons the Count for his unkind Usage of *Helena*, whose Loss he seems greatly to regret, and the Daughter of an old Lord, named *Lafeu*, is proposed to him for a second Wife.

*Bertram* eagerly embraces the Proposal, declaring "he had been violently in Love with the

the young Lady, which was the Cause of his Contempt for *Helena*."

The Match being concluded on, *Lafeu* desires his intended Son-in-law to give him some Token to send his Daughter; upon which the Count presents him with the Ring he had received from the supposed *Diana*.

*Lafeu* immediately recollects that he had seen that Ring upon *Helena's* Finger, and the King looking at it, immediately declares that it was the same he had given her at parting.

*Bertram* assures them they were mistaken; that the Ring never was *Helena's*, but thrown to him from a Window in *Florence* by a Lady who was in Love with him.

The King, alarmed by these Falshoods, entertains a Suspicion that *Bertram* had murdered his Wife, and sends him to Prison.

In the mean Time *Helena*, finding herself with Child, rides post with the Widow and her Daughter to *Marseilles*, where she had been informed the King was.

On her Arrival she is told the King is at *Rouffillon*; and meeting with a Gentleman belonging to the Court, who was going there, she delivers a Petition to him, entreating him to present it to the King; the Gentleman promises to do so, and *Helena* and her Associates follow him to *Rouffillon*.

The Gentleman arrives with the Petition just as the Count is carried off guarded, and the King receiving it reads it aloud; it is signed *Diana Capulet*; who accuses the Count of having debauched her at *Florence* under a Promise of Marriage when his Wife died, the  
Performance

Performance of which she now claims, *Helena* being dead; and entreats the King would oblige him to do her Justice; the Count is brought again into the King's Presence, and *Diana* and her Mother appear to make good the Charge against him; which he denies, and calls his deified *Diana* a common Strumpet.

*Diana* then produces the Ring which he had given *Helena*, when she met him in her stead; and claims the other which the Count had declared was thrown to him from a Window, and says that she gave it him in Bed; the Count then acknowledges the Ring was her's; the King, who knew it was the same he had given to *Helena*, asks her if it was her's; she provokes him by her evasive and contradictory Answers, and he orders her to be carried to Prison.

*Diana* desires her Mother to get Bail for her, and immediately *Helena* appears, and tells her Lord she had accomplished both the Conditions he had imposed on her; gives him back his Ring, and declares she is with Child; upon which *Bertram* promises to love her for the future dearly; and the King takes upon himself the Care of providing *Diana* with a Husband, and paying her Portion.

*Shakespear*, in his Comedy of *All's Well that Ends Well*, has followed pretty exactly the Thread of the Story in the foregoing Novel.

He has made Use of all the Incidents he found there, and added some of his own, which possibly may not be thought any Proofs either

either of his Invention or Judgment, ſince, at the ſame Time that they grow out of thoſe he found formed to his Hand, yet they grow like Excreſcences, and are equally uſeleſs and diſagreeable.

The ſuppoſed Death of *Gilletta*, as ſhe is called in the Novel, or *Helena*, as ſhe is named in the Play, is wholly an Invention of *Shakeſpear*; yet it produces nothing but a few Ambiguities in the Dialogue, which are far from entertaining, and a baſe Suſpicion of the Count's having murdered her, which he bears with a Tameneſs unbecoming the Character of a brave Soldier and a haughty Nobleman.

The Cataſtrophe of the Story, though the ſame in the Play as the Novel, yet is very differently conducted in each: There is more Probability in the Incidents which lead to it in the Novel, and more Contrivance in thoſe of the Play.

The Reconciliation between the Count and his Lady is very natural and affecting in *Boccace*; in *Shakeſpear* it is loſt amidſt a Croud of perplexing and, in my Opinion, uninteresting Circumſtances.

The Character of the Heroine is more exalted in the Original than the Copy.

In *Boccace* we ſee her, after her Marriage and the cruel Flight of her Husband, taking the Government of the Province in her own Hands, and behaving with ſo much Wiſdom, Prudence and Magnanimity, as acquired her the Love and Eſteem of the People, who all murmured

murmured against the Injustice of their Lord in not being sensible to so much Merit ; nor does she endeavour to procure his Affection by a Stratagem, till she has given Proofs that she deserved it.

*Shakespear* shews her oppressed with Despair at the Absence of the Count, incapable of either Advice or Consolation ; giving unnecessary Pain to the good Countess her Mother-in-law (a Character entirely of his own Invention) by alarming her with a pretended Design of killing herself, and by some Means or other, which we are not acquainted with, gets the Rector of the Place, to whom she had vowed a Pilgrimage, (which by the Way she does not perform) to confirm the Report of her Death.

After having accomplished her Design of bedding with her Husband and procuring the Ring, she rides Post to *Marseilles* with the Widow and her Daughter, on Purpose to expose her beloved Husband to the King's Repentment, and the Contempt of all the Courtiers who were present ; by making *Diana* complain to the King of the Count's having debauched her under a Promise of Marriage when his Wife was dead.

After she has thus exposed the Frailties of her Husband, she has the Cruelty to suffer him to be accused of having murdered her, and in Consequence of that Accusation, seized and imprisoned by the King's Order.

The

The Discovery of her Plot is attended with none of those affecting Circumstances we find in the Original.

After having made him endure so much Shame and Affliction, she haughtily demands his Affection as a Prize she had lawfully won.

In *Boccace* she kneels, she weeps, she persuades; and if she demands, she demands with Humility.

In *Shakespeare* she is cruel, artful, and insolent, and ready to make Use of the King's Authority to force her Husband to do her Justice.

The Character of *Helena* being thus managed in the Play, *Shakespeare* has with Art, made the old Countess (who is an amiable Character) bear Witness to the Virtues of *Helena*; for otherwise we should not have discovered them; we must therefore take her Word for it, that her Daughter-in-law is wise, gentle, prudent and virtuous; for, except her extreme Cunning, she has nothing striking in her Character; and, except her Perseverance, nothing amiable.

It is indeed surprizing, that *Shakespeare*, as he has followed so exactly the Copy of *Boccace*, should deviate from him so much in the Character of the two principal Persons in his Play, whom, at the same Time, he intends as well as the Novelist to make happy.

The Count suffers rather more in his Hands than the Lady; in the Novel his greatest Fault is flying from a Woman he had married, and taking



taking a Resolution never to live with her, but upon Conditions he himself was determined to render impossible.

Yet this Behaviour admits of much Ex-tenuation: The Woman he had married was forced upon him by the absolute Authority of the King; her Birth was greatly inferior to his; her Person had not attracted his Attention; he had no Inducement to love her; on the contrary, he had great Reason to be offended with her for forcing herself, ungenerously as he thought, upon him.

Her Behaviour indeed after his leaving her merited his Affection; but he was then in love with another Woman, and incapable of listening to the Dictates of his Reason; and when he does yield to acknowledge her for his Wife, he yields to the Force of Conviction; he loves her because he is persuaded she merits it, and accordingly that Love is pure and lasting.

In *Shakespeare*, when the King offers her to him for a Wife, he refuses her with great Coarseness and many contemptuous Expressions; yet upon the King's exerting his Authority, meanly submits, and contradicts his former avowed Sentiments.

After his Marriage, he declares his continued Hatred for her to his Friends, yet condescends to dissemble unworthily with her to get rid of her.

In *Florence* he attempts to corrupt a young Woman of good Family and Reputation, and succeeding as he imagined, openly boasts of it.

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K

Upon

Upon the News of his Wife's Death, of which he thinks himself the Cause, he expresses great Joy; and without taking Leave of the young Woman he supposes he has debauched, hastens back to *Rouffillon*. There a Marriage being proposed to him with the Daughter of an old Courtier, he accepts it immediately; declaring his Passion for that young Lady, which he durst never reveal, was the Cause of his Hatred to *Helena*. A very improbable Tale; because his Quality set him above a Refusal from any Lady; and he is represented to be passionately in Love at *Florence*.

But to go on; when *Diana*, his *Florentine* Flame, presents, by the Contrivance of his Wife, a Petition to the King, informing him, that the Count had debauched her by a Promise of Marriage, and then cruelly stole away from her, the Count denies the Charge, and is base enough to defame the Woman he had ruined, calling her a common Creature and infamous Prostitute; and, in the Course of his Examination, invents several ridiculous Lies.

Upon the Appearance of his Wife, he acknowledges all; meanly begs Pardon of both; and promises to love his Wife for the future dearly.

It is not easy to conceive a Reason why *Shakespear* has thus mangled the Characters of *Bœcace*; when, except in a few trifling Circumstances, he has so faithfully followed the Story.

It

It was not necessary to make *Helena* less amiable, or the Count more wicked in the Play than the Novel, since the Intrigue in both is exactly the same; and certainly he has violated all the Rules of poetical Justice in conducting, by a Variety of Incidents, the two principal Persons of the Play to Happiness; when they both (though with some Inequality) merited nothing but Punishment.







*The Thirty-sixth Novel of Bandello.  
Volume the Second.*



**W**HEN the Imperial City of Rome was taken and sacked by the united Arms of Spain and Germany, a rich Merchant of *Esi*, named *Ambrògio*, was taken Prisoner among the rest of the Inhabitants, This Merchant, by a Wife who was lately dead, had two Children, a Boy and a Girl, both, beyond all Imagination beautiful, and so like each other, that when they were both dressed in Boy's or Girl's Cloaths, it was difficult to know the one from the other; so that the Father himself, who for his Diversion often tried the Experiment, was extremely puzzled to distinguish them.

*Ambrogio*, who loved them with great Affection, spared no Expence in their Education, but caused them to be taught every Thing that was fit for their Birth and Fortune.

K 3

At

At the Time that *Rome* was ſacked, they were about fifteen Years of Age.

*Paolo*, ſo was the Boy called, was taken Priſoner by a certain *German*, who for his great perſonal Valour was held in high Eſteem by his Nation.

This Man having taken ſeveral other Priſoners of conſiderable Rank, drew large Sums for their Ranſom; his Share of the Plunder had alſo been very great, having got a large Quantity of Gold and Silver Plate, many rich Jewels and Cloaths; ſo that being very well ſatisfied with his Gain he left *Rome*, and went to *Naples*, taking with him his little Captive *Paolo*, whom he loved and treated like his own Son.

The twin Siſter of *Paolo*, who was called *Nicuola*, fell into the Hands of two *Spaniſh* Soldiers, and Fortune was ſo favourable to her, that upon her telling them ſhe was Daughter to a very rich Man, they treated her with great Reſpect, in Expectation of receiving a conſiderable Sum for her Ranſom.

*Ambrogio*, through the Favour of ſome *Neapolitan* Friends who were in the *Spaniſh* Troops, avoided Captivity, and had alſo an Opportunity given him of concealing the greateſt Part of his Treafure in a ſubterraneous Vault, but what remained in his Houſe was pillaged.

This Loſs he bore with great Indifference, Grief for his Children's Captivity, and his Endeavours to find them, taking up all his Thoughts.

After

After a diligent Search he at length found *Nicuola*, whom he redeemed for five Hundred Ducats, but all the Methods he could use to discover where *Paolo*, was proving ineffectual, he began to fear he was killed.

This Apprehension filled him with excessive Affliction, and no longer able to stay in *Rome*, which continually renewed in his Mind the Remembrance of his lost Son, he returned to *Esi*, the Place of his Birth, and satisfied with the Riches he possessed, quitted Merchandizing entirely.

In this City there dwelt a rich Merchant, named *Gerard Lanzetti*, whose Wife being lately dead, and he through his Intimacy with *Ambrogio*, having frequent Opportunities of seeing the charming *Nicuola*, fell violently in Love with her; his own advanced Age, and the extream Youth of *Nicuola*, did not prevent him from demanding her in Marriage of her Father, assuring him at the same Time that he would take her without any Portion.

*Ambrogio* had too much Understanding, not to be sensible that so unequal a Match could be productive of no good Consequences; yet to avoid offending the old Lover, he would not give him an absolute Denial, but put him off, by saying he had still Hopes of recovering his Son, and could not think of parting with *Nicuola* till he heard some News of her Brother.

In the mean Time the Fame of *Nicuola's* extraordinary Beauty spread through the whole

City of *Eſſi*, her Charms was the Subject of general Converſation. When ſhe went abroad the People gathered in Crouds to gaze on her, and the nobleſt Youths in the City were continually paſſing before her Windows, in Hopes of gaining a momentary Sight of her.

But he who was moſt affiduous in watching for Opportunities to ſee her, was a young Gentleman, named *Lattantio Puccini*, lately come to the Poſſeſſion of an immense Fortune, by the Death of his Father and Mother.

The diligent Attendance of this Youth before her Windows, at laſt attracted the Obſervation of *Nicuola*, who being charmed with the Gracefulneſs of his Perſon, and flattered by his conſtant Affiduities, ſhewed herſelf frequently at her Window, and with bewitching Smiles and encouraging Glances, endeavoured to aſſure him that ſhe was pleaſed with his Paſſion, which *Lattantio* perceiving, thought himſelf the happieſt Lover in the World.

*Nicuola*, who found an irrefiſtible Sweetneſs in thoſe new Deſires that had taken Poſſeſſion of her young Boſom, opened her whole Soul to the inſinuating Paſſion, which grew at laſt to ſuch a Height, that Life was inſupportable to her unleſs ſhe ſaw him every Day.

*Lattantio*, no longer able to content himſelf with beholding his beautiful Miſtreſs at a Diſtance only, was endeavouring to procure the Means of ſpeaking to her in private, when ſome urgent Affairs calling *Ambrogio* to *Rome*, where he propoſed to ſtay ſeveral Months, he  
was



was unwilling to leave *Nicuola* to the Care of Servants, and therefore took her to *Fabriano*, and left her with a Brother of his who had a Wife and Family.

*Nicuola's* Departure from *Esi* was so sudden and unexpected, that she had no Time to inform her Lover of it, so that he hearing her Father was gone to *Rome*, supposed he had taken her with him, and remained for some Time extremely disconsolate.

Absence however producing its usual Effects, so weakened the Idea of *Nicuola* in his Mind, that an accidental Sight of the fair *Catella*, Daughter to *Gerard Lanzetti*, entirely erased the Remembrance of *Nicuola*, and he resigned himself wholly up to the Influence of this new Charmer.

*Nicuola* on the contrary grieved beyond Measure, at not having been able to inform her Lover of the Place to which she was hurried, passed her Time in Sighs, Tears, and Complaints.

The rigid Austerity of her Uncle, who kept her always in his Sight, made it impossible for her to send a Letter or Message to *Lattantio*; so that this Restraint adding a fretful Impatience to her Grief, she thought every Hour of Absence a thousand Years, and wearied out by continual Anxiety and restless Wishes, she fell into a deep and settled Melancholly, which not all the tender Consolations of her Cousins, who thought it was occasioned by the Absence of her Father, could remove.

In this Manner ſhe languiſhed ſeveral Months, at the End of which her Father left *Rome*, and paſſing by *Fabriano* called for his Daughter, and returned to *Eſi*.

*Nicuola* left *Fabriano* with as much Joy as a Soul long tortured in *Purgatory* feels at quitting it for *Paradiſe*, feeding her Imagination with the Tranſports her Return would give her raviſhed Lover, and enjoying by Anticipation the exquisite Pleaſure of an Interview after ſo tedious an Abſence.

But on her Arrival at *Eſi*, theſe pleaſing Expectations were all changed to the moſt racking Jealouſy. Report informed her that *Lattantio* was fallen in Love with *Catella*, and this cruel News was confirmed by his ſhocking Indifference towards herſelf, for he took no more Notice of her than if he had never ſeen her before.

*Nicuola* now abandoned herſelf entirely to Deſpair, the Infidelity of *Lattantio* was ten Times more inſupportable than his Abſence had been, and ſo low was the unhappy Beauty reduced; as to endeavour by repeated Letters and Meſſages to recall herſelf to his Remembrance, but thoſe proving all ineffectual, ſhe reſolved to die, unleſs by ſome Means yet untried, ſhe could recover the Heart of her ungrateful *Lattantio*.

While *Nicuola* was thus conſuming with an almoſt hopeleſs Paſſion, *Ambrogio* found it neceſſary to take another Journey to *Rome*, and as his Daughter was unwilling to go a ſecond Time to her Uncle's at *Fabriano*, he

placed her till his Return in a Monastery, where one of her Couſins, named *Siſter Camilla Biſſa*, was profelled.

This Convent was formely in great Reputation for Sanctity, but *Nicuola* had been there but a ſhort Time before the diſorderly Behaviour of the Nuns gave her great Diſguſt. Their Converſation, inſtead of turning upon the holy Lives of the Fathers, their Piety, their Abſtinenſe, and good Works, were intemperate, looſe, and profane : Love was the Buſineſs of their Lives ; they were not aſhamed to diſcover their Intrigues to each other, but would even boaſt of their ſcandalous Appointments. Inſtead of Fasting and Prayer, they indulged themſelves in the moſt delicate Repaſts and ſlothful Eaſe. Inſtead of wearing Shifts made of Hare-ſkin next their Bodies, they wore Linen of the higheſt Prices, adorning themſelves with the richeſt Silks and moſt expenſive Ornaments, heightening their native Beauty with all the Embelliſhments of Art, and not ſcrupling even to make Uſe of Paints, Waſhes, and Eſſences, to ſupply the Defects of Nature.

Thus adorned, and practiſing all the alluring Artifices of looſe Curtezans, they waſted whole Days in Diſcourſes with the young Rakes of the City, who ſpent the greateſt Part of their Time at the Grate of their Convent.

*Nicuola*, extremely ſcandalized at the indecent Behaviour of the Nuns, often regretted her being placed in their Monastery, and finding no Alleviation of her Grievs amongſt ſuch

such disagreeable Companions, she gave herself up to her secret Discontent.

It happened one Day when Sister *Camilla* was with her, that some body told that Nun, *Lattantio*, who often came there on account of Linens and fine Works which he employed those Nuns to make, wanted her at the Grate.

*Camilla* went immediately, without taking Notice of *Nicuola's* Disorder, who no sooner heard the Sound of that Name than her fair Face and Bosom was all overspread with a glowing Red, which in a Moment changed to an ashy Paleness, and though her trembling Limbs were scarce able to support her, yet impelled by an eager Desire to see again that much loved Face, and hear the dear Sound of his Voice, she crept to a little Place, where unseen herself, she might both hear and see her faithless Lover.

This Practice she continued as often as she had any Opportunity, and one Time when she was thus employed, she heard *Lattantio* complain to *Camilla* of his ill Fortune in losing a Page, who had served him three Years with the utmost Exactness and Fidelity. The Youth he told her was just then dead of a Fever in his House, which gave him great Concern, because he despaired of ever getting another as faithful and affectionate as he had been.

When he was gone, *Nicuola* reflecting upon this Incident, it came into her Head to disguise herself like a Boy, and serve her Lover in

in the quality of a Page, but not knowing how to procure a Habit necessary for her Design, she remained for some Time in more Discontent than ever.

At length she took a Resolution to acquaint her Nurse with this new Scheme which Love had inspired, and if possible engage her Assistance in executing it.

*Phillippa*, for that was the Name of her Nurse, loved *Nicuola* with as much Tenderness as if she had been her own Child, and being desired by *Ambrogio* when he left *Est*, to see his Daughter very often, and to take her when she had an Inclination to her own House; she never failed to visit her at the Convent every Day, and the Nuns, with whom *Ambrogio* had left Directions for that Purpose, permitted *Nicuola* to go out with her whenever she desired it.

To this good Woman *Nicuola* had entrusted the Secret of her Passion for *Lattantio*, and flattering herself that her Tenderness for her would make it easy to engage her Assistance in a Scheme that her whole Soul was now bent upon accomplishing, she sent for her one Day, and disclosing her Design, earnestly conjured her to afford her the Means of executing it.

*Phillippa*, after having for a long Time in vain endeavoured to dissuade her from an Attempt so dangerous to her Reputation, at last consented to her Desire, and taking her to her own House, furnished her with a Suit of  
Cloaths,

Cloaths, which had belonged to her own Son, a Boy about *Nicuola's* Age, who died a few Months before, and thus equipt ſhe went to the Street where her Lover lived.

Chance aſſiſting her Deſign, brought *Lattantio* to the Door of his Houſe, juſt as *Nicuola* entered the Street, which ſhe obſerving, aſſumed the Air and Manner of a poor Stranger juſt arrived, gazing at every Thing ſhe ſaw, and wandering backwards and forwards, as if at a Loſs what Place to go to.

*Lattantio* ſtruck with the Appearance of ſo genteel and pretty a Youth, ſtood ſtill for ſome Moments obſerving him, and ſuppoſing the poor Boy might poſſibly want a Service, he made a Sign to him as he paſſed by to approach.

*Nicuola* accordingly came forward, and *Lattantio* being ſtill more pleaſed with him on a nearer View, aſked him his Name, and whether he was born in *Eſſi*.

“My Lord, replied *Nicuola*, my Name is *Romulo*, I was born in *Rome*, and loſt my Father when the City was taken, my Mother died many Years before; I attended a Nobleman as his Page, who was mortally wounded when the City was ſacked, and becauſe I wept and lamented his Miſfortune; two *Spaniſh* Soldiers beat me cruelly, and left me in a miſerable Condition.”

“If thou art willing to ſerve me, ſaid *Lattantio*, I will take thee to be my Page, and treat thee in ſuch a Manner that thou ſhalt have no Cauſe to complain of thy Condition.”

“My

“ My Lord, replied *Romulo*, I accept your Offer with great Willingness, and desire no other Recompence for my Services than what you shall judge they deserve.

*Romulo* accordingly entered that Day into his new Employment, in which he acquitted himself with so much Diligence and Politeness, that in a few Days he entirely gained the Favour of his Master, who no longer regretted the Loss of his former Page, but thought himself the happiest Man in the World, in the Attendance of so genteel and so faithful a Servant.

*Romulo* was now clad in an elegant Livery, and finding his Services agreeable to his Master, and blest with his Sight and Conversation every Day, he would not have changed his Condition for a Place in Paradise.

It has been said before, that *Lattantio* was enamoured of *Catella*, the Daughter of *Gerard Lanzetti*, *Nievola's* old Lover.

This young Lady observing *Lattantio* passing every Day before her Windows, and by his Looks and Actions endeavouring to shew the Violence of his Passion for her, always looked upon him with great Complacency, though her Heart was as yet wholly insensible of the soft Power of Love, so that *Lattantio* endeavoured in vain by repeated Letters and Messages to prevail upon her to take some Resolution in his Favour.

The artful Fair-one, though she was not disposed to return his Love, yet being pleased with

with his Affiduities, would not entirely deprive him of Hope, but while ſhe carefully avoided coming to any Explanation with him, by her encouraging Looks and Smiles ſhe kept his Hopes alive, and encreaſed his Deſire.

The extream Avarice of her Father, notwithstanding his great Riches, was the Cauſe that *Catella* had all the Opportunities ſhe could wiſh to indulge her coquet Diſpoſition, for *Gerard* kept only three Domestics in his Houſe.

One of theſe was an old Woman, who hardly ever ſtirred from the Fire-ſide, another a Lackey, who always went abroad with him; the third a young Maid-ſervant, who being bribed by *Lattantio*, left the young Lady the Liberty of ſhowing herſelf at the Window as much as ſhe pleaſed, and every Day brought her a Letter or Meſſage from *Lattantio*.

The unhappy Lover finding all his Sollicitations hitherto fruitleſs, conceived a Deſign of ſending *Romulo* to intercede for him, hoping from a Form and Youth, ſo engaging, and an Addreſs ſo inſinuating, to induce her to make ſome Return to his ardent Paſſion.

Accordingly giving his Page the neceſſary Inſtructions, he ordered him immediately to go to the Houſe of *Catella*.

Poor *Romulo* received this Commiſſion with a breaking Heart, and haſtily quitting his Maſter's Preſence, ran to his good old Nurſe to acquaint her with this new Miſfortune.

Oh,



Oh! Mother, cried he, throwing himself on her Neck all drowned in Tears, I am reduced to the last Distress, Fortune not contented with the Misery I endure in being Witness to the continual Sighs of my perjured *Lattantio* for *Catella*, has ordered it so, that I, tortured as I am with Love and Jealousy, must solicit this happy Rival to yield to the Addresses of my Lover; was there ever, my dear Mother, a Destiny so cruel as mine? If this hated Embassy should be curst with Success, if I should indeed be so wretched to gain my Rival for *Lattantio*, there will be no other Remedy for my Woes but Death, for it is impossible I should endure Life and behold my *Lattantio* in the Arms of another.

Advise me, assist me, my dear Mother, in this deplorable Extremity. Alas! I hoped by my Fidelity and Services, to have made myself so dear to *Lattantio*, that when I discovered myself to him, the Greatness of my Love would induce him to take Compassion on me, and restore me to the Possession of that Heart that was mine before it was *Catella's*, but how have I deceived myself! he thinks, he talks of nothing else but *Catella*; perjured Man, she only is the Object of his Wishes, and I am utterly abandoned. Unhappy me, what shall I do when my Father comes home, if he should discover what I have done, will he not kill me with his own Hands? certainly he will, for what can I say in Excuse for myself? Help me! oh help me! my dear Mother, tell me what I shall do to avoid the Misery with which I am threatened?

*Philippa*

*Phillippa* was ſo moved with the Tears and Complaints of this her dear foſter Child, that for ſome Time ſhe could do nothing but weep. Recovering herſelf at laſt, you aſk my Advice, my dear Daughter, ſaid ſhe, alas ! how often have I given it you in vain, when in diſcourſing to me of your unhappy Love, I foreſaw, and would have prevented the fatal Conſequence of it ?

Now then I beſeech you pay more regard to my Council ; reſume your own Drefs, and either remain with me or go back to the Monaftery, and I will take care your Adventure ſhall never be known to your Father ; 'tis poſſible he may return ſoon to *Eſi*, and I would not for all the Wealth in the World he ſhould diſcover you in this Drefs, the Conſequence would be fatal to both you and me.

Quit then this dangerous Scheme, my dear *Nicuola*, you ſee *Lattantio* is every Day more enamoured of *Catella*, and you labour in vain to recal his Affection. Why will you hazard your Life and Honour in ſo hopeleſs an Enterprize ? All the Reward you can expect for this unworthy Servitude is eternal Infamy both to yourſelf and Family. Nor is this all ; your Father may perhaps ſacrifice your Life to the Honour of your Houſe, which he will think you have diſgraced ; how mean, how unworthy is it for one of your Sex, your Birth and Education, to perſiſt in loving one who deſpiſes you ? to follow one who flies from you ? Ah, when I was of your Age I was never guilty of ſuch Weakneſs, I

was

was pursued, I did not pursue, I scorned others, but was not scorned myself: Collect your scattered Reason, my dear Daughter, quit all Thoughts of this ungrateful Man, and place them on one more worthy your Affection.

There are many noble Youths in this City who would esteem it a Happiness to gain you for a Wife ; but if your Adventure should be discovered, depend upon it, you would find it very difficult to get a Husband ; how are you sure *Lattantio* has not already discovered you, and in Contempt of your Weakness means to take some Opportunity of making you subservient to his looser Pleasures ? Oh ! my *Nicuala*, beware in Time, stay here with me, and shun all the Dangers which threaten your Innocence, your Reputation and your Life."

*Nicuala* listened attentively to her Nurse's Discourse ; and when she had ended it, stood for some Moments fixed in Thought, then sighing deeply " My dear Mother, said she, I acknowledge that your Advice is just and reasonable ; but, alas ! I am incapable of following it ; since I have done so much, I will see the End happen what will.

I will go to *Catella*, and perform my Commission, and see whether I am able to prevail with her : *Lattantio* has yet had only general Answers from her ; perhaps she may refuse him : God, who knows my Heart, knows that I only desire to possess *Lattantio* with Honour : Providence, perhaps, will at length favour my blameless Passion : In the mean time, I will call here every Day, and acquaint you

you with every thing that happens to me ; and if my Father ſhould come home ſuddenly, we muſt provide in the beſt Manner we can for the Honour of our Houſe ; it is, perhaps, as great a Degree of Folly to anticipate Evil by Apprehenſions, as to indulge one's Self in a blind Security."

*Romulo* then embracing the good old Woman, who, ſilently grieved at the Obſtinacy ſhe could not cure, went away, and arrived at *Catella's* Houſe juſt as her Father, attended by his Lackey, went out.

*Catella's* Maid being at the Door, he informed her that he was ſent by *Lattantio* with a Meſſage to her Lady, and deſired her to procure him Admittance to her.

The Girl, ſhewing him into a ground Parlour, ran up ſtairs to her Miſtreſs, and, out of Breath with Joy, cried, " Oh ! Madam ! *Lattantio* has ſent his beautiful Page, whom you have ſo often admired, to ſpeak to you."

Where is he ? interrupted *Catella* impatiently ; and being told by the Maid that ſhe had ventured to bring him into the Houſe, and that he was waiting for her in the Parlour ; *Catella* with eager Haſte flew to him, and entering the Room, was ſo aſtoniſhed with a nearer View of that miraculous Beauty which had charmed her at a Diſtance, that for ſome Moments ſhe doubted if ſhe was not in the Preſence of an Angel.

*Romulo*, making her a low Reverence, delivered the Meſſage his Maſter had ſent.

*Catella*

*Catella* heard him with an inconceivable Delight, not becauſe the Purport of his Words pleaſed her, but the Sound of that enchanting Voice conveyed an unuſual Transport to her Heart; loſt in ſilent Admiration, ſhe ſtood contemplating the lovely Form before her, while her ſoft Boſom heaved with, till then, unknown Deſires; then breathing an ardent Sigh, and darting a Glance at him, which better than the moſt expreſſive Words explained the tender Paſſion which had taken a full and abſolute Poſſeſſion of her Soul: “Why, Oh lovely and too dangerous Youth, ſaid ſhe, why do you hazard thus your Life by coming to me on ſuch a Buſineſs? Alas! if my Father ſhould return and find you here, the Conſequence would be fatal both to you and me.”

*Romulo*, who had well obſerved her paſſionate Looks, the Changes of her Colour, and the interrupting Sighs that made her Words almoſt unintelligible, was perſuaded ſhe had entertained a Paſſion for him, and pleaſed beyond Meaſure at this happy Accident, he aſſumed more Earneſtneſs in his Looks and Voice.

“It is fit, Madam, ſaid he, that a Servant ſhould in all Things obey the Will of his Maſter; and dangerous as this Embaſſy is, yet I undertook it willingly at his Command, who has a Right to all my Obedience; ſend me not away then I conjure you, Madam, without a favourable Answer; but have  
Compaſſion

Compaſſion on my Maſter, who loves you with the moſt ardent Paſſion imaginable.”

*Catella* ſuffered him a long Time to ſolicit her in this Manner, without making him any Answer; when at laſt, ſeeing him about to leave her, and vanquiſhed by the irrefiſtible Force of her Paſſion: “ Oh! Heavens! cried ſhe, in a languiſhing Voice, what you deſire of me, charming Youth, I cannot grant; you yourſelf make it impoſſible: Alas! by what Enchantment have you thus robbed me of myſelf?”

You divert yourſelf, Madam, at my Expence, replied *Romulo*; I am no Enchanter, and have practiſed no Arts upon you; all I want is to prevail upon you to let me carry my Maſter ſome agreeable News, who cannot live if you continue thus inexorable; ſpeak, Madam, will you allow me to give him Hopes that you will relent?”

*Catella* continuing ſilent, *Romulo*, bowing with a diſcontented Air, moved towards the Door; when ſhe, roused by that Action, and no longer able to reſtrain herſelf, haſtily ſnatched his Hand, and liſting up her fine Eyes to Heaven, “ Oh! cried ſhe, in a faltering Voice, to what am I reduced!” then fixing them with a paſſionate Look on his Face, “ No Man in the World but you, ſaid ſhe, could have made me thus forget what I owe to myſelf; I love you, charming Youth; I cannot live unleſs you return my Paſſion; leave a Servitude ſo unworthy of you, and be the Lord of me and all I have: I aſk not to know your Birth or Fortune; mine can ſupply the Diſadvantages of both; all I require of you is  
to

to quit the Service of *Lattantio*, whom I can never love, and from this Moment will never give a favourable Glance to, and devote yourself entirely to me."

*Romulo*, finding the Business would go on as he wished, after some further Discourse with *Catella*, promised her to be wholly guided by her Will; assuring her he would always most gratefully acknowledge the Honour and Happiness to which she raised him; but at the same Time earnestly entreated her to act with all imaginable Caution in the Affair between them, to prevent its coming to the Knowledge of *Lattantio*, who, if he discovers my good Fortune, added he, will not fail to sacrifice me to his Revenge.

*Catella* promising to follow his Advice implicitly, *Romulo* kissed her Hand with a respectful Tenderness, assuring her he would see her very soon again, and then went home, where he found his Master waiting for him with an anxious Impatience.

*Romulo* then told him, "that he was obliged to wait a long Time before he could procure Admittance to *Catella*, whom he found highly incensed against him, as well on Account of the severe chiding she had just then suffered from her Father for encouraging his Love, as because she had been informed that he had formerly loved a young Lady of that City very passionately: I used my utmost Endeavours, added *Romulo*, to remove this Suspicion from her Mind, but all in vain; and she dismissed

diſmiſſed me with an Assurance that ſhe would never ſee you more.”

*Lattantio* was extremely afflicted at this ſad News ; he made his Page repeat ſeveral times all the Arguments he had uſed to *Catella* in his Favour, and afterwards entreated him to take another Opportunity of ſpeaking to her on the ſame Subject.

*Romulo* promiſed to do all that lay in his Power for him : The next Day the diſcontented *Lattantio* paſſing through the Street where his Miſtreſs lived, in hopes of ſeeing her, *Catella*, who was at her Window, no ſooner eſpied him ſtanding oppoſite to it, than darting a dreadful Frown at him, ſhe haſtily withdrew, leaving him overwhelmed with Grief at this Confirmation of his Miſfortune.

The unhappy Lover returned to his Houſe, and ſhutting himſelf up in his Chamber with *Romulo*, began to lament his unfortunate Deſtiny ; and being greatly mortified at the contemptuous Treatment he received from *Catella*, he broke into Invectives and Reproaches againſt her.

*Romulo* ſeeing his Maſter moved as he deſired, began to reaſon on the fantaſtic Effects of Love, and purſuing his Diſcourſe, “ How often does it happen, ſaid he, that a Man becomes violently enamoured with a Lady who repays his Paſſion with Indifference and Diſdain ; and, while he conſumes away in hopeleſs Wiſhes for her, ſome unhappy Fair-one languiſhes in Secret for him.”

Your



“Your Observation is very just, returned *Lattantio*, and the same Thing has happened to myself: Some Months ago I was beloved by one of the most beautiful Virgins in this City, who was lately come from *Rome*; I perceived her Passion, and I returned it with the most ardent Affection; but she left the City, and I could not discover to what Place she was gone.

“In the mean time I happened to see this haughty Beauty, whose Charms took so absolute Possession of my Heart, that all Remembrance of the other was totally erased.

“The Fair-one I had abandoned returned to *Esi*, and by Letters expostulated with me on my Infidelity, and tenderly endeavoured to recal my Affection; but I was so wholly engrossed by my Passion for the ungrateful *Catella*, that I never took any Notice of her repeated Complaints.”

“Ah! my Lord, replied *Romulo*, Love has well revenged your Injuries to Love; *Catella* by her Disdain of you repays without designing it your Infidelity to one who gave you her Heart without Reserve; and it is possible the unhappy Maid you have abandoned wastes her Days in fruitless Wishes, and loves you still though hopeless of ever being beloved again.”

“I know not that, said *Lattantio*, but it is certain I did once love her with a most ardent Affection, for she was beautiful as an Angel; and *Catella*, (ah! how Cruelty has altered her) *Catella* compared to her is all Deformity; to say the Truth, added *Lattantio*, looking fixed-

ly on *Romulo*, thy Face has ſo ſtrong a Reſemblance of the charming *Nicuola's*, that if thou wert dressed like a Woman I ſhould ſwear thou wert ſhe herſelf ; thy Age and her's I believe are little different ; but I think ſhe is ſomething taller than thee : But why do I thus triſte ? Let us ſpeak again of that fair Devil, whom in ſpite of myſelf I cannot baniſh from my Thoughts : Tell me, *Romulo*, haſt thou Courage enough to ſolicit her once more on my Account ?”

“ I will do all I can for you, replied *Romulo* ; and though I was ſure of periſhing in the Attempt, I would return to her again and plead for you.”

But here we muſt quit for a while the unfaithful Lover and his diſguiſed Miſtreſs, to relate what happened to *Paolo* the loſt Brother of *Nicuola*.

His Maſter, the *German*, having turned all the rich Moveables he had got at the ſacking of *Rome* into Money, prepared to leave *Naples*, and return to his own Country ; when he was ſuddenly ſeized with a violent Fever, of which he died in a few Days ; having by his Will left *Paolo* Heir of all his Wealth.

The fortunate *Paolo*, now free, and in Poſſeſſion of a large Fortune, having cauſed his Patron to be honourably interred, took Poſt for *Rome* ; and there enquiring for his Father, was told, he was gone to *Eſſi*, whither he alſo went.

But inſtead of going directly to his Father's Houſe, he alighted at an Inn, and leaving his  
Baggage

Baggage to the Care of his Servants and his Host, he went out alone, and took his Way to the Street where his Father lived; happening to pass by the House of *Gerardo Lanzetti*, *Catella* being as usual at her Window, spied him, and supposing him to be *Romulo*, was greatly surprized at his walking on without taking any Notice of her.

Her Father not being at home, she ordered her Maid to run after him and tell him she desired to speak with him: The Girl did as she was directed; and overtaking *Paolo*, "Sir, said she, come back immediately; my Lady expects you."

*Paolo*, by this Request, and the Girl's familiar Manner of accosting him, supposed he was mistaken for another Person, and resolved within himself to see who this Lady was; and beginning to suspect that she was some Curtezian; "I will see the End of this Adventure, thought he, and try my Fortune; but the Lady will be deceived if she thinks to get much Money from me; I will give her but half a Crown at the most."

At the same Moment that *Paolo*, conducted by the Maid, arrived at the Door of the House, *Gerardo* appeared at the Head of the Street: The Girl seeing him, turned hastily to *Paolo*, "Oh, Sir, said she, there is my Master yonder; walk hereabout, he will not stay long, when he goes out again I will come and let you know."

*Paolo* accordingly went away, having first taken good Notice of the House that he might know it again.

The Girl, as soon as he was gone, ran in and shut the Door, without being perceived by *Gerardo*, who, walking leisurely, as old Men do, gave her Time enough; and arriving at his House, knocked at the Door, and was let in by the Girl, highly pleased that he had not discovered her.

*Paolo*, who staid at a little Distance to observe the old Man, had a Glimpse of *Catella*, who was standing at a Window, and was charmed to a Degree of Rapture with her Beauty.

His Thoughts being now wholly engrossed by this fair Unknown, he walked pensively on to his Father's House, and seeing the Windows shut, he enquired of a Shopkeeper where *Ambrogio Nanni* lived, who told him he had not been seen in *Esi* for several Months past.

*Paolo* then returned to his Inn, languishing with an eager Desire to see again the Fair-one that had charmed him: But doubting lest there might be some Danger in the Adventure, he resolved to take one of his Servants with him when he went to see her again.

In the mean time *Ambrogio* returned, as has been related, and *Gerardo* going out of his House met him; and after he had welcomed him to *Esi*, added, "*Ambrogio*, you are come in good Time, for I am weary of Delays, and am determined to know at once whether you will give me your Daughter or no?"

You see, answered *Ambrogio*, that I am but just arrived; we shall have Leisure enough to

to talk of this Affair when I have a little recovered the Fatigue of my Journey.”

While the two old Men were talking in this Manner, *Ambrogio* on Horseback, *Gerardo* on foot, *Romulo*, who was going to *Catella*, entered the Street, and seeing her Father returned, ran away terrified almost out of her Senses, and went to her Nurse's House.

“Oh, my dear Mamma, said she, out of Breath with Fear and Hastē, my Father is come back; what shall I do?”

“I will go to him, replied *Philippa*, and in the mean Time do you put on your own Cloaths, and do not stir from hence till my Return.”

*Nicuola*, now no longer *Romulo*, having resumed her own Dress, *Philippa* went to *Ambrogio*, who had just dismounted and was entering his House.

The old Woman saluted him with a cheerful Countenance, expressing great Joy at his safe Return: *Ambrogio* having thanked her, enquired for his Daughter.

“I saw her this very Morning, said the good Nurse, and staid a great while with her in the Convent: How the dear Child will be transported to hear of your Arrival! I had her frequently at my House during your Absence, sometimes she has staid with me four or five Days together: Truly she is a fine Girl, and works admirably well with her Needle: With your leave, Sir, added she, I will go to the Convent and inform her of your Return, and carry her to my House, where she may stay a

few Days till your's is put in order to receive her."

*Ambrogio* conſenting, the old Woman took her Leave; but before ſhe went home, ſhe called at the Convent to ſettle Matters with ſiſter *Camilla*, who being a perfect Miſtreſs of Intrigue, ſhe aſſured *Philippa* that *Nicuola*'s Abſence from the Convent ſhould do her no Hurt, for ſhe would punctually follow all her Directions.

*Philippa*, very well ſatiſfied with her Succeſs, returned home, where *Nicuola* impatiently expected her; ſhe deſired her to compoſe herſelf for all was now ſafe; and then related diſtinctly all that had paſſed, and told her ſhe was at Liberty to go home the next Day to her Father, or to ſtay with her for ſome Days; *Nicuola* choſe the latter; and being now freed from her tormenting Apprehenſions of being diſcovered to her Father, ſhe gave a Loofe to her Grief on *Lattantio*'s Account; her Paſſion ſeemed to gather new Fire from the Difficulties which oppoſed it, and ſhe reſolved to accompliſh her Deſires or die.

*Philippa* combated theſe Thoughts with all the Reaſon ſhe was Miſtreſs of; drawing Arguments from her Deſpair to induce her to forget *Lattantio*: "You may be now convinced, ſaid ſhe, that *Lattantio* loves *Catella* with inexpressible Ardour, and will never think of any other Woman, and in a ſhort Time no Doubt will aſk her of her Father in Marriage."

"Ah!

“ Ah ! this is what I dread, replied *Niccola*, weeping ; Oh ! spiteful Fortune ! my Father’s sudden Return has broke all my Design ; I had conceived Hope, and with Reason too, of putting *Lattantio* into such Disgrace with *Catella* that she would sooner consent to marry a Moor than him ; but my Father’s unlucky Return has ruined me.”

“ Ruined you ! interrupted *Philippa*, say rather that his Return has preserved you from Ruin ; if it be true what you have told me concerning *Catella*’s Fondness for you, I foresee nothing but Shame and Misery can attend the Prosecution of your Designs : Had you gone back to her again, the shameless Wanton would by some Means or other have certainly discovered your Sex ; and the Consequence would be eternal Infamy to you ; since being persuaded herself you was the Strumpet of *Lattantio*, she would persuade the World to believe you so too.”

“ That she should believe me the Mistress of *Lattantio*, replied *Niccola*, is what my Wishes aimed at ; yet this could not have hurt my Character ; for though she discovered my Sex, she had no Opportunity of knowing my Name and Family, and *Lattantio* would have appeared so treacherous and ungrateful to her, that she would never again have endured him in her Sight.”

*Philippa* could not be convinced by this false Reasoning of *Niccola*’s : “ Set your Heart at Rest, my Child, said she ; for no human Arts can change the Decrees of Providence :

If it be the Will of God that *Catella* ſhould be the Wife of *Lattantio*, all your Artifices to prevent this Union will be fruitleſs: Quit this hopeleſs Enterprize then, and attend to your real Happineſs; you are young, beautiful and rich; your Brother *Paolo*, poor Youth! is certainly dead, or elſe, in all this Time, we ſhould have had ſome Accounts of him; by his Death (God reſt his Soul) if you behave well, you will inherit your Father's whole Eſtate; with this blooming Youth, this beautiful Perſon, and theſe great Riches, do you imagine you can want the Addreſſes of many noble Youths, among whom you may fix upon one more lovely than *Lattantio*?"

While *Philippa* and *Nicuola* waſted the Time in theſe Kinds of Diſcourſes, *Paolo* employed his in walking before the Windows of *Catella* in Hopes of ſeeing her again; and *Lattantio*, who ſtaid at home impatiently, expecting the Return of his Page, ſaw the Night approaching with great Surprize, not knowing to what Cauſe he ſhould attribute his long Stay.

He paſſed the whole Night in the moſt tormenting Suspence, fearing ſome Miſfortune had happened to the Youth whom he tenderly loved on Account of his Fidelity, the Sweetneſs of his Manners, and the exact Attention with which he waited on him: Nor was *Catella* free from a reſtleſs Inquietude; ſhe loved *Romulo* with extreme Ardour, and wiſhed for nothing ſo much as to be united to him for ever.

*Nicuola,*



*Nicuola*, whose ardent Passion rendered her incapable of tasting the soft Blessings of Sleep, spent the Night in sighing and talking of *Lattantio* to her Nurse, whom she would not suffer to take any more Repose than herself.

The Morning now approached, and *Lattantio* not seeing *Romulo* appear, rose in great Agitation of Mind, and went about the Town seeking him, and enquiring of every one whom he thought could give him any Intelligence of him.

While he was thus employed, a Shopkeeper who had listened to the Description he gave of the Person and Dress of his lost Page, informed him that he saw such a Youth go into the House of an old Woman, named *Philippa*, who lived near the great Church.

*Lattantio*, thanking the Man for his Information, accepted his Offer of shewing him the House; and knocking at the Door, *Philippa* opened a Window, and asked him what he wanted? "Good Woman, said *Lattantio*, with your Leave, I should be glad to speak ten Words to you." "Oh! a hundred, replied *Philippa*, who knew him, and was almost out of her Wits with Surprize and Joy; then closing the Window, she told *Nicuola* who was below, and ran down hastily to let him in.

*Lattantio* entering the House, was seated by the good Woman in a Place where *Nicuola* could hear and see all that passed; *Lattantio* then obliging *Philippa* to sit near him, thus began: "My good Woman, it may appear

strange to you that I, who have never don you any Favour or Kindness, should come to demand both of you; however, I depend so much upon your good Sense and Benevolence, for which you are in very high Esteem, that I will freely require a Favour of you, and doubt not but to be obliged by your Compliance: Without more Ceremony then, tell me, I beseech you, for what Cause a young Boy, of a most beautiful Person, drest in white, with a gold Tassel on his Cap, came and secreted himself yesterday in your House? as I am informed. You must know, my good *Philippa*, that this Boy is my Page, for whom I have a great Affection, which he deserves on Account of the Readiness and Fidelity with which he has always obeyed my Commands: I sent him abroad yesterday on some particular Business, and I have never seen him since; and being told, as I said before, that he came here, I am come to desire you will restore him to me again, or tell me at least for what Cause he has left me?"

“ My Son, replied the old Woman, I thank you for your good Opinion of me, and for having deigned to honour my poor Habitation with your Presence, an Honour, which indeed I have for some time ardently wished for, having some particular Business to discourse with you upon; and since you have been pleased to give me this Opportunity, I will make Use of it: But first as to the Question you asked me concerning your Page; I do assure you I can give you no Account of him; there

there is no Boy in my House, nor have I seen such an one as you describe any where hereabouts."

"You suspect perhaps, interrupted *Lattantio*, that I intend to chastise my Page for not returning home last Night; but upon my Honour I have no such Design; therefore do not conceal the Truth, but tell me for what Reason he staid away?"

"Upon the Faith of a Christian, said *Philippa*, neither Man or Boy was in this House yesterday; and I am sorry I cannot answer your Demand; I would do it very willingly if I was able."

*Lattantio* here breathing a deep Sigh, *Philippa* looked earnestly on him; "These ardent Sighs, said she, and this restless Anxiety on Account of your Page, might persuade any other Person that you loved him too well; but I have often heard that you loved a very beautiful young Lady, so that I cannot easily believe you to be an Enemy to Women."

"Would to Heaven, replied *Lattantio*, passionately, that I did not love, I should be the happiest Man in the World: Yes, my good *Philippa*, you have been truly informed; there is a young Lady in this City whom I love more than my own Soul:" These Words he accompanied with a profound Sigh; Tears at the same Time falling fast from his Eyes, notwithstanding all his Endeavours to restrain them.

*Philippa* seeing him so softened, thought she had now an Opportunity to speak more fully to him : “ I know well, my Son, said she, in a soothing Accent, that an unfortunate Lover is the most unhappy Being in the World; no Grief is equal to that of loving without being beloved again ; this is your Case, and my Soul melts with Compassion for you.”

“ How do you know this so certainly ? interrupted *Lattantio*,” roused to Attention by her Words.

“ Enquire not how I came to know it, replied she, it is sufficient that I do know you love and are not beloved ; and some Months ago you loved a Lady more beautiful than your present Mistress, who returned your Passion with equal Warmth ; now at this very Moment I am convinced she languishes and dies for you, ungrateful as you are, and you no longer preserve the least Remembrance of her.”

“ I know not that, answered *Lattantio*, though you may perhaps, for methinks you are perfectly well acquainted with my Affairs ; tell me then, I beseech you, by what Means you know the Lady I love at present bestows her Affection on another ?”

“ I do not think it necessary to answer that Question, replied *Philippa*, and you must pardon me if I tell you that you are justly punished by the Disdain of one Lady for your Infidelity and Ingratitude to the other ; and happy will it be for you if your Punishment stops here :”

“ Ah !

“ Ah! poor *Nicuola*, added she, raising her Voice, lovely and unfortunate Maid! what hast thou not done to recall the Affection of this unfaithful Man? but all in vain; while he, insensible of thy Charms, and unmoved by those Proofs of unalterable Affection which thou hast given him; follows the haughty *Catella* with a rejected Love, and meanly sues to one who hates and despises him.”

The Youth, lost in Amazement at hearing all these Particulars from one whom he thought had been an absolute Stranger to him, gazed on her in Silence, not knowing what to answer. While *Nicuola* stood trembling in her Concealment, her Heart beating with anxious Expectation, Fear and Hope taking Possession of her Soul by Turns. *Philippa* expecting *Latantio's* Reply, continued silent; and he recovering a little from his Surprise and Confusion, beholding her with an earnest Look thus spoke:

“ Since you are so well acquainted with my Affairs, *Philippa*, I will speak freely and at large to you.”

“ 'Tis true, I was once enamoured of *Nicuola Nanni*, and I have some Reason to think she had also an Affection for me. She left this City with her Father, and I could never discover to what Place she went, and in the mean Time I saw this fair Devil *Catella*, the Daughter of *Gerardo Lanzetti*, whom I have loved passionately ever since; for some Time she received my Addresses favourably, but within these few Days her Behaviour has been wholly

wholly changed; I sent my Page to her with a Message Yesterday, but he never returned to bring me an Answer, so I have at once lost all Hopes of gaining the Object of my Affections, and am abandoned by a Servant for whom I had a great Esteem."

"Had he returned, and informed me that she was resolved to persevere in her unjust Disdain, I would have endeavoured to conquer my Passion, and dispose myself to love one to whom my Services would be more acceptable; for indeed I am convinced it is a great Degree of Madness to follow one who flies from me, and to love a Woman who is resolved never to return my Passion."

"I am glad you are grown so reasonable, my Son, said the good Woman, but pray answer me truly to one Question: If *Nicuola*, whom you once loved, should continue still to love you in spite of your Infidelity, with a most ardent Affection, what would she deserve from you?"

"Truly *Philippa*, replied *Lattantio*, in that Case she deserves that I should love her more than myself; however it is impossible that she should continue to love me, seeing that I have injured her so basely; not only in abandoning her for a Person far less amiable than herself, but in never returning any Answer to many Letters which she sent me; so that I must appear to her the most ungrateful of Mankind."

"Notwithstanding all this, replied *Philippa*, she loves you still, loves you with an unshaken Constancy,

Constancy; and often in Confidence has she declared to me, that she not only did love you with as much Violence as ever, but would continue to do so while she lived."

"Oh! it cannot be, interrupted *Lattantio*, it is impossible, why should you endeavour to deceive me?"

"I do not deceive you, replied *Philippa*, I can give you convincing Proofs of what I say, *Nicuola* loves you more than ever; for you she forsook her Father's House, for you she forgot the Delicacy of her Sex, the Riches she was born to, and the Rank she held in Life, and submitted to do you all the Offices of a menial Servant. Nay, be not astonished, pursued she, for all this the lovely and too loving *Nicuola* did for you; tell me then, if I make it appear plainly that she has done this, what does she deserve?"

"You tell me Wonders, replied *Lattantio*, Things which surpass Belief, yet if they are true, without doubt *Nicuola* merits all my Love, which I can shew no other Way than by being hers for ever."

*Philippa* having brought him to the Point she desired, rose up hastily, and bid the trembling Maid, who had heard all that passed, dress herself immediately in her Boy's Cloaths; which being done, she led her into the Room where *Lattantio* was; her Face all covered with Blushes, and her fine Eyes bent on the Ground in a sweet Confusion.

"Behold, said *Philippa*, presenting her to *Lattantio*, behold your *Nicuola*, behold your  
*Romulo*,

*Romulo*, your so much desired Page, this is she who despised the whole World for your Sake, and with the utmost Hazard of her Life and Honour waited on you Night and Day."

*Lattantio*, lost in Astonishment at what he heard and saw, continued silent and immovable in his Chair, his Eyes fixed on the blushing Maid, who not being able to meet his Looks, hid her averted Face with one of her Hands, while *Philippa* related her whole Story.

"Is it possible! cried *Lattantio*, recovering from his Amazement, can *Nicuola* have done so much for me? Oh! I should be the most ungrateful, the most detestable of all human Beings, if I could be insensible to such matchless Tendernefs and Truth: I will not waste Time in needless Excuses for my past Faults, said he, rising, and approaching *Nicuola*; but if it be true, that you love and pardon me, from this Moment I vow to be only your's, and will make you my Wife whenever you please."

*Nicuola*, who now saw herself arrived to the Summit of all her Wishes, could hardly contain the swelling Transport; and turning her fine Eyes on *Lattantio*, big with unutterable Joy and Love, she held out her Hand to him, which he received and kissed passionately.

"My Lord, said she, receive my Faith, which I now give you, with an Assurance that your Will from henceforward shall be always mine; and that the Name and Quality of  
Wife



Wife shall not hinder me from continuing still to be the most obedient of your Servants."

*Lattantio* then taking a Diamond from his own Finger put it on her's, and in the Presence of *Philippa* solemnly contracted himself to her. That done, he desired her to change her Dress immediately and go home with *Philippa* to her Father's, whither he intended shortly to follow them and demand her of *Ambrogio* for his Wife.

In the mean Time *Paolo*, full of a restless Inquietude, left his Inn as soon as he had dined, and returned to the Street where *Catella* lived, and standing before her Windows, he anxiously waited for another View of that sprightly Fair-one, whose Charms had already taken an absolute Possession of his Heart.

*Catella*, who longed as impatiently to see again the lovely Page, no sooner spied *Paolo* standing in the Street and gazing up at the Window, than supposing him to be *Romulo*, she hastily called her Maid, "Yonder is *Romulo*, said she, waiting for Admittance; go and let him in; my Father is now abroad, I can see him with Safety."

The Girl obeyed her Orders; and *Catella* running down Stairs with eager Haste met *Paolo* as he entered, and taking him with her into a Room, "Oh *Romulo*! Oh my Love! said she, how tedious has the Time appeared since I saw you last! and Oh! how long are you in taking Resolutions! but I will not part with you now, continued she, throwing her Arms about his Neck, and reclining her Face on his Shoulder, with a languishing Sweetness,  
No,

No, my lovely Youth, I will not part with you till you have told me whether I am to live or die; for if you will not be mine, certainly Life will be insupportable to me."

Live, charming Maid, said the transported *Paolo*, pressing her to his Breast with inconceivable Ardour, live and dispose of the Destiny of your *Romulo*."

At this Moment *Gerardo*, finding his Door open, walked in softly, and hearing a strange Voice in the Parlour, he entered precipitately. At the Sight of a Man with his Daughter, he was going to give Vent to a Rage which might have had fatal Effects, had it not been suddenly allayed by a Sight of *Paolo's* Face, which was so like *Nicucola's* that he immediately concluded it was that fair Maid dressed in the Habit of a Boy: Possessed with this Belief he approached the Lovers, and taking *Paolo* by the Hand, "*Nicucola*, said he, it is well thou art not what thou seem'st to be, otherwise I should make both thee and *Catella* repent this Familiarity;" then turning to his Daughter, he bid her go up to her Chamber and leave *Nicucola* with him, "for I, added the old Man, smiling, am fitter Company for her than you."

*Catella* obeyed and left the Room, much wondering at her Father's Moderation, and at his calling the Youth *Nicucola*; but being well pleased that she had escaped so easily, she resolved patiently to wait the Event.

*Paolo*, on the other Hand, was full of uneasy Confusion, not knowing how the old Man

Man would behave to him, seeing that he took him for his Sister.

“My dear *Nicuola*, said *Gerardo*, why are you thus disguised? How comes it that *Ambrogio*, your Father, suffers you to go about alone in this Manner? Tell me the Truth; what was the Cause of your coming hither? Did you want to see what Sort of a House I keep, and in what State I live? I spoke to your Father two Days ago about giving you to me for a Wife, and I have insisted upon knowing his Resolution soon; I assure you, you will be very happy in having me for a Husband; you shall govern my House, and command me in all Things: Why art thou silent, my *Nicuola*? Speak, and tell me thy Mind.”

The old Man, at the finishing these Words, made an Offer of kissing the supposed *Nicuola*, who pushing him away roughly, said, “Forbear this Freedom, speak to my Father, and suffer me to depart; I came here by mere Accident, and without any Design.”

“I will let you go since you will have it so, said *Gerardo*, and will see your Father presently, and finish this Affair.”

*Paolo* accordingly left him, and went to his Father, who had just given his Consent that *Lattantio* should marry his Daughter, he having come there to demand her.

*Ambrogio*, at the unexpected Sight of his long-lost Son, was ready to expire with Joy; who, after the first Careless were over, acquainted him with his good Fortune, and the great Riches that had been bequeathed to him;

him. The joyful Father, seeing his Daughter so happily married, and his Son return with so much Wealth, thought himself the happiest Man in the World.

In the midst of the mutual Congratulations of this happy Family, *Gerardo* arrived, and was so astonished at the Sight of *Paolo* and his Sister together, that he doubted whether he was awake or asleep.

*Ambrogio* relieved him from his Perplexity, by telling him of the unlooked-for Return of his Son; informing him also that he had married *Nicuola* to *Lattantio*, and then, at *Paolo's* earnest Entreaty, he desired him to give him his Daughter for a Wife.

The old Man was at first much affected at the Loss of his intended Bride; but seeing there was no Remedy, he resolved to bear it patiently, and consented that *Catella* should marry *Paolo*.

Both these Marriages were performed the same Day, to the great Satisfaction of the four Lovers, who lived ever after with the greatest Harmony imaginable.



OBSERVA-



OBSERVATIONS *on the Use* Shakespear has made of the foregoing Novel in his Comedy called Twelfth-Night, or What You Will.

*The Fable of* TWELFTH-NIGHT, or WHAT YOU WILL.

SEBASTIAN and *Viola* his Sister, Twins, and so like each other in Person, that in the same Cloaths they could not be distinguished, embark in a Vessel, (upon what Account, or with what Design we are not informed) which is cast away upon the Coast of *Illyria*.

*Viola* escapes drowning by the Assistance of the Captain and some of the Mariners, and gets safe to Land; but *Sebastian* her Brother is suspected to have perished.

*Viola* being informed that the Country where she now is, is *Illyria*, and that it is governed by a Duke, named *Orsino*, who is in Love, but not beloved again by a noble Lady; she expresses a Wish to be received into her Service.

The

The Captain tells her, the Lady is fo afflicted for the Death of her Brother that ſhe will admit of no Solicitations whatever, not even the Duke's; whereupon, *Viola*, without further Reflexion, entreats the Captain to provide her with a Diſguiſe, and recommend her as an Eunuch to the Duke, in whoſe Service ſhe is very deſirous to be placed.

The Captain conſents, and *Viola*, under the Name of *Cæſario*, ſoon gains the Duke's Favour and Confidence, who ſends him to the Counteſs *Olivia*, the Lady he loves, to ſolicit her Favour for him.

*Viola* is by this Time violently in love with the Duke, yet ſhe executes her Commiſſion very faithfully, and pleads ſtrongly for her Maſter to the Lady; the diſconſolate and rigid *Olivia* is preſently ſtruck with the Beauty of the young Page, and falls downright in Love with him.

*Viola* very honeſtly reſiſts all her Offers; but the Lady will not be repulſed; ſhe ſends to entreat he will come to her again; and her Meſſenger meeting *Sebaſtian*, who had alſo eſcaped drowning, but was ignorant of his Siſter's Fate; deceived by the Reſemblance, takes him for *Cæſario*, and entreats him to come to his Lady.

*Sebaſtian*, though much ſurprized at the Adventure, reſolves to follow his Fortune; he is introduced to *Olivia*, who ſuppoſing him to be *Cæſario*, urges him to marry her; to which *Sebaſtian*, who is immediately charmed with her Beauty, gladly conſents.

The Duke, some Time after, impatient to see *Olivia*, comes to her House, attended by *Cæsario*.

*Olivia* comes out to meet him, and seeing *Cæsario*, supposing him to be the Person she had married, reproaches him with Breach of Promise; what that Promise is we are not told.

The Duke complains of her Cruelty; she takes little Notice of him, directing her Looks and Words to *Cæsario*; at last the Duke being provoked by her Declaration that she could not love him, tells her he will revenge the Disdain she treats him with upon her Minion his Page, whom he knows she loves.

*Cæsario* professes his Willingness to die by his Commands, and is following the Duke, but stopped by *Olivia*, who bids him remember their late Engagements, and declares he is her Husband; the Duke storms; *Cæsario* denies the Charge; and the Priest is called in by *Olivia* to witness that he had married them, which he does.

*Cæsario* persisting in his Denial, many Altercations ensue; at last *Sebastian*, who had been engaged in a Quarrel with *Olivia*'s Uncle, appears; the Company are all astonished at the Resemblance between him and *Cæsario*; who is discovered to be *Viola* his Sister:

*Olivia* acknowledges *Sebastian* for her Husband, and the Duke marries *Viola*: The rest

is all Epifode, and makes up the greateſt as well as the beſt Part of the Play.

It has hitherto been uncertain whether the Story of *Twelfth-Night*, or *What You Will*, was borrowed from any Novel, or an Invention of *Shakespear*.

Mr. *Langbaine*, in his *Account of the Dramatic Poets and their Writings*, ſays, that he knows not from whence that Play was taken, but the Reſemblance of *Sebastian* to his Siſter *Viola* was doubtleſs firſt borrowed, not only by *Shakespear*, but all our ſucceeding Poets, from *Plautus*, who has made Uſe of it in ſeveral Plays, as *Amphitrio*, *Mænechmi*, &c.

It is really ſurpriſing to ſee the Admirers of *Shakespear* ſo ſolicitous to prove he was very converſant with the Antients; they take all Opportunities to find in his Writings Illuſions to them; Imitations of their Thoughts and Expreſſions; and will not ſcruple to allow their Favourite to have been guilty of ſome little Thefts from their Works, provided it will make out his Claim to an Acquaintance with them.

It is very much to be doubted whether or not he underſtood the *Italian* and *French* Languages, ſince we find he made Uſe of Tranſlations from both when he borrowed of their Authors; and ſtill leſs probable is it that he underſtood and ſtudied the *Greek* and *Latin* Poets, when he, who was ſo cloſe a Copyer has never imitated them in their chief Beauties,  
and



and seems wholly a Stranger to the Laws of dramatic Poetry, well does the Poet say of him,

*Shakespear*, Fancy's sweetest Child,  
Warbles his native Wood-Notes wild.

His true Praise seems to be summ'd up in those two Lines; for wild, though harmonious, his Strains certainly are; and his modern Admirers injure him greatly, by supposing any of those Wood-Notes copied from the Antients; *Milton*, by calling them *native*, allows them to have been untaught, and all his own; and in that does Justice to his vast Imagination, which is robbed of great Part of its Merit by supposing it to have received any Assistance from the Antients, whom if he understood, it must be confessed he has profited very little by, since we see not the least Shadow of their Exactness and Regularity in his Works.

Though it should be granted that *Shakespear* took the Hint of *Sebastian* and *Viola's* Resemblance from the *Mænechmi* and *Amphitruo* of *Plautus*, yet he might have done that without understanding *Latin*, since there were Translations of both those Plays in his Time; and to his own Invention, had that been the Case, might be attributed almost all the perplexing Adventures which the Resemblance of the Brother and Sister gave rise to in the *Twelfth-Night*, and which are very different from those in the *Latin* Author.

VOL. I.

M

But

But *Shakespeare* had a much more ample Supply for the Fable of this Comedy in the foregoing Novel, from whence he undoubtedly drew it, and which not only furnished him with the Hint of the Resemblance between *Sebastian* and *Viola*, but also with the greatest Part of the Intrigue of the Play.

*Sebastian* and *Viola* in the Play are the same with *Paolo* and *Nicuola* in the Novel; both are Twins, and both remarkably like each other.

*Viola* is parted from her Brother by a Shipwreck, and supposes him to be drowned; *Nicuola* loses her Brother at the sailing of *Rome*, and for a long Time is ignorant whether he is alive or dead.

*Viola* serves the Duke, with whom she is in love, in the Habit of a Page; *Nicuola*, in the same Disguise, attends *Lattantio*, who had forsaken her for *Catella*.

The Duke sends *Viola* to solicit his Mistress in his Favour; *Lattantio* commissions *Nicuola* to plead for him with *Catella*.

The Duke's Mistress falls in love with *Viola*, supposing her to be a Man; and *Catella*, by the like Mistake, is enamoured of *Nicuola*; and lastly, the two Ladies in the Play, as well as in the Novel, marry their Lovers whom they had waited on in Disguise, and their Brothers

thers wed the Ladies who had been enamoured of them.

Though *Shakspear* has copied the Novelist in all these Particulars, yet he differs from him in others, which very much lessens the Probability of the Story.

*Sebastian* and *Viola* in the Play are parted by a Shipwreck, and *Viola* is cast upon the Coast of *Illyria*; but we are not told with what Intention this Brother and Sister embarked, or whither their Voyage was bound.

The Poet had Occasion for them in *Illyria*, and there they are at the Service of the Audience; no Matter if introduced with Propriety or not; we must be contented to take them as we find them: Well; *Viola*, after giving some Tears to the Memory of her Brother, whom she fears is drowned, is desirous of being recommended as an Attendant to a Lady with whom the Sovereign of the Country is in love; but being told it would be difficult to procure Admittance to her, she all of a sudden takes up an unaccountable Resolution to serve the young Batchelor-Duke in the Habit of a Man; take it in her own Words addressed to the Captain of the wreck'd Vessel:

“Conceal me what I am; and be my Aid  
For such Disguise as haply shall become  
The Form of my Intent: I'll serve this Duke;  
Thou shalt present me as an Eunuch to him;  
It may be worth thy Pains; for I can sing;  
And speak to him in many Sorts of Music,  
That will allow me very worth his Service.”

M 2

A

A very natural Scheme this for a beautiful and virtuous young Lady to throw off all at once the Modesty and Reservedness of her Sex, mix among Men, herself disguised like one; and, prest by no Necessity, influenced by no Passion, expose herself to all the dangerous Consequences of so unworthy and shameful a Situation.

We find this Incident managed with much more Decency in the Novel.

*Nicuola* is violently in love with and beloved by *Lattantio*; and finding that, during a short Absence from him, he became enamoured of *Catella*, upon hearing he had lost his Page and wanted another, she disguises herself like a Boy, and offers her Service to wait upon him, with a View of recalling his Affections by this extraordinary Instance of her Tendernefs and Fidelity, and of seizing every Opportunity of traversing his new Passion for *Catella*.

This Project, though not altogether prudent and wise, was far from being inconsistent with the Temper and Circumstances of *Nicuola*, stimulated as she was by Love, Jealousy and Despair, to attempt something extraordinary for the Recovery of her Lover.

But what are *Viola's* Motives for so rash an Enterprize? She is neither in love with or abandoned by the Duke, and cannot reasonably propose to herself any Advantage by thus hazarding her Virtue and Fame: His Person she had never seen; his Affections she was informed

formed were engaged; what then were her Views and Designs by submitting to be his Attendant?

*Bandello* does not even make *Nicula* resolve upon such an Expedient till the Design was suggested to her by over-hearing *Lattantio* lament the Loss of his Page and wish for another.

But the Novellist is much more careful to preserve Probability in his Narration than the Poet in his Action: The Wonder is that *Shakespeare* should borrow so many Incidents from him, and yet task his Invention to make those Incidents unnatural and absurd.

The Passion of *Olivia*, the Duke's Mistress, for the disguised Lady, is attended with Circumstances that make it appear highly improbable and ridiculous: She is represented as a noble and virtuous Lady, overwhelmed with Grief for the Death of a beloved Brother; her Grief indeed is of a very extraordinary Nature, and inspired her with strange Resolutions according to the Report of *Valentine*, the Duke's Servant, who had been sent by him with a Message to her:

*Duke.* How now! what News from her?

*Val.* So please, my Lord, I might not be admitted;  
But from her Hand-maid do return this Answer:  
The Element itself, till seven Years hence,

M 3

Shall

Shall not behold her Face at ample View ;  
 But, like a Cloystrefs, she will veiled walk,  
 And water once a Day her Chamber round  
 With eye-offending Brine : All this to season  
 A Brother's dead Love, which she would keep  
 fresh  
 And lasting in her sad Remembrance.

This sorrowful Lady, however, makes her first Appearance in the Company of a Jester, with whom she is extremely diverted ; and notwithstanding her Vow which we are told of in another Place, not to admit the Sight or Company of Men, she permits the Duke's Page to approach her, shews him her Face, and bandies Jest and smart Sentences with all the lively Wit of an airy Coquet.

Then follows her sudden Passion for the supposed Youth, which is as suddenly declared, without any of those Emotions that Bashfulness, Delicacy, and a Desire of preserving the Decorum her Sex and Birth oblige her to observe, must raise in the Mind of a Woman of Honour.

Had *Shakespeare*, by mixing so much Levity in the Character of *Olivia*, designed a Satire on the Sex, he would have certainly led us by some Reflexions on the Inconsistency of her Behaviour to have made that Inference ; but this is not the Case ; for *Olivia* is every where highly extolled for her Virtues.

It is his injudicious Conduct of the Fable that gives so much Impropriety to the Manners of his Persons, at least in this Instance, which

which is the more surprizing, as the Novel furnished him with one much better contrived, and Characters more suitable to the Action.

*Catella* acts the same Part in the Novel that *Olivia* does in the Play; but *Catella* is a young gay libertine Girl, whose Birth was but mean, and Education neglected; it was not therefore surprizing that she should so easily fall in Love with a Page, indecently court him, and resolve to marry him, such an inconsiderate Conduct was agreeable to her Character; but in the noble and virtuous *Olivia*, 'tis unnatural and absurd, and what makes it still more so is, that as *Shakespeare* has ordered the Matter, *Olivia* is disgracefully repulsed by this Youth, and yet continues her Suit, whereas *Catella* meets with a ready Compliance from the supposed *Romulo*, who sees his Designs on *Lattantio* likely to succeed by his Mistress's fortunate Passion for him.

*Olivia's* taking *Sebastian*, the Brother of the disguised *Viola*, for the beautiful Page, and marrying him, is with very little Variation borrowed from *Bandello*: but *Paolo* in the Novel is much more naturally introduced than *Sebastian* in the Play.

*Paolo* comes to *Esi* to seek for his Father and Sister, but we are not acquainted with *Sebastian's* Motives for going to *Illyria*; the Poet indeed had Business for him there, and there he lugs him without the least Shadow of

M 4 a Reason

a Reason for it, which is left to the Imagination of the Reader to ſupply.

The Behaviour of *Lattantio* in the Novel is more natural and conſiſtent, than the Duke's in the Play: They both marry the Women that had attended on them diſguiſed, but the Difference of their Stations, Circumſtances, and Characters, makes the ſame Action natural in one, which in the other is abſurd and ridiculous.

*Lattantio* had been in Love with *Nicuola*, but her Abſence, joined to the natural Inconſtancy of Youth, ſo wild and inconfiderate as his, transferred his Affections from her to *Catella*; ſhe ſlights him, and he being informed that his abandoned *Nicuola*, impelled by the Violence of her Paſſion for him, had diſguiſed herſelf in Boy's Cloaths, and waited on him as his Page; he repents of his Falſehood, and charmed with her Tenderneſs and Fidelity makes her his Wife.

This Conduſt in *Lattantio* is very natural, but why ſhould the Duke, a ſovereign Prince who ſo paſſionately adored *Olivia*, all at once take a Reſolution to marry *Viola*, a Stranger whom he had never ſeen in her proper Garb, becauſe ſhe had ſerved him in Diſguiſe; 'tis abſurd to ſuppoſe he could in a Moment paſs from the moſt extravagant Paſſion imaginable for *Olivia*, to one no leſs extravagant, for a Perſon, whom till then he had always believed to be a Boy; and 'tis alſo highly improbable that a great Prince would ſo ſuddenly reſolve  
to





diverting, take their Rise from a very improbable Circumstance.

*Antonio*, a Sea Captain, delivers *Sebastian* from the Fury of the Waves ; the Youth being obstinately determined to go to the Court, *Antonio*, who in a Sea-fight had done great Mischief to the Duke's Galleys, resolves, out of the Violence of his Friendship, to follow him thither, notwithstanding he knew his Life would be in manifest Danger if he was seen in *Illyria*.

How unaccountably extravagant is this Kindness in a Stranger ? what more could a long continued Friendship, confirmed by mutual Obligations have produced ? But this Play is full of such Absurdities, which might have been avoided, had the Characters as well as the Action been the same with the Novel.



*The*



*The History of MACBETH, collected  
from Holingthed's Chronicles of  
England, Scotland, and Ireland.*



**I**N the Reign of *Duncan* King of *Scotland*, who, as the Historians say, was a gentle, quiet, and pusillanimous Prince, a Mutiny arose amongst the People of *Lochaber*; and one *Macdowald*, a Man greatly esteemed in that Country for his rash Valour, drawing many of his Relations and Friends into a Conspiracy with him, took upon himself to be the chief Captain of the Rebels.

The great Promises he made to all those that would join him, brought every Day great Numbers from the Western Isles to his Party, which being augmented by the *Kernes* and *Gulloglasses*, who voluntarily came out of *Ireland* to serve him, he in a short Time saw himself at the Head of a formidable Army, with which engaging some of the King's Forces that were sent against him, he gave

M 6 the

them a total Defeat, and took their Commander *Malcolm* Prisoner, whose Head, when the Battle was over, he cut off.

When the News of this Defeat was brought to the King, he assembled a Council to debate upon what Means they should use to quell the Rebellion.

*Macbeth*, who was first Cousin to the King, and of a Disposition as haughty, cruel, and revengful, as *Duncan's* was mild and peaceable, after secretly accusing the King's Sloth and Effeminacy as the Cause of their Troubles, declared if *Banquo* and himself were put at the Head of some Forces, and sent against the Rebels, he would engage to give them a compleat Overthrow, and so effectually extirpate them out of that Country, that there should not from henceforth be a single Rebel found in it.

This Promise he exactly performed, for the Rebels being terrified at his Approach, many of them stole secretly away from their Captain, who with the Remainder being constrained to fight, were totally routed by *Macbeth*.

*Macduwald* in Despair at the ill Success of this last Battle, and finding himself quite abandoned by all the Companions of his Revolt, fled to a Castle, in which his Wife and Children were inclosed, and knowing that he was not able to defend it long against his Enemies, and that if he surrendered he should not

not escape with Life ; in a Transport of Grief and Despair, he first killed his Wife and Children, and then himself.

*Macbeth* entering the Castle, in one of the Apartments found the dead Body of *Macdowald*, lying on the Floor, with his Wife and Children slaughtered beside him, but remitting no Part of his native Cruelty at this dismal Sight, he cut off the Head of *Macdowald*, and sent it to the King, who then lay at *Bertha*, commanding the Body to be hung upon a high Gallows.

The Inhabitants of the western Isles, who had assisted *Macdowald*, soliciting for a Pardon, he fined in large Sums, and those he found in *Lochaber*, who had come thither to bear Arms against the King, he put all to the Sword.

These Troubles were scarcely appeased, when Advice was brought that *Sueno* King of *Norway* was landed in *Fife*, with a powerful Army to invade all *Scotland*.

This News rousing the King from that State of Indolence and Inactivity in which he was buried, he raised Forces with all possible Speed, sharing the Command of them with *Banquo* and *Macbeth*.

The Battle, which soon after followed, proved fatal to the *Scots*, the *Norwegians* were victorious, and *Duncan* fled to *Bertha* ; here after spending some Time in feigned Treaties with

with his Enemies, he sent Orders to *Macbeth*, who still kept Part of the routed Army about him, to fall upon the *Danes*, who he was informed were all dissolved in Luxury and Ease.

*Macbeth* marched hastily to the Place where the *Danes* were encamped, and first killing the Watch, made a savage Slaughter of the wretched *Danes*, whom he found fast asleep in full Security after a drunken Riot. *Sueno*, with only ten other Persons escaped and fled back to *Norway*.

In the midst of the Rejoicings the *Scots* made for this Victory, they were alarmed with an Account that a new Fleet of *Danes* was arrived at *Kingborne*, sent thither by *Canute*, King of *England*, to revenge the Defeat his Brother *Sueno* had received.

To resist these Enemies, which were already landed, and busy in spoiling the Country, *Macbeth* and *Banquo* were sent with a sufficient Power, who encountering the *Danes*, slew Part of them, and drove the rest back to their Ships; those who escaped and got safe aboard their Vessels, with large Sums of Money obtained Leave from *Macbeth*, that such of their Friends as were slain in the last Fight might be buried at *St. Colmes Inch*.

A short Time after, as *Macbeth* and *Banquo* were riding towards *Forefs*, where the King then lay, passing through a Field without any Company, they were met suddenly by three  
Women

Women in strange Apparel, resembling Creatures of another World, and while they beheld them attentively, much wondering at their uncommon Appearance, they approached *Macbeth*, and the first said :

“ All hail *Macbeth*, Thane of *Glamis* ;”  
the second “ Hail *Macbeth* Thane of *Cawder* ;”  
and the third, “ All hail *Macbeth*, who hereafter shall be King of *Scotland*.”

“ What Manner of Women are ye, said *Banquo*, extremely surprized, who seem so little favourable to me ? to my Companion here you not only predict high Honours, but the Kingdom also, whereas to me you promise nothing at all.”

“ Yes, said she, who had first spoke, we promise still greater Advantages to thee than him ; he shall reign indeed in his own Person, but his End shall be unhappy ; nor shall he leave any Issue behind him to succeed to his Crown : As for thee, though thou shalt not be a King, yet thy Descendants for long successive Ages, shall rule the Kingdom of *Scotland*.”

No sooner were these Words spoke than they all vanished out of Sight.

This Accident was thought at first by *Macbeth* and *Banquo*, to be some Illusion of the Imagination, so that *Banquo* would often jestingly call *Macbeth* King of *Scotland*, and *Macbeth* in the same Manner call *Banquo* Father of many Kings ; but afterwards it was the common Opinion, that these Women were either the Weir Sisters, that is, Goddesses

Goddeses of Destiny, or else Nymphs or Fairies, who by Necromancy had obtained a Knowledge of future Events, because every Thing they predicted came to pass.

The Thane of *Cawder* being shortly after condemned at *Foris* for high Treason, his Honours, Estates, and Offices, were by the King bestowed on *Macbeth*.

The first Part of the Prophecy being thus fulfilled, *Macbeth* revolving the rest in his Mind, began to consider of the Means he should use to gain the Kingdom, but his first Preferment coming unexpected and unsought for, he determined to wait for the Intervention of Providence, to raise him to the Dignity his Wishes grasped at.

While he was thus expecting the Completion of the Prophecy, *Duncan* having two Sons by his Wife, who was Daughter to *Seward* Earl of *Northumberland*, declared *Malcolm*, the eldest, Prince of *Cumberland*, thereby appointing him his Successor in the Kingdom immediately after his Decease.

It was provided by the ancient Laws of the Kingdom, that if the succeeding Prince was not of Age to take the Government upon himself at his Predecessor's Death, his next Kinsman should be raised to the Throne.

*Macbeth* therefore seeing his Hopes frustrated by this Disposition of the King's, began to form Schemes for usurping the Kingdom by Force, conceiving himself greatly injured by



by *Duncan*, who by thus raising his Son, though in his Minority, to the Kingdom, took away all his future Claim to it.

The Words of the Weird Sisters contributed also towards confirming him in his Design of seizing upon the Crown; and his Wife a haughty ambitious Woman, ardently desirous of being a Queen, never ceased tormenting him till she had fixed him in his Purpose.

At length, therefore, communicating his Intentions to his most trusty Friends, among whom *Banquo* was the Chief, in Confidence of their promised Aid, he murdered the King at *Inverness*, in the sixth Year of his Reign.

Then being surrounded with those Persons on whom he most depended, he caused himself to be proclaimed King, and went immediately to *Scone*, where by general Consent he received the Investiture of the Kingdom according to the accustomed Manner.

*Malcolm Canmore*, and *Donald Bane*, the two Sons of King *Duncan*, being apprehensive that *Macbeth* would take away their Lives to secure to himself the Possession of the Kingdom, conveyed themselves secretly out of *Scotland*.

*Malcolm* fled into *Cumberland*, where he remained till Saint *Edward*, Son of King *Etheldred*, recovered the Kingdom of *England* from the Power of the *Danes*, who received him

him into his Protection, and gave him an honourable Entertainment.

*Donald Bane*, his Brother, took Refuge in *Ireland*, and was treated there with great Kindneſs by the King of that Land.

*Macbeth*, after the Departure of theſe two Princes, endeavour'd by great Liberalities to engage the Affection of the Nobility and Gentry of *Scotland* to his Perſon, and when he found himſelf in peaceable Poſſeſſion of the Kingdom, he ſet about reforming the Laws, rooting out all the Enormities and Abuſes which had crept into the Adminiſtration, through the weak and ſlothful Diſpoſition of *Duncan*.

He alſo made many good Laws, and during the Space of ten Years governed the Realm with the utmoſt Prudence and Juſtice.

But this Appearance of Equity and Zeal for the public Good was all counterfeited, and only aſſumed to gain the Favour of the People: Tyrants are always miſtruſtful, they are in continual Fears that ſome other Perſon will rob them of their Power, by the ſame unjuſt Means with which they acquired it.

*Macbeth*, jealous of ſome Attempts againſt him, no longer diſſembled his Inclinations, but practiſed and permitted all Sorts of Cruelties, the Words of the three Weir Sisters were continually in his Thoughts.

They promiſed him the Kingdom, and he was poſſeſſed of it, but they promiſed it alſo  
to

to the Poſterity of *Banquo*, and this Prediction might in like Manner be fulfilled.

To prevent it therefore, he determined to murder *Banquo* and his Son, and for this Purpose he invited them to a Supper at the Palace; as they were returning home, ſome Murderers whom he had ordered to plant themſelves in the Road, ſeized *Banquo* and killed him, but *Fleance*, favoured by the Darkneſs of the Night, eſcaped and fled into *Wales*.

After the Murder of *Banquo*, Fortune ſeemed to have forſaken *Macbeth*, none of his Undertakings prospered; every Man began to tremble for his own Life, and durſt not venture to appear before him; all Men were afraid of him, and he was afraid of all Men, ſo that he continually ſought Occaſion to put all thoſe Perſons to Death of whom he had any Suſpicion.

His Diſtruſt and Cruelty encreaſing every Day, his Thirſt of Blood was never to be ſatiſfied; the forfeited Eſtates of the Nobility whom he thus maſſacred, enabled him to fill his Coffers, and maintain Forces to defend him againſt the Attempts of his Enemies.

For the greater Security of his Perſon, while he was thus exerciſing the moſt tyrannic Cruelty againſt his Subjects, he built a ſtrong Caſtle upon the Top of a high Hill, called *Dunſinnane*, ſituated in *Gowry*, ten Miles from *Perth*.

This

This Hill was of ſuch a prodigious Height, that any Perſon ſtanding upon the Top might almoſt behold all the Countries of *Angus, Fiſe, Stermond,* and *Tweedale,* lying as it were beneath him.

The Caſtle then being founded on the Top of this Hill, the Building of it put the Kingdom to great Expence, becauſe the Materials could not be brought up without much Time and Labour.

But *Macbeth* being determined to compleat the Work ſoon, commanded all the Thanes of every Shire throughout the Realm to come and do their Part towards the Building, every Man in his Turn.

At laſt it falling to the Turn of *Macduffe,* Thane of *Fiſe,* to build his Part, he ſent Workmen with all the neceſſary Materials, and commanded them to do their Buſineſs with the utmoſt Diligence and Care, that no Occaſion of Offence might be given to the King, which might make him reſent his not coming in Perſon as the other Thanes did, for he well knew that *Macbeth* both feared and ſuſpected him, for which Reaſon he reſolved to keep out of his Way.

*Macbeth* coming ſoon after to ſee how the Work went on, was greatly enraged to find *Macduffe* was not there, and from that Time conceived an invincible Hatred againſt him.

The Wizards, in whom he greatly confided becauſe of the Completion of the two firſt Propheſies, had warned him to take heed of *Macduffe,*

*Macduffe*, who they told him was waiting for some Opportunity to destroy him.

This Prediction would have determined him to put *Macduffe* immediately to Death, had not a Witch, whose Predictions had also great Weight with him, assured him he should never be slain by any Man who was born of Woman, nor overcome till *Birnam Wood* came to the Castle of *Dunfinnane*.

These soothing Prophecies banished all Fear out of his Mind ; he freely indulged the natural Cruelty of his Disposition, miserably oppressing his Subjects, and committing all Sorts of Outrages.

At length *Macduffe*, being in Fear for his own Life, took a Resolution to fly into *England*, hoping to prevail with *Malcolm Canmore* to claim the Crown of *Scotland*.

*Macbeth*, who in every Nobleman's House kept a domestic Spy in his Pay, was soon informed of *Macduffe's* Intention ; he therefore came suddenly with an Army into *Fife*, and besieged the Castle where *Macduffe* dwelt, expecting to find him therein. The Gates were immediately set open by the Servants, who mistrusted no Danger ; but *Macbeth*, enraged that *Macduffe* had escaped him (he being already fled to *England*) commanded his Wife and Children, together with all that were found in the Castle, to be slain.

*Macduffe* was safe in the *English* Court when the News of this shocking Cruelty was brought

brought him; and adding to the Desire of relieving his wretched Country the Hope of his own particular Revenge, he earnestly entreated Prince *Malcolm* to undertake the Recovery of his Right; he represented to him in the most moving Terms the deplorable Condition into which *Scotland* was brought, through the inhuman Cruelties of *Macbeth*, and that the People, detesting him for the Slaughters he had committed, as well on the Commons as Nobility, desired nothing more ardently than an Opportunity of shaking off their Yoke.

*Malcolm*, whose Soul was filled with Compassion for the Miseries of his Countrymen, sighed deeply while *Macduffe* was speaking; which he perceiving, again renewed his Intreaties that he would attempt the Delivery of *Scotland*, assuring him he would find it no difficult Enterprize, considering the Legality of his Title to the Crown, and the earnest Desire of the People to have some Occasion given them to revenge themselves on their hated Tyrant.

*Malcolm*, though he was greatly affected with *Macduffe's* Discourse, yet doubting whether he was not sent by *Macbeth* to betray him, he determined to make Tryal of his Sincerity before he consented to his Proposal, for which Purpose he spoke to him in this Manner.

“I am truly sorry, *Macduffe*, for the Miseries under which my unhappy Country has long groaned,

groaned, but though my Inclination to relieve it were equal to your Wishes, yet on account of some incurable Vices which are rooted in my Disposition, I am not fit to undertake so great an Enterprize; for first I am so swallowed up in immoderate Lust and Sensuality, the abominable Springs of all other Vices, that if I was possessed of the regal Power, the Chastity of none of your Maids and Wives would be safe; and such excessive Intemperance would be more insupportable to you than the bloody Tyranny of *Macbeth*."

"Intemperance, replied *Macduffe*, is certainly a very great Fault, many noble Kings and Princes have lost both their Kingdoms and Lives by indulging themselves in this Vice; nevertheless there are Women enough in *Scotland* to serve your Pleasures; follow my Council therefore, and make yourself King; I'll take upon myself the Care of gratifying this Passion for Women, in so secret a Manner that your Reputation shall not be hurt by it."

"But, replied *Malcolm*, I am also the most avaritious Man in the World, and if I was King of *Scotland* I should put the greatest Part of the Nobility to Death, that I might possess myself of their Estates."

"This Fault, said *Macduffe*, is much worse than the other, for Avarice is the Source of all Evil, a Crime for which most of our Kings have been murdered, yet still I must  
continue

continue to advise you to claim the Crown, there are Riches enough in *Scotland* to satisfy your greedy Desire."

"I am also, said *Malcolm*, strongly inclined to Dissimulation and every other Kind of Deceit, and rejoice in nothing so much as betraying those who put any Confidence in me; since there is not any Thing then more agreeable to the Character of a Prince, than Constancy, Truth and Justice, and I am wholly abandoned to the contrary Vices, you see how unfit I am to reign; and therefore, since you have found the Means of extenuating all my other Faults, I pray you endeavour to cover them among the rest."

"Dissimulation, replied *Macduffe*, is indeed the worst of all, here then I leave thee:"  
 "And oh! unhappy and miserable *Scotchmen*, added he, that are scourged with so many unavoidable Calamities! The wicked Tyrant who now without any Right or Title reigns over ye, oppresses ye with the most bloody Cruelty; and this other, who has a lawful Claim to the Crown, is so replete with all the shameful Vices of the *English*, that he is unworthy to enjoy it; for, by his own Confession, he is not only avaritious to the last Degree, but wholly abandoned to the most insatiable Lust, and is withal so false a Traitor that no Credit can be given to any Thing he says: Farewell then *Scotland* for ever; I now look upon myself as a banished Man, without any Hope of Comfort or Relief." Saying this he wept bitterly.

*Malcolm*

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*Malcolm* observing he was about to depart, took him by the Hand, and said, "Be comforted *Macduff*, for I have none of these Vices you lament: I have jested with you in this Manner only to try your Sincerity; for many Times hath *Macbeth* sought by these Means to get me into his Hands, but the more backward I have shewn myself to agree to your Request, the more Diligence shall I use in accomplishing it: Hereupon they embraced, promising to be faithful to each other's Interest, and then consulted together how they might best put their Enterprize in Execution.

*Macduff* soon after repairing to the Borders of *Scotland*, secretly dispatched Letters to the Nobles of the Realm, in which he declared, that *Malcolm* intended to come suddenly into *Scotland* and claim the Crown; and therefore required them, since that Prince was the true and lawful Heir of the Kingdom, to assist them with all their Power to recover it out of the Hands of the Usurper.

In the mean time *Malcolm* so far engaged the Favour of King *Edward*, that old *Seyward*, Earl of *Northumberland*, with ten thousand Men, was appointed to go with him into *Scotland* to support him in his Pretensions on that Crown.

When the News of this intended Invasion was spread abroad in *Scotland* the Nobles formed themselves into two different Parties,

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the one taking Part with *Macbeth*, the other with *Malcolm*.

Between these two Factions there frequently happened light Skirmishes; but those that were of *Malcolm's* Side would not risk the Danger of engaging in a pitched Battle till they were joined by *Malcolm*, and the *English* Forces under the Command of *Northumberland*.

*Macbeth*, therefore, not thinking himself able to engage the *English*, retired into *Fife*, and fortifying a Camp near the Castle of *Dunfinane*, determined not to hazard a Battle unless his Enemies pursued him thither.

However, some of his Friends advised him either to make a Treaty with *Malcolm*, or else to fly immediately into the Isles, and take his Treasure with him, to the End that he might be able to engage several of the great Princes of the Realm in his Interest, and retain Strangers in his Pay, in whom he might better confide than in his own Subjects, who were every Day abandoning him.

But he had so firm a Reliance on his Prophecies, that he believed he should never be vanquished till *Birnam* Wood came to *Dunfinane*, nor be slain by any Man that was born of a Woman.

*Malcolm*, who had hastily pursued *Macbeth*, came the Night before the Battle to *Birnam* Wood, and when his Army had rested there awhile, he commanded every Man to cut down a Branch of a Tree and march with it in his Hand, that thus shaded, they might come closely,

closely, without discovering their Numbers, within View of their Enemies.

The next Day, when *Macbeth* beheld them he was greatly astonished, and the Prophecy that had been delivered to him long before coming into his Mind, he doubted not but that it was now fulfilled, since he saw *Birnam* Wood coming to *Dunsnane*; nevertheless he drew up his Men in Order of Battle, exhorting them to fight valiantly.

His Enemies, however, had scarcely cast away their Boughs, when *Macbeth*, perceiving their Numbers, betook himself to Flight.

*Macduff*, stimulated with Hatred and an eager Thirst of Revenge, never ceased pursuing him till he came up with him at *Lunfan-nain*, and *Macbeth* seeing him close at his Heels leaped off his Horse, crying aloud, "Thou Traitor, why dost thou thus follow me in vain; since I am not appointed to be slain by any Man that is born of a Woman? But come on then, and receive the Reward thou hast merited for thy Folly." Hereupon he aimed a Blow at him with his Sword, thinking to have killed him; but *Macduff* suddenly leaping off his Horse, avoided the Stroke, and holding his naked Sword in his Hand thus answered:

"It is true, *Macbeth*; and now shalt thy insatiable Cruelty have an End; for I, I am he whom thy Wizards have told thee of, not born of my Mother, but ripped out of her Womb;" then suddenly closing with him, he

flew him on the Place, and cutting off his Head from his Shoulders, fixed it upon a Poll, and brought it to *Malcolm*.

This was the End of *Macbeth*, after he had reigned over *Scotland* seventeen Years: In the Beginning of his Reign he performed many worthy Actions, and made many Laws very useful to the Commonwealth; but afterwards, thro' the Illusion of the Devil, he obliterated the Glory of his good Deeds by the most detestable Cruelty.



**OBSERVA-**



OBSERVATIONS *on the Use Shakespear has made of the foregoing History of Macbeth.*

*The Plan of* MACBETH.

**M**ACBETH, a near Kinsman of *Duncan*, King of *Scotland*, having in one Day quelled a Rebellion, and given a total Defeat to the Army of the King of *Norway*, who invaded *Scotland*, as he was returning to Court with his Friend *Banquo* meets three Witches on a barren Heath, the first of whom hails him Thane of *Glamis*, the second Thane of *Cawdor*, and the Third with the Title of King hereafter.

*Banquo*, offended at their addressing themselves only to his Friend, desires them to speak likewise to him, upon which they prophesy that he shall be happier than *Macbeth*, and though he shall not sway a Scepter himself, yet his Descendants shall be Kings; this said they vanished immediately.

While *Macbeth* and *Banquo* are expressing their Surprise to each other at this Prodigy,

N 3

digy,

digy, some Noblemen sent by the King salute *Macbeth* with the Title of Thane of *Cawdor*.

*Macbeth*, astonished at the Completion of this first Prophecy, entertains a Design of murdering the King to make Way for the fulfilling of the second, and artfully sounds the Inclinations of *Banquo*, but finding him fixed in his Loyalty to the King, he forbears to tamper with him.

The King declaring his Intentions to bestow the Title of Prince of *Cumberland* on his eldest Son *Malcolm*, *Macbeth* alarmed at this, resolves to be sudden in the Execution of his Designs, and by a Letter acquaints his Wife with the Prophecies of the Witches, one of which he tells her had been already accomplished.

Lady *Macbeth*, a proud, ambitious, and cruel Woman, urges on her Husband to the Murder of the King, and accordingly *Duncan* coming to lodge one Night at *Macbeth's* Castle in *Inverness*, he is stabbed in his Bed by *Macbeth*. The two Sons of *Duncan* fearing the same Fate fly from *Scotland*, and *Macbeth* usurps the Crown.

Some time after being jealous of the promised Sovereignty to *Banquo's* Children, he causes *Banquo* to be murdered, but his Son *Fleance*, whom he ordered likewise to be dispatched, escapes out of the Hands of the Murderers and saves himself by Flight.

*Macbeth,*

*Macbeth*, pressed by uneasy Doubts about his own Security, goes to the three Witches who had predicted his Greatness, to have them resolved; they raise Apparitions who bid him beware of *Macduff*, the Thane of *Fife*; but at the same Time assure him that none of Woman born should have Power to hurt him, and that he should never be vanquished till *Birnam Wood* came to the Hill of *Dunfinane*.

*Macbeth*, elated with these Promises, sets no Bounds to his Cruelty, and resolves to murder *Macduff*; but being told he is fled to *England*, he seizes upon his Castle at *Fife*, and puts his Wife, his Children, and all that were found within it to the Sword.

In the mean time *Malcolm*, the eldest Son of King *Duncan*, having prevailed upon the King of *England*, with whom he had taken Refuge, to furnish him with an Army, marches into *Scotland* accompanied by *Macduff* who breathes nothing but Revenge against the Tyrant that had deprived him of his Wife and Children.

*Macbeth* hearing of their Approach, and being daily informed of the Desertion of his Officers and Soldiers, fortifies the Castle of *Dunfinane*, and confiding in the Promises of the Spirits prepares to fight.

*Malcolm*, when he comes into *Birnam Wood* with his Army, commands every Man to cut him down a Bough and carry it before him in

N 4 order

order to conceal their Numbers from the Enemy ; a Centinel of *Macbeth's* surprized at this strange Appearance, informs him that as he was looking towards *Birnam*, on a sudden he perceived the Wood to move.

*Macbeth* grows furious at this Account, but still relying on the Promise of the last Spirit, "that he should not be hurt by one of Woman born," he goes into the Field, and being met by *Macduff*, who in Answer to his Boasts of bearing a charmed Life, tells him "he was not born of his Mother, but ripped from her Womb ;" he despairs, curses, and being forced to fight, is killed by *Macduff*: The Conqueror cuts off his Head and carries it to *Malcolm*, whose Troops having gained a compleat Victory, he is proclaimed King of *Scotland*.

Lady *Macbeth*, tormented with horrible Imaginations, deprives herself of Life before the decisive Battle is fought, in which *Macbeth* is slain.

*Shakespeare* has pretty exactly followed the Thread of the History in this Play, which takes in Part of the Life of *Duncan* and the whole Reign of *Macbeth*: Some few Variations he has made for the Sake of diversifying his Characters and contracting the Action ; as when he shews *Banquo* unshaken in his Loyalty to his King ; though the Historians say he joined with *Macbeth* in his Conspiracy, and assisted in the murder of *Duncan*, and making *Macbeth* defeat the Rebels and subdue the King of *Norway* in one Day ; when, according to the Historian there was a long Interval of



of Time between theſe two Actions, in which ſeveral other Battles were fought.

It is not to be doubted but *Shakeſpear* followed *Hollingshed* in the Facts which compoſe this Play, as well as in many of his other historical Plays. In the History of *Macbeth*, where he found *Hollingshed*'s Chronicle deficient, he probably conſulted *Bellendon*, who tranſlated *Boetius* in 1541.

“ The Incongruity of all the Paſſages in which the Thane of *Cawdor* is mentioned (ſays the celebrated Author of the *Rambler* in a Pamphlet intitled, *Miſcellaneous Obſervations on the Tragedy of Macbeth*) is very remarkable; in the ſecond Scene the Thanes of *Roffe* and *Angus* bring the King an Account of the Battle, and inform him that *Norway*

Assiſted by that moſt diſloyal Traitor  
The Thane of *Cawdor* ’gan a diſmal Con-  
ſlict.

“ It appears that *Cawdor* was taken Priſoner,  
for the King ſays in the ſame Scene,

Go, pronounce his Death,  
And with his former Title greet *Macbeth*.

“ Yet, though *Cawdor* was thus taken  
by *Macbeth* in Arms againſt the King, when  
*Macbeth* is ſaluted in the fourth Scene  
Thane of *Cawdor* by the Weird Siſters,  
he aſks,

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How

How of *Cawdor*? The Thane of *Cawdor*  
lives ;  
A prosperous Gentleman.

“ And in the next Line confiders the Promiſes that he ſhould be *Cawdor* and King as equally unlikely to be accompliſhed.

“ How can *Macbeth* be ignorant of the State of the Thane of *Cawdor* whom he has juſt defeated and taken Priſoner, or call him a *prosperous Gentleman*, who has forfeited his Title and Life by open Rebellion? Or why ſhould he wonder that the Title of the Rebel whom he has overthrown ſhould be conferred upon him?

“ He cannot be ſuppoſed to diſſemble his Knowledge of the Condition of *Cawdor*, becauſe he enquires with all the Ardour of Curioſity and the Vehemence of ſudden Aſtoniſhment, and becauſe nobody is preſent but *Banquo*, who had an equal Part of the Battle and was equally acquainted with *Cawdor*’s Treafon.

“ However, in the next Scene his Ignorance ſtill continues, and, when *Roffe* and *Angus* preſent him from the King with his new Title, he cries out,

The Thane of *Cawdor* lives :  
Why do you dreſs me in his borrow’d Robes ?

“ *Roffe*

“ *Roffe* and *Angus* who were the Meffen-  
gers that in the fecond Scene informed the  
King of the Affiftance given by *Cawdor*  
to the Invader, having loft, as well as *Mac-*  
*beth*, all Memory of what they had fo lately  
feen and related, make this Answer ;

Whether he was  
Combined with *Norway*, or did line the Re-  
bels  
With hidden Help and Vantage, or with both  
He labour'd in his Country's Wreck, I know  
not.

“ Neither *Roffe* knew what he had juft reported,  
nor *Macbeth* what he had juft done.

“ This feems not to be one of the Faults  
that are to be imputed to the Transcribers ;  
fince, though the Inconfiftency of *Roffe* and  
*Angus* might be removed by fupposing that  
their Names are erroneoufly inferted, and that  
only *Roffe* brought the Account of the Battle,  
and only *Angus* was fent to compliment *Mac-*  
*beth*, yet the Forgetfulnefs of *Macbeth* cannot  
be palliated, fince what he fays could not be  
fpooken by any other.

“ *Shakefpear*, by deviating from Hiftory in  
making *Banquo* loyal and virtuous, had not on-  
ly in View the contrafting his Character with  
*Macbeth's*, but alfo a Compliment to King  
*James* the Firft, in whofe Reign this Play was  
written, and was lineally defcended from  
*Banquo*.

“ The Prophecy of the Witches in the first Act absolutely promises the Crown of *Scotland* to the Posterity of *Banquo*: Upon this Prophecy it is that *Macbeth* causes *Banquo* to be murdered; yet still the Escape of *Fleance* the Son of *Banquo* leaves *Macbeth* Room to suspect that the Kingdom would after his Death devolve to that Family; his Fears on this Occasion are so frequently and strongly inculcated in the Play, that though we have reason to conclude it is accomplished from the Words of *Macbeth* at the Sight of the Royal Apparitions with two-fold Balls and treble Scepters.

*Mac.* Horrible Sight! Nay, now I see 'tis true;  
For the Blood-bolter'd *Banquo* smiles upon me,  
And points at them for his.

“ Yet it is to be wished that *Shakespear* had made Use of the prophesying Witches to hint at the Means by which this Change in the Succession was to be made. Thus it is related in *Boetius*.”

“ *Fleance*, after the Murder of his Father, being protected by the Darkness of the Night, and having for some Time concealed himself in *Scotland*, escaped into *Wales*, where the Strength of his Judgment and Affability of his Temper recommended him very soon after his Arrival to the Protection and Favour of the Prince of that Country.

Prosperi ty

“ Prosperity raised his Ambition to an unpar-  
donable Height ; he abused the Confidence re-  
posed in him by secretly paying unlawful Ad-  
dresses to the young Princess, the Daughter of his  
Benefactor : Those Addresses proved success-  
ful ; her Father discovered her Pregnancy, and  
that *Fleance* was her Paramour ; *Fleance* was  
put to Death ; and the Lady as soon as she was  
delivered of her Child, which proved to be a  
Son, and was named *Walter*, was condemned  
to pass the rest of her Life in the Character of  
a mean Domestic. Young *Walter*, by Order  
of his enraged Grandfather, was sent to a re-  
mote Part of *Wales* to be educated as a Rus-  
tic.

“ When he had attained his twentieth Year,  
the Blood which flowed in his Veins inspired  
him with Sentiments far nobler and more re-  
fined than those of his usual Companions ; he  
left the Country and threw himself boldly into  
the Protection of his Grandfather at Court.  
This noble Resolution was not entirely unsuc-  
cessful ; he was admitted to stay in the Palace,  
but in a mean and servile Station.

“ One of the Courtiers with whom he had  
quarrelled, reproached him with the Illegiti-  
macy of his Birth ; *Walter* was transported  
with Fury at the Affront, and slew the Person  
who offered it to him.

“ He was too sensible of his Grandfather’s  
Severity to venture the Effects of it on this  
Occasion, he fled immediately to *Scotland*, and  
implored Protection from his Relations there.

“ He

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“ He met with a favourable Reception from them, and was particularly honoured and eſteemed by ſome *English* Noblemen who were at that Time in the Court of *Scotland* upon an Embaſſy to *Margaret*, who was then Queen of that Nation.

“ He became afterwards General for that Princeſs in *Galloway* and the *Western Iſlands*; and having gained a compleat Victory over the Rebels of thoſe Parts was made High Senefchall of the Kingdom, and Lord of ſeveral noble Manors, among which was that of *Stuart's-Iſlands*.

“ He left at his Death a Son, named *Allan Stuart*, who ſignalized his Valour on many Occaſions againſt the *Saracens* in the *Holy Land*. *Alexander* his Son ſucceeded him, and was Founder of *Paiſley-Abbey*. *Alexander* was followed by his Son *Walter*, ſurnamed of *Dundonald*, a famous General under *Alexander* the Third. *Walter* had two Sons, *Alexander* and *Robert* who married the Daughter of *Robert* of *Cruxtoun*, from which Marriage the Families of *Darnley* and *Lennox* are deſcended.

“ *Alexander*, the eldeſt Son of *Walter* of *Dundonald*, left two Sons, *James* and *John*; *James* died in his Infancy, and *John* having eſpouſed the Heireſs of *Boutell* had Iſſue by her *Walter Stuart*, who married *Margaret*, Daughter of King *Robert Bruce*, after the civil Diſſentions of *Scotland* were entirely appeaſed. By this Princeſs he had *Robert Stuart*, afterwards King of *Scotland*; and from him the Royal Family of *Stuart* is lineally deſcended.”

This

This long Account of the Posterity of *Banquo* will I hope not seem unentertaining to the Admirers of *Shakespeare*, who will thereby see with what Judgment that great Poet has deviated from History in giving Loyalty and Virtue to the Character of this Father of many Kings.

The Character of *Macbeth* is drawn after the Historians, yet *Shakespeare* has softened a little some of the most rugged Features ; he shews him doubtful and irresolute about the Murder of the King, spurred on by Ambition to commit it, but restrained by his Abhorrence of the Action, and when by the Instigations of his Wife he is prevailed upon to do it, his Mind is afterwards filled with Remorse, and all the uneasy Sensations that attend repentant Guilt.

The Character *Macbeth* gives of *Duncan* in the Play is not inconsistent with that in the History, yet it is not the same ; *Macbeth* speaks only of his Virtues, and his Faults were those Virtues carried to Excess.

The Instigation used by *Lady Macbeth*, and the Fire of his Temper are touched upon by *Boetius*, but improved by *Shakespeare* with all the Force of Words and Propriety of Character.

The Wife of *Macbeth*, says *Boetius*, inspired him with Ambition to the utmost of her Power ; she was ardently desirous of the royal Title, and was wicked and bold enough to undertake

undertake any Enterprize, and was impetuous in the Prosecution of it.

She prompted *Macbeth* to the Murder of the King by the most provoking Expressions, reproaching him with Cowardice and Sloth, as negligent to receive what Fate had directed to obtain.

That the Glory of Reigning had inspired many Men to pursue the empty Name of King without the actual Power, even at the Expence of their Lives.

The machinary Part of this Play is so beautifully defended and illustrated by the ingenious Mr. *Johnson*, in the above-mentioned Pamphlet, that I think I cannot confer a greater Obligation on the Reader than by transcribing those Passages here.

“ In order to make a true Estimate of the Abilities and Merit of a Writer, it is always necessary to examine the Genius of his Age, and the Opinions of his Contemporaries.”

“ A Poet who should now make the whole Action of his Tragedy depend upon Enchantment, and produce the chief Events by the Assistance of supernatural Agents, would be censured as transgressing the Bounds of Probability; he would be banished from the Theatre to the Nursery, and condemned to write Fairy Tales instead of Tragedies.”

“ But a Survey of the Notions that prevailed at the Time when this Play was written, will



will prove that *Shakeſpear* was in no Danger of ſuch Cenſures, ſince he only turned the System that was then univerſally admitted, to his Advantage, and was far from overburthening the Credulity of his Audience.”

“ The Reality of Witchcraft or Enchantment, which though not ſtrictly the ſame, are confounded in this Play, has in all Ages and Countries been credited by the common People, and in moſt by the Learned themſelves.”

“ Theſe Phantoms have indeed appeared more frequently in Proportion, as the Darkneſs of Ignorance has been more groſs ; but it cannot be ſhewn, that the brighteſt Gleams of Knowledge have at any Time been ſufficient to drive them out of the World.”

“ The Time in which this Kind of Credulity was at its Height, ſeems to have been that of the Holy War, in which the Chriſtians imputed all their Deſeats to Enchantments or diabolical Oppoſition, as they aſcribed their Succeſs to the Aſſiſtance of their Military Saints. And the learned Mr. W ——— appears to believe ( Supplement to the Introduction to *Don Quixote* ) that the firſt Accounts of Enchantments were brought into this Part of the World by thoſe who returned from their Eaſtern Expeditions.”

“ But there is always ſome Diſtance between the Birth and Maturity of Folly as of Wickedneſs : This Opinion had long exiſted, though perhaps the Application of it had  
in

in no foregoing Age been so frequent, nor the Reception so general.

*Olympiodorus*, in *Photius's* Extracts, tells us of one *Libanius*, who practised this Kind of military Magic, and having promised to perform great Things against the *Barbarians* without Soldiers, was at the Instances of the Empress *Placidia* put to Death, when he was about to have given Proofs of his Abilities. The Empress shewed some Kindness in her Anger, by cutting him off at a Time so convenient to his Reputation.

“ But a more remarkable Proof of the Antiquity of this Notion may be found in *St. Chrysostom's* Book *de Sacerdotis*, which exhibits a Scene of Enchantments not exceeded by any Romance of the middle Age; he supposes a Spectator overlooking a Field of Battle, attended by one that points out all the various Objects of Horror, the Engines of Destruction, and the Arts of Slaughter. Let him then proceed to shew him in the opposite Armies, Horses flying by Enchantment, armed Men transported through the Air, and every Power and Form of Magic.

“ Whether *St. Chrysostom* believed that such Performances were really to be seen in a Day of Battle, or only endeavoured to inliven his Description, by adopting the Notions of the Vulgar, it is equally certain that such Notions were in his Time received, and that therefore they were not imported from the *Saracens* in a later Age; the Wars with the  
*Saracens*

*Saracens* however gave Occasion to their Propagation, not only as Bigotry naturally discovers Prodigies, but as the Scene of Action was removed to a great Distance, and Distance either of Time or Place is sufficient to reconcile weak Minds to wonderful Relations.

“The Reformation did not immediately arrive at its Meridian, and though the Day gradually encreased upon us, the Goblins of Witchcraft still continued to hover in the Twilight. In the Time of Queen *Elizabeth* was the remarkable Trial of the Witches of *Warbois*, whose Conviction is still commemorated in an annual Sermon at *Huntingdon*. But in the Reign of King *James*, in which this Tragedy was written, many Circumstances concurred to propagate and confirm this Opinion.

“The King, who was much celebrated for his Knowledge, had before his Arrival in *England* not only examined in Person a Woman accused of Witchcraft, but had given a very formal Account of the Practices and Illusions of evil Spirits, the Compacts of Witches, the Ceremonies used by them, the Manner of detecting them, and the Justice of punishing them, in his Dialogues of *Dæmonologie*, written in the Scottish Dialect, and published at *Edinburgh*.

“This Book was soon after his Accession, reprinted at *London*, and as the ready Way to gain

gain King *James's* Favour was to flatter his Speculations, the System of *Dæmonologie* was immediately adopted by all who desired either to gain Preferment or not to lose it."

" Thus the Doctrine of Witchcraft was very powerfully inculcated, and as the greatest Part of Mankind have no other Reason for their Opinions than that they are in Fashion, it cannot be doubted but this Persuasion made a rapid Progress, since Vanity and Credulity co-operated in it's Favour, and it had a Tendency to free Cowardice from Reproach."

" The Infection soon reached the Parliament, who, in the first Year of King *James*, made a Law, by which it was enacted, *Ch. 12.* That if any Person shall use any Invocation or Conjuraton of any evil or wicked Spirit. 2. Or shall consult, covenant with, entertain, employ, feed, or reward any evil or cursed Spirit to or for any Intent or Purpose. 3. Or take up any dead Man, Woman, or Child out of the Grave, or the Skin, Bone, or any Part of the dead Person, to be employed or used in any Manner of Witchcraft, Sorcery, Charm, or Enchantment. 4. Or shall use, practise, or exercise any Sort of Witchcraft, Sorcery, Charm, or Enchantment. 5. Whereby any Person shall be destroyed, killed, wasted, consumed, pined, or lamed in any Part of the Body. 6. That every such Person being convicted shall suffer Death."

" Thus

“ Thus in the Time of *Shakespear* was the Doctrine of Witchcraft at once established by Law and by the Fashion, and it became not only unpolite, but criminal to doubt it, and as Prodigies are always seen in Proportion as they are expected, Witches were every Day discovered, and multiplied so fast in some Places, that Bishop *Hall* mentions a Village in *Lancashire*, where their Number was greater than that of the Houses.”

“ The Jesuits and Sectaries took Advantage of this universal Error, and endeavoured to promote the Interest of their Parties by pretended Cures of Persons afflicted by evil Spirits, but they were detected and exposed by the Clergy of the established Church.”

“ Upon this general Infatuation *Shakespear* might be easily allowed to found a Play, especially since he has followed with great Exactness such Histories as were then thought true ; nor can it be doubted that the Scenes of Enchantment, however they may now be ridiculed, were both by himself and his Audience thought awful and affecting.”

The Note on the first Scene of the fourth Act explains the Nature of the Incantations and diabolical Ceremonies made Use of by the Witches, I shall therefore give the Reader the Pleasure of seeing it here.”

“ As this is the chief Scene of Enchantment in the Play, it is proper in this Place to observe with how much Judgment *Shakespear* has

has selected all the Circumstances of his infernal Ceremonies, and how exactly he has conformed to common Opinions and Traditions.”

“ Thrice the brinded Cat hath mewed.”

“ The usual Form in which familiar Spirits are reported to converse with Witches is that of a Cat. A Witch, who was tried about half a Century before the Time of *Shakespeare*, had a Cat, named *Rutterkin*, as the Spirit of one of those Witches was *Grimalkin*, and when any Mischief was to be done she used to bid *Rotterkin* go and fly; but once when she would have sent *Rutterkin* to torment a Daughter of the Countess of *Rutland*, instead of going or flying she only cried *Mew*, from which she discovered that the Lady was out of his Power, the Power of Witches being not universal, but limited as *Shakespeare* has taken Care to inculcate.”

“ Though his Bark cannot be lost,  
Yet it shall be Tempest toft.”

“ The common Afflictions which the Malice of Witches produced was Melancholy, Fits, and Loss of Flefb, which are threatened by one of *Shakespeare's* Witches.”

“ Weary Sev'nnights nine Times nine  
Shall he dwindle, peak, and pine.”

“ It

“ It was likewise their Practice to destroy the Cattle of their Neighbours, and the Farmers have to this Day many Ceremonies to secure their Cows and other Cattle from Witchcraft; but they seem to have been most suspected of Malice against Swine.”

“ *Shakespeare* has accordingly made one of his Witches declare that she has been *killling Swine*, and Doctor *Harsenet* observes, that about that Time a Sow could not be ill of the Measles, nor a Girl of the Sullens, but some old Woman was charged with Witchcraft.”

“ Toad, that under the cold Stone,  
Days and Nights has forty one;  
Swelter'd Venom sleeping got,  
Boil thou first i' th' charmed Pot.

“ Toads have likewise long lain under the Reproach of being by some Means accessory to Witchcraft, for which Reason *Shakespeare* in the first Scene of this Play calls one of the Spirits *Padocke*, or *Toad*, and now takes Care to put a Toad first into the Pot.”

“ When *Varinus* was seized at *Tholouse*, there was found at his Lodgings *ingens Bufo Vitro inclusus*, a great Toad shut in a Phial, upon which those who prosecuted him, *Vineficium exprobant*, charged him I suppose with Witchcraft.”

“ Fillet of a fenny Snake,  
In the Cauldron boil and bake;  
Eye of Neut, and Toe of Frog,  
For a Charm, &c.

“ The

“ The Propriety of these Ingredients may be known by consulting the Books *de Veribus Animalium* and *de Mirabilibus Mundi*, ascribed to *Albertus Magnus*, in which the Reader, who has Time and Credulity, may discover very wonderful Secrets.”

“ Finger of birth-strangled Babe,  
Ditch-deliver'd by a Drab.”

“ It has been already mentioned in the Law against Witches, that they are supposed to take up dead Bodies to use in Enchantments, which was confessed by the Woman whom King *James* examined, and who had of a dead Body that was divided in one of their Assemblies, two Fingers for her Share.”

“ It is observable that *Shakespeare* on this great Occasion, which involves the Fate of a King, multiplies all the Circumstances of Horror.”

“ The Babe, whose Finger is used, must be strangled in its Birth; the Grease must not be human, but must have dropped from a Gibbet, the Gibbet of a Murderer, and even the Sow whose Blood is used, must have offended Nature by devouring her own Farrow. These are Touches of Judgment and Genius.”

“ And now about the Cauldron sing,  
Blue Spirits and white,  
Black Spirits and grey,  
Mingle, mingle, mingle,  
You that mingle may,  
“ And in a former Part, Ward.



Weird Sisters Hand in Hand,  
Thus do go about, about  
Thrice to mine, and thrice to thine,  
And thrice again to make up nine.

“ These two Passages I have brought together, because they both seem subject to the Objection of too much Levity for the Solemnity of Enchantment, and may both be shewn by one Quotation from *Camden's Account of Ireland*, to be founded upon a Practice really observed by the uncivilized Natives of that Country.

“ When any one gets a Fall, says the Informer of *Camden*, he starts up, and turning three Times to the Right, digs a Hole in the Earth; for they imagine that there is a Spirit in the Ground; and if he falls sick in two or three Days, they send one of their Women that is skilled in that Way to the Place, where he says, I call thee from the East, West, North, and South, from the Groves, the Woods, the Rivers and the Fens, from the Fairies, Red, Black, and White.

“ There was likewise a Book written before the Time of *Shakspear*, describing among other Properties the Colours of Spirits.”

The learned and ingenious Mr. *Upton*, in his critical Observations on *Shakspear* has discovered a Beauty that has escaped all his other Commentators: “ The Apparitions, he says, who are introduced paltering with *Macbeth* in

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a double

a double Sense, and leading him on according to the common Notions of diabolical Oracles to his Confusion, are themselves symbolical Representations of what shall happen to him.

“ The armed Head who bids him beware of *Macduff*, represents symbolically *Macbeth's* Head cut off, and brought to *Malcolm* by *Macduff*. The bloody Child, who assures him that none of Woman born should have Power to hurt him, is *Macduff* untimely ripped from his Mother's Womb. And the Child with a Crown on his Head and a Bough in his Hand, who tells him he shall never be vanquished till *Bernam Wood* comes to *Dunfynane*, is the royal *Malcolm*, who ordered his Soldiers to hew them down a Bough, and bear it before them till they come to *Dunfynane*.”

*Shakespear* seems to have committed a great Oversight in making *Macbeth*, after he found himself deceived in the Prophecy relating to *Birnam Wood*, so absolutely rely upon the other, which he had good Reason to fear might be equally fallacious. When the Messenger tells him he saw *Birnam Wood* begin to move, and that it was coming towards *Dunfynane*, he falls into a Transport of Grief and Despair, and owns he doubts the Equivocation of the Fiend, yet carries his Reflexions no farther than the present Circumstance. Though it might naturally be expected from the Conviction of the Falshood of one Prophecy, upon which he had built such solid Hopes, that the  
Truth

Truth of another, which promised him Security from all Men of Women born, might be justly suspected by him; yet in the Field of Battle, a little after that, we find him as full of Confidence on that Prediction as if his Spirits had never deceived him.

“ What’s he,  
That was not born of Woman ? such a one  
Am I to fear or none.”

And again.

“ Swords I smile at ; Weapons laugh to  
Scorn,  
Brandish’d by Man that’s of a Woman born.”

And when challenged to Fight by *Macduff*,  
he says :

“ Thou lovest Labour ;  
As easy mayst thou the intrenchant Air  
With thy keen Sword impress, as make me  
bleed :  
Let fall thy Blade on vulnerable Crests,  
I bear a charmed Life, which must not yield  
To one of Woman born.”

How inconsistent is this vain-glorious Boasting and extravagant Confidence in a Man, who having been just before told that the Wood was moving, makes the following Speech ?

“ If

“ If thou speak’st false,  
 Upon the next Tree shalt thou hang alive,  
 ’Till Famine cling thee: If thy Speech be  
 footh

I care not, if thou dost for me as much.—  
 I pull in Resolution, and begin  
 To doubt th’ Equivocation of the Fiend,  
 That lies like Truth. Fear not, ‘till *Bernam*  
 Wood

Comes to *Dunfinane*.—And now a Wood  
 Comes towards *Dunfinane*. Arm, arm, and  
 out!

If this, which he avouches, does appear,  
 There is not flying hence, nor tarrying here ;  
 I ’gin to be a weary of the Sun ;  
 And wish the State o’ th’ World were now un-  
 done.

Ring the alarum Bell ; blow Wind, come  
 Wrack,  
 At least, we’ll die with Harnefs on our Back.”

But this Play has fewer Faults of this Kind  
 than any other of *Shakespeare’s*, and is deserved-  
 ly allowed to be a most beautiful Piece.

*End of the First Volume.*















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